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THE CAPE

MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

Higher Education.

What have we in view when we devote more than one-fourth of life to what we call Education? One parent will reply that he wishes his child to receive such training, and to acquire such information, as will enable him to earn his living, or perhaps a fortune. Another believes that "a good education" gives a man a certain social standing; he is anxious that his child shall possess this claim to notice, and is probably somewhat ambitious that he may also distinguish himself. While a third will quote Milton's description of a complete and generous education as "that which fits a man to perform justly, skilfully, and magnanimously, all the offices, both private and public, of peace and war." The first has probably the most definite idea of what he wants and does not hesitate to express his opinion that much of the time spent at school is wasted in the study of subjects that will never be of any practical use. The second and third have very vague notions of the education they desire for their children. A first-class school is chosen, to which the child is sent; in due time the youth passes to the university, and this being done, and all fees, &c., regularly paid, the parent washes his hands of all responsibility, and trusts with blind confidence to the teaching bodies to do what is necessary. It thus appears that the one looks upon education as a money-making power, another as the true fame-winner, and the third values it because it fits a man to act in his station of life as an intelligent being should. They all agree that the object of education is to fit a man for the particular position he is to hold in life; that education therefore should have a special object in view, and not the general

formation of the character. They do not look upon usefulness as being one of the results of education ; it is with them the object. This is scarcely the correct view to take of the meaning of education, but we may consider this point hereafter. While there is to some extent a difference of opinion as to the purpose of education, there is a much greater difference as to the manner in which it should be conducted. The battle between the assailants of what is called "classical education," and its defenders, has not yet been finally decided. It does at first sight appear strange that we should found our education on the study of the literature and dead language of a people who lived many hundred years ago, whose religion, government, customs, were all totally opposed to our own. And yet such is the case in our universities and schools. There are many circumstances which have given rise to this. Latin and literature we know were almost synonymous terms during the dark ages. For centuries there was not, nor could there be, in the west of Europe any properly vernacular literature. It will be unnecessary here to state what the circumstances were, that up to the close almost of the middle ages still identified learning with Latin. Greek, however, held a different position? When the attention of the learned world was directed to the classics in the fifteenth century, they were sought after for what they contained. A new life was stirring in Europe, the substance of the revival of letters was the re-awakening of what we may call true and intelligent criticism, simultaneously with that of a more active and systematic observation of nature. The classical literature became popular, because the matter was of value, and this gave value again to the dress. The new western world was now awake, and while it was daily learning something new concerning what was around it, the classical literature told of what was long since past. We all know how fashionable it became, and to what lengths the fashion went. In the days of Elizabeth it was perhaps at its height. Elizabeth herself not only spoke Latin, but understood Greek. Conversation in her days, and those of her successor, was full of allusions, quotations, and illustrations from ancient history, poetry, and mythology—this is evident from the whole literature of the period—and the daughters of the nobility and all who claimed to have had a good education, were therefore carefully instructed in

Latin and Greek. At court ancient myths and stories were frequently the subjects of scenic representations on festive days. When the Queen honoured any of the grandees of her kingdom with a visit, she was welcomed on the threshold by the Penates, received by Mercury, and conducted by him to her apartments. In the pleasure grounds the lakes were ornamented with Tritons and Nereids; wood nymphs (pages in disguise) animated the thickets, while servants, in the garb of satyrs, skipped about ready to perform Her Majesty's commands. When in the morning the Queen left her apartments, which were hung with pictures in tapestry from the Æneid, she was received by Diana, who invoked the maiden Queen to hunt in her own preserves. Similar pageants were exhibited in the towns through which she passed. Even the confectioners and pastry cooks were acquainted with their Ovid and Virgil; their tables glittered with sugary representations of important metamorphoses, and the national plum-pudding was frequently ornamented with a relief in sugar, representing the siege of Troy.—(Warton). Greek and Latin in the middle ages had a double advantage, for while they opened up new fields of knowledge, they presented ideas with a freshness of thought and style which gave them an additional charm. But this cannot now be said of these languages. What is there in the Greek and Latin languages that a student cannot find in his own mother tongue? It is clear that the classics are no longer read for positive knowledge. What then, are Greek and Latin now read for? In the case of Greek (it may be supposed), on the assumption of the peculiar and special excellence of the literature, the feeling of which excellence, upon the whole, may be considered to have increased instead of diminished during the time in which classics have been a study. And not only is it the excellence of Greek literature that creates so lasting an interest in the language, but also the fact that this is the source of our own literature, the model on which it is formed. Men continue therefore the study of Greek mainly on account of the excellence of its literature. But this can scarcely be the case with regard to Latin. Roman literature on the whole is not so much cared for now. It is true that it is more closely related to modern habits of thought than the Greek, and that some of its authors are peculiarly fit to be models of the finished

elegance of an age of refinement. Horace and Tacitus have had perhaps more actual influence upon modern literature than the writers of any other country. But, except in schools, the Latin authors do not hold the same rank in public estimation they used to do The benefit to be derived from the study of Latin consists in its relation to our own and modern languages. In the first place it is very unlike our own in syntax and construction; in the next place a large part of our language is derived from it. "In learning a foreign language we compare manners of expression, and by the comparison we enter the better into the force of each of the anguages our own in especial. Were it only for the purpose of practice in writing English, the learning a different language merely to translate from, would not be unreasonable, and in default of it various questionable expedients have to be resorted to, such as themes upon subjects where thought is null, or the practice of *paraphrasing* standard English authors, which is, of course, really translating out of good English into what, the more the original has hit the good expression, can the less itself be good. But the value of a language learnt for purposes of comparison is, certainly, the greater, the more distinct this language is in the points of comparison. It is merely for this reason that Latin grammar, and the study of Latin construction by translation and composition, is a better logical exercise for an Englishman than German grammar or French." But the second reason given for studying Latin is that so large a proportion of the *words* of our language are derived from the Latin. In this respect, however, it does not probably very much differ in importance from French or Italian; but both in this respect, and with a view of proceeding to any other European language, the father language is a better starting point than the brother one.

And now to return to the question as to what it is we mean education for. A young man, upon "finishing his education," enters upon the battle of life. He chooses his profession, and to his profession he must hereafter give his best thoughts. How do we wish to prepare him for this? Surely not by devoting his whole attention from childhood to those subjects that bear only immediate reference to that profession, so that the mind shall be trained to one line of thought, and can find no relief in change of occupation. One

object rather will be to furnish sources of interest independent of the profession, for such hours as are not required for it; another to lead to the taking an intelligent and large view of the profession itself. These two have a tendency to coincide though under certain circumstances the mind may be likely to move reactionally, and may wish its leisure thoughts to be of something the farthest possible removed from the subject of its business ones, yet this is not the healthy or normal state. It argues overstraining in the first instance, followed by over-recoil in the second. A man's business will *naturally* employ the best of his thoughts, and give the tone to them all; so that if we wish to provide for general exercise of intelligence, and against vacancy or over absorption, we shall probably best do it by trying to make a man take a more liberal interest in his profession than is implied in the adoption of it as a mere means for money getting, self-establishment, or rank.

It is evident that classical study lends itself very well, in the general, to the idea of preparatory education of this kind. The subjects which it is concerned with have enough of literary charm, when pursued far enough, to make them come in, when recurred to in after life, as a mental recreation, and enough of business character to make them preserve the regard of practical and intelligent men, and to keep them in relation with the habitual manner of thought of such. They help to enlarge and liberalize the conception of our own work on earth, by bringing into comparison with it other people similarly employed under different circumstances, whose views on the subjects which interest us we may compare with our own, and so at once correct our views and relieve our attention.

At the same time, classical study, or any course of instruction, would probably not be the worse pursued if those who direct it would keep in mind the destination in life of the students, and a certain degree of adaptation it does admit and would be the better for.

To much of the above the advocate of the "practical school" would probably offer no objection. But he may ask whether the system of education now in vogue does supply these springs of activity and "sources of interest independent of the profession" about which we speak. He may admit the benefit to be gained by the discipline, but he will probably deny that more than one young

man out of a hundred, who successfully pass the university course, have the slightest interest in their studies after the stimulus of competition has been withdrawn. In his opinion the labour, after a certain time, is barren of results. He will complain that young men remain at school or college doing mere school work till they are two or three and twenty. He will probably denounce the whole system of education and university examinations as being one of mere "cram."

Now, however good the system may be in theory, there may be something wrong in the manner in which it is worked. At the age of eighteen or nineteen the student should no longer be looked upon as a school boy. His studies from this time should have some reference to the life he is now entering upon. And unless the matter taught and learnt at this age does actually tend to enlarge the mind, and have the effect of logical and moral discipline in the manner of learning it, then the time is more than wasted. It would be far better that studies more directly tending to have an effect in life afterwards should be resorted to.

But what is "cram" against which we hear so much now-a-days? Half of our knowledge in history, in geography, in grammar, is the result of "cram." Knowledge is "cram" when not connected with any other knowledge we possess. A single fact, a single date, a single formula is "cram," if taken by itself and never thought of in connection with anything else. But let the mind be well trained to methodize things, to put the knowledge in its proper place, to attach it to whatever knowledge has any relation to it, and it is no longer "cram." The basis of our higher education, the study of the classics, is accurate discipline, and is of all studies the most opposed to "cram."

"There is no doubt that an immediate practical result can be obtained from the study of the classics to which we have already alluded; that the study of them is, or at least may be made, almost as effectual for the teaching of English indirectly, as it is for its own direct purpose. If this is borne in mind by those who teach them, and it is considered that every translation into English should be an exercise in English as well as in Latin, and every translation from English a test of the degree in which the

force of the original is entered into, it is not easy to see in what way English could be taught better."

But the great question in education is whether, direct foreseen particular utility, or something wider and higher than this, is the main thing which education is to be directed to. We shall close this short paper by setting down certain principles (quoting from a writer, Professor Grote, whose remarks we have throughout freely made use of), the consideration of the rightness or wrongness of which may help any who care about the question to come to a conclusion about it for themselves.

1. Education is, speaking generally, to qualify a man for a place in society, and though self-helpfulness and readiness for all emergencies is an important thing (and the *disposition* to it more especially to be encouraged), yet we may suppose a man likely to meet with others to do things for him, if he knows how to do anything for them and to make use of them.

2. For the primary or simple purposes of civilized society, what we need to teach a man, if we can do so, is to understand *himself*—that is, to see clearly what he is thinking about; and to understand *others*—what it is they say to him, and what they are likely to wish for or think; to be able to do something for them, or to know something which may be of use to them.

3. For the secondary or more refined purposes of civilized society, what we would wish to produce by education would be a degree of independent activity of thought, and yet of intellectual sympathy, so that the intercourse among the members of the society (which we call sometimes the society itself), independently of their material or merely useful concern with each other, should be a common pleasure and advantage.

To these principles we would append three corollaries:

To the first: Education, as *useful*, is a speculation, for we never know into what circumstances a man may be thrown; and the more we look to the lower utilities and possibilities, the less in general can we look to the highest. The *safest* education would be to make a man a good Robinson Crusoe, but in trying to ensure his being so, we might lose the chance of his being something better, both for himself and for others. If we call our state of society

civilized, we should surely have sufficient faith in it to believe that it will furnish opportunity to anyone really well educated to be of use to it, and to benefit by it to such an extent as ought to satisfy him.

To the second: A great deal of what is considered useful for intercourse with men, such as knowledge of different now spoken languages, and of actual history and customs, is what will come very rapidly when it is wanted, if the mind is clear and active and possesses two habits—one of them that of trying to make its own thoughts clear, the other that of attending to what passes before it. And when we feel vexed, as perhaps we do, that we cannot understand a man talking French, it will be well to reflect that we understand but imperfectly the meaning of much in our own language, and the thoughts of those whom we talk with every day.

To the third: Classical study, as we call it, is a point of intellectual sympathy among men over a considerable surface of the world, for those who have forgotten their actual Greek and Latin, bear still generally about with them many traces of its influence, and in fact it is this, which more than anything, makes them, in common parlance, educated men. That any one subject should thus be extensively cultivated, so as to make such sympathy possible, is a most happy circumstance, supposing it simply historical and accidental. The destruction or disuse of it will destroy one bond of intellectual communion among civilized men, and will be, in this respect, a step not of improvement. And though studies more definitely useful might succeed it, there is an utility lost, and one which will hardly be considered trifling.

A. M.

Historical Portraits.

PHILOSOPHERS are continually at war with historians; history, they say, is only valuable so far as it illustrates the science of Society. Why tell us about this or that battle, usurpation, or court intrigue? Marshal the opposing hosts; describe in graphic words the pomp of war, the proud pageants of rival kings; chronicle the din and turmoil of the fight; paint the battle-field strewn with human corpses or crimsoned with gore:—what are all these to the philosophic student of history? he wants to be brought face to face with the phenomena of social progress; the structure of the Government, the organisation of the industrial agencies; social gradations; education; religion and the like; in fact, to use the words of a modern philosopher, the only history that is of practical value is what may be called Descriptive Sociology; and the highest office which the historian can discharge is that of so narrating the lives of nations as to furnish materials for a Comparative Sociology, and for the subsequent determination of the ultimate laws to which social phenomena conform.

We do not dispute so authoritative a *dictum*, but alas! for the weakness of judgment of most readers! few turn with pleasure to the lessons taught by the philosophy of history. The majority of readers recoil from the bare utilitarianism of such lessons; like children, they are exuberant with delight whilst they explore the hedgerows and moss-grown banks or scamper over the breezy common, fresh with the scent of the gorse; so dearly do they prize a bit of communing with nature; we disdain the dreary walk along the high road, marked with its milestones to show the weary pilgrims how far the world has reached in its ever toilsome struggles up the heights of the new Pisgah whence philosophers hope to see the apotheosis of civilised Humanity.

The history that interweaves itself with our life, that stirs the heart's blood, that sets on fire the emotions of anger, surprise, sympathy, and hate, is that where dramatic power brings the heroes of the past as it were on to the stage before the spectators, breathes life and energy into the dry bones of those who long since played their parts in human society, and throws a reality about the scenes

in which they lived. Has not Tennyson delineated Harold with touches that no time can obliterate? "Better die than lie" rises to the lips as the epitome of a character, thoroughly English, and dear to every true Englishmen; Senlac fades in the distance, but Harold, the true, the brave, is ever present. In Queen Mary, we are in doubt whether we owe most to Mr. Froude for his insight into the dark puzzles of a dark life, or to Tennyson for investing her melancholy life with the garb of the true drama. Now he who runs may read the character of that hapless Queen, "no monstrous fury, but a woman whose deepest sorrows and blackest crimes sprang out of her own warped and maddened womanhood," and deep pity must supplant the flashing hate with which one was taught to regard the reign of the ill-starred Mary.

So it is with the histories of Patriarchs and Prophets of old; Abraham, Samuel, David, have entered into the hearts of every Christian child; the dramatic and thoroughly human atmosphere in which we are taught to view them makes them real friends at once; and the historical plays of Shakspeare have fixed in men's minds scenes and men, and sentiments, that have given an indelible colouring to certain periods of our history. Human sympathy is deep and comprehensive, and we like a good deal of human nature both in the historians and in the men and women who make up the subject-matter of history. This is the reason why historical portraits, drawn to the life, are so fascinating to the public mind; the flesh and blood that overlay the subject may owe much to the dramatic spirit of the writer, but it is just because we see the men of yore revived in artistic flesh tints that we are attracted to their acquaintance.

These remarks may serve for a preface; and, as things go, they probably will appear as well connected with what follows, as other prefaces are with the works to which they happen to be prefixed.

Most lovers of literature are pretty familiar with Mr. Collins' Series of Ancient Classics for English readers, exhibiting vivid and life-like pictures of men and manners in old Greece and Rome. We are not merely taken back over a space of twenty centuries, says a Reviewer, and placed immediately under the shadow of the Acropolis or in the very heart of the Forum, but we are brought at once

behind the scenes of the old Roman and Athenian existence . . . we are prompted to ask whether the advance of some twenty centuries has worked any great change in humanity ; and whether, substituting the coat for the toga, the Park for the Campus Martius, the Houses of Parliament for the Forum, Cicero might not have been a public man in London as well as an Orator in Rome ?

A companion Series of Foreign Classics, edited by Mrs. Oliphant, is now issuing from the press, and English readers will soon feel almost as much at home with Dante, Pascal, and Goethe as with Shakspeare and Milton.

All these works are in themselves compendious sketches of authors and their principal writings, so that any attempt to present to our readers an abridged outline of their characteristics would be perhaps a failure, and certainly unfair to the respective writers of the series.

To those who watch with sorrow the trenchant attacks of modern historians upon one another, and who feel a sympathy to-day with Mr. Freeman, as a thoroughly original investigator of history, and linger to-morrow with a charmed attraction around the exquisite diction and subjective views of Mr. Froude, it may be interesting to point out that the *man* overpowered the *historian*, even in ancient times ; and that Tacitus (as Dean Merivale observed) constructed the history of the Empire with reference to a dominant idea in his own mind. We do not any the less enjoy Dr. Donne's *Tacitus* in Collins' series ; and knowing that, as a patrician of the patricians, he always attributed the decline of the Empire to Cæsarianism, we are carried along by the characteristic brevity and force of his enthusiastic words in favour of old republican virtues, without pinning our faith to all the depravity of the Imperial system as he paints it.

In mentioning the *Tacitus* of the series as the most complete picture of the man and of the times of which he wrote, we are not insensible to the charms of the volumes which revivify the memory of Homer, Herodotus, Plato and Lucian ; and the recent volumes of foreign classics bid fair to become rivals in popular favour. Those who can read the signs of the times, once said the lamented Professor Clifford, read in them that the kingdom of man is at hand : we are satisfied to think that the kingdom of man as of God is within us,

if we will only realise the mighty influences of the great intellects which have lived, and left us the heirlooms of their priceless creations.

No reference to historical portraits would be complete without mention of Froude's Cæsar, the latest contribution to this department of literature. Mr. Froude calls his new work "A Sketch," because the materials do not exist, as he thinks, for a portrait of Julius Cæsar which shall be at once authentic and complete. The reader will find it worth his while to master the contents of this goodly volume, albeit a sketch; and if we do not join in all the reflections about the special work which Julius Cæsar was sent into the world to do, "in preparing a kingdom of this world where the nations were neither torn in pieces by violence nor were rushing after false ideals and spurious ambitions," we may still believe that the result of his career was the establishment of some tolerable degree of justice in the government of the Roman Empire, and that this was a remarkable preparation of the soil for the reception of the seed which Christian teachers began to sow at that period of the world's history.

Δ

Characteristics of the First Colonists in South Africa.

In one of the apartments of the Surveyor-General's office in Cape Town there are several hundred large volumes of manuscript, some of them dating as far back as the year of our Lord 1652. These volumes contain a great amount of interesting matter relating to the history of this Colony, but which is so concealed among documents of less importance, that few persons care to be at the trouble of examining them. The search for information upon any particular subject requires a great deal of time and a fair amount of patience.

But almost the first glance at any of the older books in this collection shows that the men of those days in many respects thought and spoke differently from Europeans of our own times. There was never anything written in which character and train of thought were more vividly delineated than in these volumes. When one is opened, and the reader becomes interested in its contents, the very forms of the people of the olden times seem to appear, and the surroundings of the present vanish. Something occurs to break the spell, and it is with an effort that the shadows pass away. For some seconds they hover around until the present is fully realized. The cause of this lies in the fact that the writers used the language of their ordinary life, and noted down events exactly as they appeared to their eyes. They did not make the slightest effort to embellish their writings; all that they seem to have cared about was that nothing which occurred to them should be omitted from their account of any subject.

Yet, with all this reality about them, there is much in these ancient documents that at first perplexes the reader. Forms assume flesh and blood, so that one can almost hear them speak, and withal they seem to be a puzzle. Their language at one moment appears to be utterly at variance with that of the next. One sentence is a text of Scripture, or an acknowledgment of sinfulness, or an invocation of the Divine blessing. Before its echo dies away it is followed by an account of something having been gained by stratagem or deceit. One and the other come equally natural and easy. There

is no hesitation, not the slightest sense or knowledge of shame, in recording acts of falsehood.

"The interpreter Eva clings to her uncle Herry, whom we have confined on Robben Island," says Mr. Van Riebeek, "even as Esther clung to Mordecai. To soothe her we tell her that it is his own wish to be there." "God the Lord," observes he, "on account of our disobedience, has sent a sickness among the Company's cattle." And a little further, "We will make golden promises to him (Herry) without, however, any intention of carrying them into effect."

How can such expressions be reconciled with each other? How is it possible that they can proceed from the lips of the same person, and be calmly put down in writing purposely to give information to others? Regulations prohibiting men from worshipping God after any but the established fashion, and the absence of any formal attempt by societies or by the church to convert the savages around them to Christianity, seem strange when we find ourselves listening to sermons, attending prayer-meetings, and seeing men heavily fined for sitting down to dinner without first asking a blessing upon the food.

And yet, if we reflect a moment or two, we shall see in these things nothing that ought to surprise us; for when we raise up the early writers in our archives around us, we are among the actors of two centuries and a quarter ago. We find ourselves in the presence of men gifted with a large amount of plain common sense, but to whom many modern ideas were wholly unknown. They knew very little more of religious equality than they did of the steam engine, and they could not be expected to know more. They were as ignorant of the mode of conducting missions as they were of the electric telegraph, and so was His Grace of Canterbury, so were the godly ministers of Edinburgh and Copenhagen and Berlin. We see in them typical men of the age in which they lived, with the knowledge, the vices, and the virtues of their times.

It is unfair to judge Van Riebeek and his contemporaries as if they were men of the nineteenth century. The vices of the age in which they lived are not the vices of this, for fashionable vices are constantly changing like fashionable dress. In the seventeenth century,

dissimulation was not generally regarded as a stain upon the character of public men. A certain amount of deceit was even considered necessary in the dispatch of business, and few statesmen scrupled to employ it.

When the first permanent settlers landed on the shore of Table Bay, there were men still living in the Netherlands who could remember the Prince of Parma. He had been first in war and first in hypocrisy in the days of their childhood, but who then considered his renown as a soldier dimmed by his perfidy as a statesman? A neighbouring people had just beheaded its king, one of the falsest and most religious of men. How many were there among his friends who thought that his broken promises were crimes? How many were there among his enemies that would not have forgiven every broken vow if these had not affected the rights of England? All over Europe the high places were steeped in fraud and corruption, that is, what we should call by these names, but what was then regarded as nothing more than a necessary means for carrying on a government.

It cannot be disputed that deceit is a crime, and was as much opposed to plain Biblical teaching in 1652 as it is in 1879. But the same thing can be said of every vice that has ever been fashionable. Killing another in a duel was considered no disgrace by our grandfathers. Neither was it a disgrace to be carried to bed helplessly intoxicated. But in what light are such offences viewed now-a-days? With the majority of people in all times those crimes are most avoided which bring with them most ignominy, and these offences are not and never can be absolutely fixed. In a weak State struggling almost hopelessly against a strong one, for instance, fraud would almost certainly be thought lightly of if it led to victory. In a powerful State the same offence is regarded not only as a crime, but as the very badge of baseness. Public opinion is a tribunal by which the relative position of vices is fixed, and public opinion in most parts of Europe in the seventeenth century viewed deceit as a venial offence. There has been an appeal to a later age, and the verdict has been reversed, but we should not therefore try men two centuries in their graves by the views that rule to-day.

The age in which they lived was an age of faith. Men never

doubted then whether God was attending to them or not. Did pestilence enter into a town and sweep off half its inhabitants, it was a direct punishment for their sins inflicted by the Almighty. Filthy streets, crowded hovels, alleys shut out from the light of Heaven, water charged with every impurity, to none of these was the deadly scourge attributed. It had not entered into the mind of the people that the same God might have made sickness the result of filth, even as want is the result of idleness. To them such a doctrine would have savoured of infidelity; it would have been considered equivalent to a denial that God watches over His people. Every victory was the result of a direct intervention of the Almighty on their behalf, and if they did not see a cross before them in the sky, as the soldiers of Constantine did, it was because the age of such symbols in North-Western Europe had passed away. They did not doubt that miracles were still performed, but they were miracles of a different nature from those which brought patron saints, clothed in full armour and mounted on fiery war horses, as leaders into a field of battle, or which caused the Blessed Virgin to commune in person with innocent maids.

And had they not some foundation for such a faith? How often had they not seen the greatest projects of men defeated as by an invisible hand? If God had not fought for the Netherlands how could their fathers for a whole lifetime have withstood the mighty power of Spain? If God had not directly helped them, how could they have recovered from that sorrowful day when the Father of the Country fell by an assassin's pistol, and every hand was enfeebled by the loss of the head? And later, without His help what must have been the fate of the free Netherlands when Philip II. sent his great fleet against England and them? Would any one gifted with sense venture to say that a few Zealand fishermen and boatmen could hold in check the finest army in Europe, commanded by the most skilful general of the age? Or what sane man would maintain that the fleet of England could meet in battle the Great Armada of Spain? No, it was not man, it was God who did it all. It was He who held Farnese back, it was He that strengthened the hands of Howard and Drake and Frobisher, it was He that sent the great storm to save England and the Netherlands.

Without God's direct help, how could they have prospered as they had done since the separation from Spain? The Netherland flag was floating on every sea, the richest products of the earth were gathered together and distributed again upon Netherland soil. The countries that were subject to the Republic so vastly exceeded the ruling State in size and in population that they were to her as a mountain to a mole-hill. Villages had become towns, and towns had grown into great cities. Amsterdam had become the commercial capital of the world, and the bleak dunes at the mouths of the Rhine were attracting armies of labourers from the fairest provinces of Europe. Yet there was room for all and bread for all, and much more than bread for very many. Others might turn to God only in the day of adversity, but how could they, seeing all these things, not also see that His hand was with them, strengthening and blessing them?

This kind of living faith had an influence upon the language of daily life. Scriptural phrases were in common use. Nearly every name given to a child was taken from the Bible. That it had an influence for good upon the character of the people cannot be questioned. Believing that God was with them, they embarked in great enterprises, they took courage in the hour of danger, they did not despair in the day of distress. They saw many passages of Scripture in a different light from that in which we see them now, but admitting implicitly the Bible as undoubtedly the very word of God, they never hesitated to admit also that it was their duty to be guided by its precepts.

Theirs was an age of intolerance. How could it have been otherwise? The Peace of Westphalia had not been signed four years when this Colony was founded. The long and bitter war between the rival creeds of Europe was fresh in the memory of Van Riebeek and his associates; all over Europe there was intense hatred of every faith but one's own. Toleration by most Christians was still considered a deadly crime, hateful in the eye of God, and subversive of all good government among men. The various sects of Protestantism would not even tolerate each other. Between Lutheran and Calvinist there was a deep gulf which no one could bridge over, while between Calvinist and Arminian the struggle had been almost as

were hanged on Boston Common for the crime of being Quakers.

There was not a single missionary enterprise among Protestants. There was hardly a corner of the earth to which the members of the Society of Jesus did not penetrate, but the bird was not one corner in heathen lands in which a Protestant missionary was to be found. The great evangelizing societies were all in the far future. When the foundations of this Colony were laid, the Danes who were to be the pioneers of Protestant missionary enterprise in India were yet unborn. John Eliot had many years of life before him ere he should begin his labours among the Red Indians of Massachusetts, labours which were destined to result in his leaving behind him a Bible in a tongue not now spoken by a single human being. None of the various Protestant bodies was organised for aggressive warfare abroad. Bound up with the state as they all were, and regarding dissenters as rebels, their zeal was expended in the endeavour to destroy heresy at home. It was not until men ceased to regard their fellow Christians as foes that they began to concert measures for the conquest of heathendom. And in the middle of the seventeenth century that time was not yet.

That the first European settlers in South Africa entertained views hostile to the conversion of the natives to Christianity is incorrect, and there is abundance of evidence to the contrary. In Commander Van Riebeek's own house a Hottentot child was brought up and instructed in the Christian faith. We are informed with great

satisfaction that when she visited her friends, she used to tell them how God should be worshipped, in short, that she acted the part of a modern missionary. This girl was baptized, and when she grew up was legally married to a European of some note in the infant settlement. In March, 1656, there came to South Africa a man named Pieter van der Stael, in the capacity of visitor of the sick (krankbezoeker or ziekentrooster). It is recorded to his credit that he taught some Hottentots, as well as some slaves, to read the Netherland language, and instructed them in the Christian religion. His zeal in this respect met with the approval of the local authorities, as well as of the directors at home, and is mentioned in 1661 as a reason for his re-engagement with an increased salary.

The founders of this Colony were not in advance of their age in liberal ideas, nor would it be reasonable to expect them to be. They were the servants of a great mercantile association, whose object was to make money, not to make converts, to build large fleets, not to plant free colonies. Their first and last object was the promotion of the interests of the Honourable East India Company, and with anything outside of that they had nothing to do. The Colony came into existence because it was needed by the Company, not because homes were needed by a surplus population in the Netherlands. Many of the Netherland institutions were planted and took deep root here, because they followed the Batavian wherever he went. Freedom of conscience—as we understand it now—was not known at home, nor did it come with them here. Neither did the right of being represented in the government come with them, for independently of the East India Company being the lawmaker here, representation by election of the masses was unknown in the Fatherland. The United Provinces formed a Republic which was the very opposite of a democracy. The municipalities were the seats of power. They were permanent bodies, and when vacancies occurred the remaining members made the necessary appointments, or they submitted a double list of names to the hereditary Stadtholder, from which he made a selection. The municipalities sent delegates to the States of each Province. The States Provincial sent delegates to the States General. Thus corporations were represented, not individuals, yet the government was generally so well conducted that those who

desired a change in its form were in a very small minority until nearly the end of the eighteenth century. Election of representatives by the populace did not then accord with Batavian ideas. In New Netherland English colonists from Massachusetts and Connecticut were nearly as numerous as the Batavians. They drew up a petition asking for the right of representation as in New England, and induced some of the Netherlanders to join them in presenting it to Pieter Stuyvesant, the last Governor of the West India Company. Stuyvesant, a thoroughly honest as well as a brave man, was indignant that his countrymen should join in such an extravagant request. "The thief," said he, "will vote for a thief, the smuggler for a smuggler, and fraud and vice will become privileged." This opinion was general in the Netherlands, and no one in South Africa was found to call its correctness in question. In England there was a large privileged class of electors, but the majority of the nation had no more right of representation than the Netherlanders had.

All these things, and many more, have to be taken into consideration when judging of the character of Van Riebeek and his immediate successors in South Africa. They did the work which they were sent to do, according to their instructions and according to their knowledge. The men of the seventeenth century were not so wise as the men of the nineteenth, neither is the youth of seventeen so wise as his senior by two years.

Of all these peculiarities, how much remains with the descendants of those pioneers of civilization in the Cape Colony? It would not be unreasonable to expect to find even more than is actually the case. Civilization progresses most rapidly where the intercourse between men is greatest, it does not progress at all where intercourse ceases. The Netherlanders in Europe have kept abreast of the age in everything. But there never was a body of European colonists more isolated than those of the Netherland race in South Africa until the present century was far advanced. Outside of Cape Town they were completely cut off from the rest of the world. Forty years ago they would most likely have been almost perfect counterparts of their ancestors, if it had not been for a modification caused by climate and for the mixture of French and German blood, which took place at an early day. Even as it is, there is no

part of the world where the men of to-day resemble the men of that enterprising age when distant seas were explored and great colonies planted, so much as in secluded districts of South Africa.

G. M. T.

Cape Town, June, 1879.

Lines

(From the Swedish of Hans Christian Andersen)

The night is calm, the sky is clear ;
The birds are silent, and the flowers,
Fresh with the heavy summer dew,
Dream out the solitary hours.
Then still be every whisper, lest
The sleep of any living thing
Be broken, for in every breast
Some little world is habiting.

The lark dreams of the coming light,
And sings and soars in the pure air :
The flowers interpret their delight,
With their sweet odours everywhere.
Oh ! endless worlds, both great and small !
Oh ! mighty depths of heaven and space,
Into my heart I take ye all,
And give to all a resting place !

Mine eyes are fill'd with tears, although
A double sense of peace and rest
Makes all my senses to o'erflow,
With love for all things that exist.
But now the stars wax pale ; and soft
The daylight comes. Yet dream and sleep !
The sky is blue, and clear aloft,—
And my heart's peace is calm and deep.

Intellectual Recreation.

Our social gatherings in Cape Town, in connection with Science, Literature, and Art, are few in number and scantily attended; the Fine Arts Association, the South African Public Library, and the Philosophical Society are, in fact, the only Institutions of which there is a recognized anniversary, and the arrangements for securing the public interest in their proceedings are not altogether successful. It seems the custom to fix the duties of presiding at these annual meetings too often upon the busiest men, and always at a very brief notice; and thus the address is often a stop-gap, rather than the mature product of a reflective mind.

No doubt the addresses, delivered by the respective Presidents at the annual meetings of these learned Societies, if they approached the ideal which the friends and lovers of Art, Science, and Literature might reasonably picture out, ought to be the genuine products of a year's careful notes, and ought to sweep the horizon of each department of knowledge, so as to gather up and present to the audience, in a succinct and lucid manner, whatever is worthy of being chronicled in the progressive stages of Art-culture, as well as in the processes of scientific observation and experiment, and in Literary works and general Criticism. We ought to be carried forward periodically to the stand-point of each department, duly ascertained and corrected up to date.

We have the Gospel of Science and the Gospel of Culture freely preached to us in the silent pages of the high-class Serials and in Art-Journals and Scientific Records; but we want the living voice that compares to-day with yesterday, the present with the past; that registers for us the steps made along the way to Truth; that bids us *here* to note established facts and conclusions; *there* to halt and suspend judgment; we need the well-weighed words of a qualified judge, to sum up the accumulated evidence, balancing facts against theories, arguments against fallacies, and thus enabling the audience to pronounce a verdict on real or apparent progress.

Surely there is a remnant of Colonial Society which has not bowed the knee to the modern Baal; which rises above the aphorism

of the day that the proper study of mankind is—money; and minds that delight in a wide survey of human progress can find many congenial range of speculation and research.

Besides the questions which would fitly come within the fields of enquiry that ought to be regularly traversed by our representatives of Art and Literature, there are many others peculiarly attractive and engrossing at the present time. The results of investigation and research in the domains of Philology, and in Biology and cognate branches of Science, the mechanical appliances of science to the development of our material, as distinguished from our intellectual growth, all these minister to the longing of the educated man to keep up with the spirit of the age, and those who follow the products of contemporary thought and speculation in the protean essays on Social Science are brought face to face with a series of complex questions which every thoughtful man is bound to study and to weigh, even if their aspect is somewhat disturbing and repulsive to the philosophic mind.

Civilization in Europe is certainly evolving intricate problems connected with the great increment of population, the diffusion of popular education, the contrast of the excessive wealth and luxurious living of the few and of the grinding poverty of the many. There seem to be pressing warnings that human progress is tending to the promulgation of a law of equal social freedom to cultivated intelligence, when going hand in hand with an active instinct of liberty and a pushing restless energy for mounting to a higher platform hitherto monopolized by hereditary claimants, must produce social turmoil in the assertion of personal rights, civil and religious, for the recognition of the so-called individuality of the citizen, which will be found to clash with the mutual dependence now enforced upon the labour market by social gradations, as well as with the maintenance of a National religion. Hence Socialism, the Enfranchisement of Women, the land Monopoly, the struggles among the tenants of the Industrial hives to gather the means of subsistence; the dis-establishment of the Church of England and similar questions, more or less of a levelling type, fill the pages of the chief periodicals; to the exclusion or, at all events, to the eclipse of purely scientific and literary essays; and no one can read stirring discussions on the divorce of the intelli-

gence of the country from religion, on the growth of the political supremacy of the working classes, on the intensified spirit of Industrial competitions between England and her Continental and Translantic rivals, without a painful feeling that the inner life of society is invaded by a host of political and social diseases, generated by the abnormal conditions of an ill-adjusted civilization.

It would not be difficult to indicate a still wider range of topics connected with the fascinating experiments of chemistry and physics generally; and the lecturer who would work into his canvas some deep colouring from the poets and philosophers of old, or in a lighter sketch embody the creative imagery of our modern writers would find ample materials and an audience fairly appreciative.

After these introductory remarks, it is scarcely necessary to say that we are deficient in the means of intellectual recreation and improvement; and a winter course of lectures on literary and scientific subjects, or even on those which lie round the margin of the social and political circles, would lift us above the dull unintellectual atmosphere in which Cape society is enveloping itself.

Of course, it may be said that people can read for themselves; but the mere acquisition of knowledge is not an unmixed good; the mind is liable to overburden itself with an accumulation of facts, which it fails to assimilate; the *rudis indigestaque moles* wants order and arrangement; as Herbert Spencer says, it is not the knowledge stored up as intellectual fat which is of value, but that which is turned into intellectual muscle. Besides all this, the contact with the living utterances of a master-mind quickens the pulses of intellectual life, and clothes with reality the emaciated forms with which we have communed in the silence of the private study.

Δ

A Zulu Romance.*

"WHAT is it we like most of all? We like war! Is there anything that equals it? No! no! certainly not We fight nowhere now. You white men have encircled us; but perhaps the day may come when you will allow us to pass through your country, and remind those nobody's people that the Zulus are still on the face of the earth. We would not meddle with your cattle. We hear that the outside tribes say we sway no one now but the Amatonga [looked upon as women and dogs]. When will you let us prove that we can do more? It may be, as you say, that fighting is wrong, but we have not yet learned to think so. It is true that the country is quieter and that all live in comparative safety, but what of that? There are none of us now that can say they are braves. We might as well be women. Yes, many people were killed in the old time—men, women, and children—but that was nothing, it kept us from crowding. The cows had more room to get fat, and we to make our gardens. And then, besides, the young men had a chance of getting cattle, and, when they sewed the ring on their heads, wives. Now, we are poor all our days. Then we had people amongst us who had a name through the country for valour and for cunning; now, no one is known except the chiefs and the king. Then we had something to live or die for, some excitement in our lives; now all the soldiers are good for is to build or mend the king's kraals, or hoe his corn. We all see what it is coming to; we shall pay money to you white men at last [taxes], and take to digging down hills under you [roadmaking, &c.] Ah! the army, my man; the army. There's something to talk about when that goes out. You want me to tell you of some exploits in which I shared; well, wait till I take some snuff and then I'll do it. Make up the fire, boy.

"Long ago in the aforetime—how many years, say you? How should I know? Two hundred may be; yes, so many [showing two fingers]; I was a young man and strong. Wow! but I *was* strong and active. I could throw every man in our regiment. When I

* By the late David Leslie.

ran, people used to exclaim: 'Wow! just now he was here, and now he is yonder; where did he go?' And when I jumped, I went till I struck the sky. Is it hard, say you? Don't, white man, don't; you are laughing at me now. Let me tell my story my own way. You understand our tongue and ways. Here, my equal, help me in the nose [taking another for snuff]. Eh-h-h! man of our tribe [thanking him]. As I was saying, long, long ago, it was once decided by the king and chiefs to make a raid into the Amaswazi—a king's raid. I mean that the king was getting short of cattle, and as it was known that the Amaswazi had again gathered herds since the last war, we were to be sent to bring him some. It was denied to anyone to take what he could manage to get away out of the herd [as you know is always allowed in other wars]. Well, well, it is not exactly allowed; but nothing is said if the man can get cleared off. This time, however, it was announced that spies would be sent over the country, and anyone found with cattle he could not account for, would be killed. They also told us that all girls we took should be brought to the king, to form his slaves of the interior. As I have said, we are fond enough of war, but we like to look forward to some reward at the end: so to us young men these orders were peculiarly unpalatable; we loathed, and many were the talks we had in disguising this expedition. I decided, for my part, that there was no harm done. I should of course go out, and be guided by circumstances. If my snake was favourable, I should not return empty-handed for all the orders. If not, and I showed above the others, had the king might perhaps soften and give me something. Anyway, I had to go.

"All Zulu was gathered together [to Nodwengo—the king's kraal—the mode of expression is not plagiarised from Scripture]. By twos and threes, tens and twenties, they came trooping over the hills. Others, whose head-quarters were farther off, came in their regiments. The earth thundered with the noise of their feet. Our ears were closed up with the sound of their songs. The country all round was black with their forms by day, and was red with the fires they lit at night. The clatter of sticks and shields was continually heard, as they hustled together in the joyous excitement of fight. It was the beginning of the war; and no cattle could graze where

* By the late David Leslie.

the army had been, till after the next summer rains. Ah-h-h, Zulu, my man; Zulu! ! can they be spoken of? [in a manner competent to describe them].

"Well, one day we hungered, and another day we feasted, just as the king happened to give us beer and beef. At last our number was complete, the generals appointed, and we started on our way. As we went, the people hid their food and fled with their cattle, into most inaccessible places. Nevertheless, we managed to get at them, and fed. Our path was known by the cattle bones which strewed it, by the remains of dishes and corn, and here and there a body. Whose people were they, say you? Why, our own—the Zulus. The assegai had got loose, my man, and who was to stop it? We walked long. We hungered. We crossed many rivers, but we never tired. We began to long for some opposition, just to vary the monotony, but none was to be seen. You must know that the Swazi country is full of large caves, the secret to the entrances of which is rigidly kept. They are so large that all the people of a district, together with their cattle, can take shelter in them; and they had done so on the report of our coming. We were travelling along a ridge of mountains, when the sound of cattle lowing was heard, seemingly underneath and all about us. A halt was called, to consider how we should get at them. Parties were sent out in all directions to try and fall on an opening, but for a long time none could they find. At last one of them came upon a small hole in the rock, of size about sufficient for a man to creep in. One was instantly directed to make the attempt, and, laying down his shield, he took an assegai in one hand, and in he went. We heard a shout, a groan, and all was still; our man came not back. Another was at once sent after him, and shared the same fate. Now we began to hang back. It was certain death to refuse; it seemed to be the same to go in. So far it was equal; but we loathed the idea of being killed like a porcupine in a hole. I considered for a moment, and then it struck me that I had the idea, and I said to myself, 'Now is the time to show above the others; now for some cattle.' I spoke out; I cried out: 'I will go in.' 'Who is that?' inquired one of the officers. 'Myself, father,' I answered. 'Appear!' was the next word, and I did so. I was greatly praised, and told

that my fortune was made. May be, thought I, but what use if I'm killed. However, there's nothing wrong, my snake may be good, and I may escape. Laying down my shield, and taking off my dress, I crept in on my belly, having asked those outside to make a great noise, so that my movements should not be heard. I went along very quietly, with my spear in my hand, till I felt the feet of the dead man who had gone before me. I lifted them up very gently, and swurmed along until I had got him fairly on my back; then with him in that position, I went on for about my own length, and felt stab, stab, thud, thud, as they ran assegais into his body and struck him with sticks. I shouted 'Maié' [oh, dear], groaned, and gave a wriggle or two, then lay still. It was quite dark, and all was quiet outside. Immediately some one said, 'That is the third; move the stone and let us see him,' and one stepped over me in obedience to the command. I grasped my assegai, and just as the first light came in by the opening he was making, I sprang up and stabbed him, shouting at the same time to our people, 'In with you, in with you; I am holding the pot on the fire; quick and shove it up,' and turning, defended myself from those who were in the entrance. I had only to do so for a few moments. Our people came rushing in, and I escaped with a few cuts. By this time we could hear the hum of the alarmed Amaswazi, like bees in a hole; so like was it that the instantaneous cry was 'Let us dig out this honey nest, it is fat;' but our officers made us wait for more force; it came, and we went forward. We walked along a good way on a fine grassy glade, a stream of water running through the centre, and the rocks nearly meeting overhead, until at last we came to a large circular piece of ground—as large as the flat outside there (say a mile in diameter), a waterfall at one end, precipices all round, and wood here and there about the foot of them, but not a soul was to be seen. We hunted until at last we found many openings into caves at the sides, and these we at once stormed, our whole force having by this time come up. The people within fought well, and we were hunting one another; but we got lights, and then we finished them off. Did we kill the women and children, say you? Ay, that did we. Why not? The children would grow up into soldiers to fight us, and the women would bear more.

"I came to one girl. As I raised my assegai she looked at me, clasped her hands over her eyes, and said 'Ow um-ta-ka-baba' [oh, child of my father, my brother]; that was all, and do you know, I could not kill her. Chaka! I couldn't (swears by his king). She had 'medicine' that girl. I had killed that day till my assegai was blunt and my arm was weary, but all anger seemed to go out at my fingers and toes. So I said, 'Rise, Tdadte, [literally sister, but in meaning, as in sound, the same as the Scotch 'dawty'], no one will hurt you.' I defended her from others. Many would have attacked me, but I was always recognised in time, as the brave who had gained the entrance; and the cry was, 'Let him alone, let him keep the girl.' 'Ah, but,' cried others, 'he'll have to give her up to the king.' Then for the first time I remembered the orders, and I looked up to see if I had not come suddenly under a waterfall. I turned towards the girl; she was gazing on the ground. 'Lulama' (straighten yourself), I cried. Our eyes met. Something seemed to soften and melt, warmly and gradually, within me. I began to be disgusted with the blood which covered me. I thought of my sisters and my mother and home, and I thought of her father and mother, most likely killed that day. Somehow or other it came into my mind that she was alone and in sorrow, and would be torn from her country and her people, and given to be a slave to the king, for no fault of her own; and still I warmed and melted, until at last I became a child, and determined to save her from our army, and send her back to her folk, if haply, any were alive. I tell you she had medicine, that girl. I took her quietly to one side and said, 'Look here! I must give you up to the officers for the king; but watch; be quick to understand what I say or do, and I'll find an opportunity of letting you go safely.' She did not answer—she only looked at me; but something in the look was better than spoken words. Well, when all was over, we gathered together our cattle and our captives, ready for our homeward march; and by way of reward I was appointed an officer of the guard of the latter, just what I would have wished for. We travelled for a day without being able to exchange a word with the 'Swazi girl, though I wanted to, very much; I felt just as if I was hungry. She was somewhere in the centre of the throng, and has told me since that she kept edging outwards, until she got close to

where I was, hoping that I would, yet fearing that I would not, address her. When I saw her near I began to look about for an opening to let her go. I made a sign to keep close by me. She did so; and towards dusk, as we were marching by a wooded ravine, I managed to give her a push. She sprang clear in, and I purposely fell in the way of the man behind, who was jumping in after her. She got away, the more easily, as I shouted to my men to stand firm and guard those who were left, in case they should go too. I thought I had managed so cleverly; but I was to hear more of it, as you shall see. I would have been killed, only my snake stood straight up.

"We reported to the generals the loss of the captive; they said it could not be helped, and spoke of something else. We travelled on without further adventure until we got near the king's again, when we halted, and messengers were sent forward to announce our return. A day was appointed for a review at Nodwengo, and we all brushed ourselves up to look our best. The day came. We defiled before the great one, and each had our little praise; then came the giving out of the cattle. A great many had received their rewards, when the cry was raised for the brave who had gained the entrance, to show himself, and I had to go forward. 'To me,' said the king, 'you have shown yourself a soldier indeed, and deserving of a king's notice; there is a troop of cattle for you. But—now I shall kill you for helping one of the captive girls to escape. What say you?' I saw it was no use attempting to get out of the hobble, so I spoke boldly. I knew that kings like those who speak out, but I trembled all the while. 'Yes, father; yes, wild beast; yes, you that are black,' I replied. 'The king is, of course right, I ought to be killed; but I could not help it. She bewitched me!' 'How so?' asked he; and I told him the whole affair, with all the symptoms. When I had done, he burst out laughing, and said, 'Wow! the idiot fell in love with her. Go, go; you are a brave soldier, but a fool in these matters. I should have thought a young man of your age and appearance would have known more. Wow; the fool! What was it like? Was it sore?' 'No, father, I can't say it was sore. It was like a sickness though. It was just "Umhlolo."'*

*Anything out of the way. Anything unnatural; not explainable on ordinary or natural grounds. Used in a great many senses.

"'Go, go,' he said, 'you have escaped!' I went quietly, took my cattle, and thanked my snake all the way home. That was the beginning of my rise, till now, as you see me, I have many kraals, much people, and plenty cattle.

"Well, when I had been at home for about ten days I went paying visits all round, was everywhere praised and fed; but still something was wanting. My heart continually ached with a dull pain. I felt a want. At night I dreamt about the 'Swazi girl. By day I thought of her. I saw her face in the burning coals of fire. I halted while eating my food to think of her, until my people said, 'How much that young man speaks to his heart' [thinks]. I went hunting, but I used to forget what I was about. In the dance I would stop and not know it. Wow! that love is an Umhlolo indeed. At last one morning while lying lost in my hut, my sisters came rushing in, saying that they had found a girl half-dead with cold in the garden and that she was 'Swazi by her tongue. My heart leapt up at once, and with it my body. I knew it was she. It was as if something was drawing me with a rope. The girls laughed; they had a shrewd idea as to what was the matter. I ran out, and there I found her; pinched with hunger, shrivelled with cold, done with weariness; but yet with the same glancing look I remembered in the cave. I spoke to her; asked her where she came from, and why she had left her own people? She crossed her arms upon her breasts, burst into tears, and, as she was falling to the ground, I caught her up and carried her to the kraal. On the way she told me, 'my people were all killed; who was I to go to? Our kraals were burnt; where was I to live? I thought of you, and said I would go to him who spared me in the great slaughter; I will hoe his corn, and cook his food, and'—— what more she said does not matter now; but there is the old woman beside you, and sometimes I think she has medicine still. So after all, you see, notwithstanding the orders, I got cattle, praise, and a wife in. My snake was good to me, you old hag, long have I been speaking of you. Ask now from the white man a cloth to cover you when the nights are cold!"

* From a paper read by Professor Owen at a Meeting of the Royal Colonial Institute on the 6th May.

The Extinct Animals of the Cape of Good Hope.*

By Professor Owen, C.B., F.R.S., &c.

My present notice of the evidences of extinct animals of the Cape of Good Hope will be limited to those of the reptilian class, to which the South African crocodiles, tortoises, lizards, and toads are now the animals nearest akin. Of fossil remains of serpents I have received none; nor are any of the fossil reptiles which have reached me from the Cape allied in genera, families, or even orders, to those now existing in the world. All the Cape subjects of my attempts at restoration are from what are commonly termed the "Karoo beds," covering an area of over 200,000 square miles, extending between latitudes 35° and 33° 30′ S., and longitudes 20° and 28° E. They overlie deposits of Devonian and Carboniferous age, include those answering to European Permian and Trias, and consequently are of older date than the oolites and liassic cliffs in England from which have been derived, among other strange reptilian forms, the numerous kinds of ichthyosaurs and plesiosaurs.

The Cape fossils are embedded and petrified in shales and rocks of quartzose sandstone, the strata of which slightly incline in their southern verge from horizontality. They seem to have been deposited from lacustrine or estuarine waters during a lapse of time which may be conceived from the mountain ranges into which they are now elevated. The following vertical thickness of the fossiliferous strata has been ascertained: at the Stormberg Beds, to be 1,800 feet; at the Beaufort Beds, 1,700 feet; at the Koonap Beds, 1,500 feet; at the Upper Ecca Beds, 1,200 feet. These stratified beds, or basins, of ancient waters, have been, in the course of their upheaval, traversed by trap dykes, and the consolidating and elevating forces to which the shales have been subject have converted them into the hardest and most intractable rocks that my chisel ever operated on: it "strikes fire" at every blow. The difficulty of extricating the embedded teeth and bones of the strange creatures that haunted the banks and shallows of the ancient lakes or estuaries

* From a paper read by Professor Owen at a Meeting of the Royal Colonial Institute on the 6th May.

is enhanced by the near correspondence in colour of the petrified parts to the dark, often black, rock in which they are embedded.

In the year 1838 Mr. Andrew Geddes Bain, employed in the construction of a military road north of Fort Beaufort, observed in parts of the rock he was blasting portions like teeth and fragments of bone; these he transmitted to the Geological Society of London, and they were referred by the council to me to report on. The result was so novel that Mr. Bain was encouraged to persevere in the collection and transmission of such evidences, and received for that purpose grants of money from the Geological Society and from the trustees of the British Museum. I kept up communication with Mr. A. G. Bain until his demise, and have continued the same with his son, Mr. Thomas Bain, the present Surveyor of Roads to the Cape Colony.

The rich series of fossil evidences from these gentlemen have been supplemented by specimens transmitted by successive Governors (Sir George Grey, K.C.B., and Sir Henry Barkly, K.C.B.), by H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh, by Dr. Guybon Atherstone, of Graham's Town, by Dr. Rubidge, by J. M. Orpen, Esq., Government Surveyor of the Cape, and by several friendly colonists.

Besides separate Reports and Memoirs in the "Transactions" of the Royal and Geological societies, the fossils so received have afforded subjects filling seventy plates of a quarto work of one hundred pages of text. *

I think the most extraordinary, as it was the first to be restored, of the old Cape reptiles, was a creature attaining the size of walrus, and which, like that amphibious mammal, had a pair of long, pointed tusks descending from the upper jaw. But it had no other teeth, and it combined the two-tusked character with a lower jaw, edentulous, like that of a tortoise, and a skull exemplifying crocodilian and lacertian structures. Many species of this type, varying in size, came successively to hand, and exemplified the genus called Dicynodon. Other two-tusked reptiles required a distinct generic section, called Ptychognathus. A third extensive series carried the tortoise likeness further by the absence of tusks, but with the same

* "Description of the Fossil Reptilia of South Africa." 4to. 2 vols. 1876. By Professor Owen. Published by the Trustees of the British Museum.

composite cranial structure as in the Bidentals; and, in short, a series of Reptilia was brought to light which necessitated the formation of a new order in the class, to which was assigned the denomination of Anomodontia.

Now, although no true coal has been met with in the Karoo strata, although present in the older Devonian series, at the Cape, called the Kowie Coal Beds, yet remains of a rich series of vegetation on the land traversed or occasionally visited by the Karoo reptiles have been detected. I was not surprised, therefore, to receive evidences of huge herbivorous dragons, akin, although remotely, to our own liassic scelidosaurs and the Wealden iguanodons.

The jaws of the Tapinocephali, of the Pareiosauri, and of the Anthodons were armed with close-set series of equal-sized teeth, having crowns adapted to crush and pound vegetable substances, and were associated with modifications of the skull for horizontal grinding movements of the jaws. A significant fact was elicited by scrutiny, and sections of parts of the back-bone of these Dinosauria. The bodies of the vertebræ retained more of the fœtal structure than has been met with in any post-triassic herbivorous reptile. Those of anthodon, for example, were biconcave, as in fishes, and those of pareiosaurus and tapinocephalus carried the primitive embryonal character a degree further. The apices of the hollow terminal cones, which nearly meet in the centre in anthodon, quite meet in the other genera, exemplifying the persistence in those huge dragons of a continuous, beaded notocord. Hence the necessity of placing them in a distinct section of Dinosauria, called "Tretospondilia," and it may be, as our restorations become completed, that erpetologists will regard them as the types of an order distinct from the later forms of Dinosauria.

In the Trias of Europe had been found the jaws and portions of skull of a fossil creature provided with large flattened crushing teeth, like a pavement covering the palate above, and the correspondingly broad tracts of the under-jaw. These fossils were referred by Agassiz and Meyer to an extinct fish called Placodus. The first specimen of this rare genus that came to my hands, from Germany, showed, nowever, characters which led me to think it was a reptile, not a fish. It was with much pleasure, therefore, that I found among the

Cape fossils an unequivocal and larger extinct reptile, provided with similar crushing teeth, and with these only; forming, likewise, a pavement upon the palate opposed to similar teeth on a broad alveolar tract of the lower jaw. Since describing and figuring this fossil, under the name Endothiodon, I have lately received a second species of the same genus, also from the Karoo beds. It is, of course, significant to note that the only analogous form of reptile from localities elsewhere than at the Cape had left its remains in deposits of Triassic age. At the present day, the only known aquatic vertebrates adapted by their teeth to crack and crush shell-fish belong to the class of fishes: such, for example, are the Wolf-fish (Anarrhichas) and the Port Jackson Shark (Cestracion).

An extensive series of Reptilia has been brought to light from the Cape fossiliferous beds above specified, which were of a more strictly and decidedly carniverous nature than the Dicynodonts, combining upper tusks of a more piercing and trenchant character opposed to a pair of similar tusks below, crossing in front of the upper pair when the mouth was shut. These killing and holding teeth, like the canines, or laniary teeth, of the lion and dog, were preceded by incisor teeth of a similarly pointed shape, and followed by molar teeth, of the character of those called carnassial or sectorial in Mammalian feræ. This type of dentition, in which the "incisors," "canines," and "molars" can be specified on characters of size, shape, and relative position, had hitherto been unknown, save in the Mammalian class; but it is combined in these extinct Cape creatures with a true reptilian or cold-blooded cranial and vertebral structure. With this guiding evidence of the reptilian class of our present series of fossils, I further found associated with such dentition that the teeth were retained, as in Mammals, sufficiently long for the fangs to dwindle and become consolidated at the implanted end; that the humerus, with ridges and processes adapted to as free evolutions of the fore-paw as in the lion, also showed a canal for the passage and defence of a brachial artery and nerve, not present in any existing kind of Reptile, but characterising the humerus in many, especially feline carnivorous, Mammalia. Furthermore, that the paws were supported by joints or phalanges in the same numbers, or according to the same formula, as the Mammalian paw.

Detecting many and various modifications of this carnivorous reptilian type, I felt constrained to group them into a distinct order, called Theriodontia. This order was exemplified in South Africa by a species and genus (*Titanosuchus ferox*) surpassing the lion in size; by others as large as a leopard (*Lycosaurus pardalis*); and by others, again, as small as a cat or foumart (*Galesaurus* and *Procolophon*). I may also note a fact of some significance, that the incisive formula in the Theriodonts is not that of the higher or placental Mammals, but of the lower, more reptile-like, marsupial ones. Thus, Cynodracon has $i\frac{5-5}{4-4}$, like the opossums (*Didelphis*); Lycosaurus has $i\frac{4-4}{3-3}$, like *Thylacinus* and *Sarcophilus* (the native hyæna and devil of the Tasmanian colonists); while the placental Carnivora never show more than $i\frac{3-3}{3-3}$.

In the existing Reptilia the characters above specified are wanting. They would have been unknown and unsuspected as reptilian ones, save for such researches as are here summarised. If the gap in the series of animals continued from the Triassic to the present period had not been filled up otherwise than by reptiles, the living remnant of that class would have testified to total loss of such gains of organisation as had enriched the predecessors of modern tortoises, lizards, and crocodiles.

We now know, through discovery and study of fossil remains, that not one of the gains which benefited our extinct reptiles has been lost, but has been handed on, and advanced, through a higher type of vertebrates, of which mammalian type we trace the dawn back to the period when reptiles were at their best, grandest in bulk, most numerous in individuals, most varied in species, best endowed with kinds and powers of locomotion, and with instruments for obtaining and dealing with both animal and vegetable food.

Then obtrudes the question, and will not be parried, Has the transference of structures from the Reptilian to the Mammalian type been a seeming one, delusive, due to accidental coincidences in animal

species independently created? Or, was the transference real, consequent on the incoming of modified species by way of descent, and through the operation of a secondary law? Certain it is that the lost reptilian structures defined in this paper are now manifested at the Cape of Good Hope by quadrupeds with a higher condition of cerebral, circulatory, respiratory, and tegumentary systems. But into these higher generalisations of biological science it is beside my present purpose to enter.

Readings in Melbourne.*

Lectures by a Colonist on the Resources and Prospects of the Colony in which he is living, and delivered to the Colonists themselves, are certain to contain much valuable information. Sir Archibald Michie tells us that each of these addresses was delivered with a purpose. The first was aimed at reconciling his audience, and fellow-colonists generally, to the land in which he was speaking to them. That most of them were prosperous, and ought to have been content, was certain. That many were prosperous, and not at all content, was equally certain. "Man never is, but always to be blest." Sir Archibald Michie quotes from the Government Statist that more people have come to Victoria, and more people have left it, than have arrived in, or departed from, any of the sister colonies. Whether leaving with a competency, or without one, the main fact remained, that for one reason or another they betook themselves elsewhere. This was but natural with such a population as the discovery of gold attracted. The lecturer's object was to show that the chances, so far as their future happiness was concerned, were all against those who, yearning for the old land, were resolved to return to it. The second lecture was directed against "protection to native industry." The third lecture shows the Victorians at high loyal fever heat. No language, he says, can convey to the reader an adequate description of the carnival of balls, bunting, concerts, cricket matches, horse races, pigeon shootings, kangaroo hunts, rabbit slaughterings, first-stone layings, German serenadings, corporation banquetings, Highland games (with no end of Celtic gentlemen in all their tartaned and breechless pride), and general moral intoxication, which welcomed the arrival and accompanied the stay of His Royal Highness the Duke of Edinburgh in the Colony. In the midst of all this, with great good humour, the lecturer laughs at the follies going on around him, and makes some remarks about Royal personages and the Duke of Edinburgh himself, which the excited audience must have been equally good-natured to listen

* "Readings in Melbourne." By Sir Archibald Michie, K.C.M.G. Sold by J. C. Juta, Cape Town.

to. The Essay on the Colony, which follows the lectures, was written, as it is stated in the preface, with the object of affording in as brief terms as possible such information as intending emigrants most generally require. The book closes with various statistical tables and a reprint of the present tariff of Victoria. These statistics of Mr. Hayter are valuable and well arranged. The author, in referring to them, quotes Sir Charles Dilke, who says :—"The exact economical position that Victoria occupies is easily ascertained, for her statistics are the most perfect in the world ; the arrangement is a piece of exquisite mosaic. The brilliant statistician who fills the post of Registrar-General to the Colony had the immense advantage of starting clear of all tradition, unhampered and unclogged ; and as the Government of the other Colonies have the last few years taken Victoria for a model, a gradual approach is being made to uniformity of system. . . . Statistics are generally considered dull enough, but the statistics of these young countries are figure poems."

The volume before us is not only a useful work, but it is extremely interesting and amusing as well. As a lecturer Sir Alexander Michie appears to have possessed the happy art of keeping his audience thoroughly amused at the very time he was vigorously opposing their most cherished prejudices. This is particularly noticeable in his Lectures on Protection and Loyalty. With regard to the first of these he states : " I must do the Protectionist portion of my audience the justice to say of them that I was not only not thrown out of window—the fate predicted for me by some of my friends—but, barring an occasional hiss, or an explosive 'no,' I was listened to with patience and attention by all parties throughout." The arguments used in this lecture are, of course, pretty much the same as those to be found in most writings of the advocates of Free Trade, but there is a charm in the manner in which they are brought forward, and in the homeliness of the illustrations drawn from every-day life, that must have enlisted the sympathy of the audience in spite of any difference of opinion.

The volume contains the author's views on many subjects of interest, common to all the Colonies, and it gives very full information as to the policy adopted in Victoria respecting disposal of Crown Lands, Immigration, and other important matters which chiefly

engage the attention of new countries. The author in speaking of the position of the Colonist as a member of the Empire discusses the proposal to provide for the representation of the Colonies in England in the Imperial Parliament, or by some other means. While ridiculing the idea of creating a Colonial Peerage as being "insupportably Brummagem and absurd," he considers that in the admission into the House of Lords of a few highly successful Governors of Colonies, there would be a consistency between their work and its reward, and a strong savour of sense in the proceeding. A few retired Governors in the House of Peers might really be of substantial use, as they could throw much light upon much home darkness respecting the capabilities and the interests of our Colonial Empire. What work Colonists could do in the House of Commons, he confesses in his first lecture, that he hardly knows, but from the last paper on Victoria and its resources, he appears to be less confident that in these days of advanced intercommunication between people, the Colonies might not be in some fashion represented in the British Legislature. Are the questions which would come up in such an Imperial House of Commons, he asks, so numerous, or so intricate, that they could not be disposed of to the satisfaction of both England and the Colonies? Adam Smith expressed himself hopefully on the point even in his day, when steam and telegraph were not. Many of the obstacles discussed by him have disappeared. Some others, perhaps, have come into existence. That the attachment of these communities to the Mother Country is almost passionately strong cannot be doubted; and although this may be merely for a generation or two, yet identity of kin is itself a force. Sir Archibald Michie does not, however, clearly lay down the position the Colonial Representatives are to hold. If they are to be members of the existing House of Commons with a right of voting on all matters of policy, whether foreign or domestic, will not the result be that while the Colonists will have the right of legislating on such matters as the customs, trade, &c., of the Mother Country, they will absolutely refuse to permit the Mother Country to have a voice in their own internal affairs? It has been proposed that there shall be a new body called into existence—a great federal parliament to which certain Imperial questions alone shall be referred. In this case, as

every question connected with trade, navigation, peace, and war, directly affects the Colonies, the question will arise whether these should not be referred to the Federal Legislature, and the same difficulty will have to be met. In discussing the connection with the Mother Country, the author advises Colonists to consider the Colonial question from the point of view of British statesmen and of the British public. We may feel assured, he adds, that many thousands of thinking and influential people in England regard this question in the spirit expressed by an outspoken writer in the *Spectator* of the 5th October, 1878. Commenting on Mr. Lowe's recent article on Imperialism, the *Spectator* says, "A great England, however, is only possible in the future, as it is in the present, and has been in the past, through the insistence of the constituencies that a policy advocated as necessary for the Dependencies should be proved, first, not to be fatal to the Mother Country; that the interests of Great Britain should not be merged in the interests of the British Empire. Dependencies whose interests cannot stand this *test* had better be cut adrift. We know of none, except Cyprus, if that be one, which could not stand it." Here, says Sir A. Michie, the Colonies—more especially the self-governed Colonies—have received at once from a thoughtful writer a compliment, adroitly accompanied by a warning which all the parties concerned can digest at their leisure.

Every one acquainted with the politics of Victoria knows of how great importance the "squatter" question is. In speaking on this question, the numerous changes in the mode of disposing Crown lands in Victoria are discussed. The author's own remarks, however, are contained in a lecture delivered before the passing of the Land Act of 1869, which is the one at present in force. Hayter's Victorian Year Book for 1874 gives a summary of this Act, the main principle of which is free selection before survey. Under it three hundred and twenty acres is the largest amount allowed to be selected by one person. The selection is held under licence during three years, within which period the licensee must reside on his selection at least two and a half years, must enclose it, cultivate one acre out of every ten, and generally effect substantial improvements to the value of 20s. per acre. The rent payable during this period is 2s per acre per annum, which is

credited to the selector as part payment of the principal. At the expiration of the three years' licence, the selector, if he obtain a certificate from the Board of Land and Works that he has complied with these conditions, may either purchase his holding by paying the balance of 14s. per acre, or may convert his licence into a lease extending over seven years, at an annual rent of 2s. per acre, which is also credited to the selector as part payment of the fee simple. On the expiry of this lease and due payment of the rent, the land becomes the freehold of the selector. We need not discuss the "squatter question." Our author is very severe upon the system. These squatters he describes as a privileged class, holding vast tracts of land at an almost nominal rent; some of them have grown very rich and powerful in the enjoyment of these advantages. "With many of them the beau-ideal of a great country is a country which begins by handing over the bulk of its territory to eleven hundred persons, and ever thereafter respectfully buys its beef and mutton from these elevated eleven hundred." In the year 1847 orders in Council came out which proposed (among other curious arrangements exhibiting remarkable ignorance of the circumstances of the Colony) to confer on the pastoral tenants of the Crown fourteen years' leases, *renewable* until the land should be bought for 20s. an acre. "The net result of this ridiculous system—the invention of the perverse ingenuity of Earl Grey—was, that the squatters practically, before the gold era, had freeholds in vast tracks of country constituting their runs. Outsiders never dreamt of giving £1 an acre for unimproved land not worth 5s. an acre, and of course squatters themselves were not such fools as to buy that which in effect they were already enjoying for next to nothing."

In referring again to Hayter's Year Book we find that the Victorians were energetic in their endeavours to create new industries. The mulberry-trees numbered 30,650, and are grown for the purpose of feeding and rearing silkworms, this being an industry which, so far as it has gone, has been attended with great success in Victoria. No particulars respecting the olive crop are given. Mulberry and olive-trees are frequently grown in gardens, and there is no doubt that both are much more extensively cultivated than the agricultural statistics indicate.

Among the tables appended to these readings we find a list of the works for the storage and supply of water for domestic, mining, and irrigation purposes, situated in various parts of the Colony; also a statement of the estimated capacity of each work, and its actual or estimated cost. Some of these works have been completed, and others are in the course of construction. From this it appears that the storage capacity of these works is over twelve thousand million gallons, and their cost nearly two and three quarter millions sterling. From the table of manufactures we find that there are fourteen woollen mills at work, which in 1877 manufactured 719,887 yards of tweed, cloth, flannel, &c., 2,816 blankets, and 2,941 shawls.

The author strongly urges upon the Imperial Government the duty of assisting emigration to the Colonies on a grand scale. He considers that it would not be at all a bad idea to utilize the British fleet for emigration purposes whenever this can be done without prejudice to the public service, and asks, "Why should not some of our ships of war, not engaged in killing men, carry them alive to Australia, New Zealand, and the Cape? Government transports carry soldiers and their wives and families to distant stations. And if they can carry soldiers who are paid for, why not carry civilians who would pay? If the Empire contributed the carrying part of the arrangements, why should not the carried, assisted by the Colonies, defray the cost of their keep during the passage?"

But it will interest us more to learn what the Colonists are actually doing in this matter, and we refer to what is said about Tasmania. The following are given as the terms on which family tickets are offered for the introduction of emigrants.

For a family ticket, including a man and his wife, with all their children under twelve years of age, at the time of embarkation, £15. For a ticket for a single female, £5; for a single male £10. The holders of these tickets are conveyed free of expense to Hobart Town or Launceston, as may be desired by the emigrants, Hobart Town being the capital of the Colony, on the southern side of the Island, and Launceston on the northern side just opposite Victoria. If any emigrant shall pay, after the above rate, his own passage money out, he is to receive a land order to the value of £18 for each

member of the family above fifteen years of age, and to £9 for each member above twelve months, and under fifteen years old. And these land orders will be received by the Government as payment for any Crown lands that the emigrant may buy after his arrival. The Act also permits any person who has paid his own and family's passage money as cabin or intermediate passenger, to demand within a year after his arrival a land certificate entitling him to select thirty acres of land for himself, twenty for his wife—if he has one—and ten for each child; for these lands a grant from the Crown will issue after five years' residence, including of course in that word the beneficial enjoyment of the land in the meanwhile. The order will not be forfeited by the death of the emigrant, or his absence, "if his family remain in the Colony." The last condition explains itself. No Colony can be expected—as the writer points out—to be at the cost of importing emigrants who may a day after their arrival, be off to another land, and so, in effect, defraud the community at whose expense they have been brought out.

The occupations and rates of remuneration of different classes of people, whether engaged in skilled or in unskilled labour are, of course, as various as in England or in any other part of the world. As a rule, however, all are much better paid than in the mother country; and most of the necessaries of life are cheaper. From the statement of rates of wages in 1878 it appears that the average of wages is higher than at the Cape. The word "day" for most handicrafts means a day of "eight hours," an "institution religiously enforced in Victoria."

In the lectures we have some amusing descriptions of colonial life, especially during the height of the "gold fever." The hints given to intending emigrants are sound and well worthy of the consideration of those who intend settling in any Colony.

The Delusive Notions of Successive Ages.

Ætas parentum, pejor avis, tulit
Nos nequiores, mox daturos
Progeniem vitiosorem.

Every successive age thinks itself the cleverest that ever existed, but is usually disposed to look back upon the preceding as its superior in virtue. We readily acknowledge the morality of our fathers, but are careful to allow them a very small share of understanding. Excellent, stupid people we think them—every man innocent himself, and trusting to find the like innocence in his neighbours—a worthy, honest race, who troubled themselves very little to ascertain the principles of anything, and were good they knew not how or wherefore. We remember seeing an article in a magazine some forty-five years ago in which the writer went largely into this notion, and endeavoured to show that the young men of his own early day, about fifty years before, were almost unexceptionably steady and well-behaved, without any vices corresponding to those which distinguish existing youth. This was replied to in another article, and an amusing controversy took place from which we take the following information. Strange to say, on looking into the books of the time referred to, we find the very same complaints made as to the rising generation of that day, as are so loudly trumpeted respecting the present. In the *Mirror*, a periodical paper conducted by Mr. Mackenzie, and which was published in the years 1779 and 1780, an old gentleman, full of the virtuous notions of the then old school, fills the fourth number with an account of his two sons, who had been completely demoralised by a residence in Paris, and who despised their unpretending father "for the want of those frivolous accomplishments on which they valued themselves so highly." Another ancient and honourable gentleman, in the ninth number, tells how greatly he was shocked, on visiting the theatre for the first time in twenty years, to see the conduct of the young men in the upper boxes. In the fifty-seventh number, a travelled man, newly comes home, attends an assembly, and finds the lady directress surrounded by a number of persons of both sexes, who all "spoke at the same

time, and some of them, as I thought, with a voice and gesture rather rough and vehement." He is told that the real men of fashion are not yet come in, and presently he hears a loud noise at the lower end of the hall. "'There they come,' said the lady directress, and I soon perceived a number of young gentlemen staggering up the room, *all of them flustered, some of them perfectly intoxicated.* Their behaviour (*I forbear to mention the particulars*) was such as might be expected." At another place, the editor himself says—"I perceive, in the pit of the play-house, some young men who have got fuddled in punch, as noisy and as witty as the gentlemen in the boxes, who have been drinking Burgundy." Mr. Mackenzie's testimony is, however, less decisive than that of his publisher, Mr. Creech, who, in a series of letters addressed to Sir John Sinclair, respecting the changes of manners between 1763 and 1783, characterises the one period as remarkable for decency, dignity, and delicacy, and the other as equally marked by dissipation and licentiousness. "Many people," says he, "ceased [in 1783] to blush at what would formerly have been reckoned a crime." He says it was fashionable at the one period to go to church, and it was held disgraceful to be seen on the streets during public worship; but that, in 1783, attendance on church was greatly neglected—the streets were far from being void of people during worship—the Sunday evenings were signalised by riots—and domiciliary visiting had been given up by the clergy. "In 1763," says this observer, "a young man was termed a fine fellow, who, to a well-informed and accomplished mind, added elegance of manners, and a conduct guided by principle; one who would not have injured the rights of the meanest individual; who contracted no debts that he could not pay; and thought every breach of morality unbecoming the character of a gentleman; who studied to be useful to society, so far as his opportunities or abilities enabled him." Alas, how changed was the *fine fellow* of 1783!—"one who could drink three bottles; who discharged all debts of honour, and evaded payment of every other; who swore immoderately and before ladies, and talked of his word of honour; who ridiculed religion and morality as folly and hypocrisy (but without argument); who was forward in all the fashionable follies of the time; and who disregarded the interests of society, or the good of mankind,

if they interfered with his own vicious selfish pursuits and pleasures." About the time when Mr. Creech was writing, Dr. Vicesimus Knox, whose observations extended over a wider circle of society, wrote thus respecting young men—"Far more take pains to shine amidst the little circle of their vicious acquaintance, in the character of gay libertines, than to acquire, by useful qualities, the esteem of the good. From motives of vanity, health and peace are sacrificed, fortunes lavished without credit or enjoyment, every relative and personal duty neglected, and religion boldly set at defiance. To be admitted into the company of those who disgrace the family title which they inherit, thousands plunge into debauchery without passion, into drunkenness without convivial enjoyment, into gaming without the means or inclination for play."

It being thus proved that the young gentlemen of the *eighties* were no better than they should be, our next business is to go back twenty or thirty years farther, and endeavour to ascertain if those who were old in 1779 were what they pretended to have been in their young days. It is, in the first place, not very favourable to Mr. Creech's theory, that the most conspicuous article of native intelligence in the *Scots Magazine* for 1762, is one respecting the alarming prevalence of the crime of infanticide, and that the General Assembly of 1760 was very generally petitioned for a national fast, "on account of the *great increase of vice and immorality*, owing in no small degree to the growing profanation of the Sabbath." In the periodical paper called the *World*, published in 1753 by Mr. Edward Moore, author of the *Gamester*, a worthy old gentleman employs himself in the twenty-ninth number to describe what he suffered through the fashionable follies of his wife, son, and daughter. The profligacy of the son is set down by the editor as only an instance of what was to be observed in all public places, and as, in his opinion, the unavoidable result of imperfect or erroneous education. "The ancients," says he, "began the education of their children by forming their hearts and their manners. They taught them the duty of men and citizens; we teach them the language of the ancients, and leave their morals and manners to shift for themselves." In the forty-ninth number, a definition is given of a modern gentleman, exactly corresponding in every particular with Mr. Creech's *fine fellow* of 1783. He is repre-

sented as a person with a tolerable suit of clothes, and a sword by his side, who may lie with impunity, if he be ready to demonstrate his veracity with a pistol, abuse and starve his wife and sisters, pay no debts but those contracted in gaming, and do everything else he pleases, except decline single combat, or cheat at play—a dispensation being allowed even in the last particular, if the transaction be done at a horse-match.

If we go back to the time when the veterans of 1753 and 1763 were young, we find reason to believe that they were then in no respect better than their children. In an address to the Throne in 1722, the Town Council of Edinburghused the strongest language in representing "the abounding of vice and immorality, particularly horrid cursing and swearing, breach of the Lord's day, drunkenness," and other vices which need not be specified. Nay, Patrick Walker, in his "Life of Peden," written about this time, mentions that the young men had become so luxurious in profligacy, as to have the newest-fashioned oaths sent regularly down to them from the metropolis. Those who have read the satirical writings of Swift and Pope, and the preceptive papers of Addison and Steele, will not require to be reminded of the dissolute manners which prevailed at this period in all departments of British society. But it is needless thus to pursue retreating virtue through all the successive stages of our national history. Were we to go back to Horace and Juvenal, we should find such calculations made as to the rapidly-increasing wickedness of mankind, as, if true, would have long since left us in a state too horrible to be imagined.

It is not only, however, respecting the morality of mankind that such delusive notions are entertained; we hear much in the present day respecting the cultivation of general knowledge by ladies, of their attendance upon scientific lectures, of their blue-stocking habits, and so forth. Yet Mr. Mackenzie, about one hundred years ago, was full of remarks upon the increasing learning of the female sex, and could in no other way account for the brevity of the dresses of his fair contemporaries, than by supposing their attention to be too exclusively engrossed in the adornment of the head, to allow of their taking any care of the other extremity. We hear complaints as to the foolish dances which have lately substituted

mere romping for elegance; yet Ward, the author of the *London Spy*, who wrote at the beginning of the eighteenth century, describes something exactly similar as being in vogue at that time. "All things being now in order," says he, in his chapter on the dancing school, "Monsieur Shakelegs faces about to his fair company of female pupils, whom he had brought under such discipline that at one word of command they advanced forward from their seats, seeming all to be as ready to put themselves upon a gallop as so many post-horses. When they had drawn themselves into a ring, like so many country people going to play at drop-glove, very concise orders were dispatched to the listening Crowdero to play the *Brawls;* which being done, the master led up his scholars, and away they scoured round the room after one another, as if they were playing a *train-tro;* at which kind of sport they continued till they had tired the company, much worse than themselves, before they altered into any variety."* Chaucer says that there is no new fashion that is not old; and the remark, in as far as it anticipates the inference from these facts, is its own confirmation. Even that system of cheap literature, by which some wise people think that real learning will soon be overthrown, is not peculiar to the present age. Major Topham, in his "Letters from Edinburgh," dated in 1775, states that the business of publishing has been there "carried to perfection—I mean that perfection which includes every requisite in a book at the smallest price possible. A bookseller in this city is now printing a complete set of the English classics in duodecimo; which, with the addition of a very handsome binding, amount only to eighteen pence. It is such productions as these that do honour to a country." Again, there is a very general impression amongst us, that the taste for the legitimate drama has lately experienced a decline, and that spectacles and buffoonery have come in place of the sorrows of Belvidera and the humours of Major O'Flaherty. What says the *Edinburgh Magazine* for 1799 upon this subject? "When we turn our eyes to the theatre, we observe crowds of every rank pressing to see pantomimes and puppet-shows, too contemptible to be criticised, too despicable to be described, and the representation of

* Ward's Works, ii, 226.

which ought to be considered as an insult to a civilized and learned nation; were not the managers excused by the depraved taste of the public, and the applause so universally and lavishly bestowed upon these miserable performances." (Vol. xiii, 244.) Yes, say the admirers of the legitimate drama, but look back to the age of Garrick; that was the true era of a just and elevated theatrical taste. Well, what says the *World* for October the 25th, 1753? "Happy it is for us that we live in an age of taste, when the dumb eloquence and manual wit of Harlequin is justly preferred to the whining of tragedy and the vulgarity of comedy. When certain reformations can be brought about, every body,' says this ironical satirist, "must allow that a pantomime will be a most rational and instructive entertainment. How pleased will the town be this winter to read in one of the articles of news in the *Public Advertiser*, 'We hear that, at each of the theatres-royal, there is an entire new pantomime now in rehearsal, and that the principal parts will be performed by Mr. Garrick, Mr. Woodward, Mr. Mossop, Mrs. Cibber, and Mrs. Pritchard, at Drury Lane; and at Covent Garden by Mr. Quin, Mr. Lun, Mr. Barry, Miss Nossiter,' &c. It is not to be doubted that a pantomime so acted would run through a whole season to the politest as well as the most crowded audiences." The writer further insinuates that if the best authors of the day were to lend their assistance in composing these productions, there would not be "a hundred people at any one rout in town, *except it was of a Sunday*." Such was the theatrical taste, and such the general morality of 1753.

But the great general character of this age—the march-of-intellect idea itself—turns out to be a delusion. According to one set of philosophers, we are great diffusers of knowledge now-a-days, but do very little in the way of adding to its stock; science, indeed, is by a few held to be on the decline, and original literature also by many, and all through the exclusive prosperity which follows the efforts of the popular lecturer and the compiler. According to another set, we are doing great things for those classes who have hitherto known little of liberal education, and must soon work a great improvement in society. All agree, however, that the efforts made for the diffusion of knowledge are something quite new, and peculiar to this age alone. Now, it can be shown incontestably that the same system

existed more than a century ago. Let the reader only peruse the following extract from Dr. Johnson's "Preface to Dodsley's Preceptor," written in 1748, and say if the present age could be described in more apt terms:—"At a time when *so many schemes of education* have been projected, so many proposals offered to the public, so many *schools opened for general knowledge*, and so many *lectures in particular sciences attended*; at a time when mankind seems intent rather upon *familiarising than enlarging the several arts*; and every *age*, *sex*, and *profession*, is invited to an acquaintance with those studies which were formerly supposed accessible only to such as had devoted themselves to literary leisure, and dedicated their powers to philosophical inquiries; it seems requisite that an apology should be made for any farther attempt to smooth a path *so frequently beaten*, or to recommend *attainments so ardently pursued, and so officiously directed*."

It would be curious to trace the sources of these delusive notions in the ordinary habits of human thinking. The notion of an increasing immorality is certainly occasioned by the breadth in which all the less pure and agreeable traits of existing popular manners are presented to our observation, while in surveying the past, or listening to the accounts of it given by our seniors, we find the corresponding evils thrown very much into shade. The sentiment of veneration also lends its aid in making us think well of the men and things of a former age, while many capricious feelings and opinions tend to give us a disgust with the present. We are likewise too much in the habit of drawing inferences from a narrow field of observation. We hear of two mercenary marriages in the course of a month, and immediately conclude that the age is marked peculiarly by a system of heartless matrimony; forgetting, if there were nothing else to remember, the marriage a-la-mode of Hogarth. We suddenly awaken to a sense of the number of lectures attended by females, the ridiculous appearance of gallopades and pantomimes, the numbers of books published cheaply, and vast machinery in existence for the diffusion of knowledge among all classes; and immediately, without the least reflection, we exclaim that taste degenerates and real learning declines, in proportion to their being spread over large surfaces; altogether unconscious that the same observations were made in the days of our fathers, our grandfathers, and our great-grandfathers.

The Fine Arts Association.

A FEW weeks ago the Annual Meeting of the South African Fine Arts Association was held in the Art Gallery, Cape Town. There was a very fair attendance, and among those present were a number of ladies (art students) who, notwithstanding the unfavourable state of the weather, had travelled from Wellington and Stellenbosch for the purpose. The fact is worth noticing, as it may serve as a hint to guide the committee in determining what ought to be done in order that the institution may be made more widely useful and popular. On this occasion an address was delivered by T. E. Fuller, Esq., M.L.A., in which the prospects and work of the association were reviewed. Unfortunately, the address was not written, nor was it reported in the newspapers, and thus many of Mr. Fuller's valuable suggestions and eloquent appeals are lost to the public. From the report of the committee, from Mr. Fuller's address, and from the remarks made by Dr. Dale in proposing the usual vote of thanks, it appears that lately the association has not been enjoying that pecuniary support which is necessary to enable it to carry out its objects.

The committee have petitioned Parliament year after year for a grant in aid, without success. In their petitions they have pointed out that as long as all the funds raised by voluntary subscription are swallowed up by the expenses of keeping up what ought to be considered our National Gallery, the number of subscribers will certainly decrease. Nine years ago this association was formed, and it received one grant of £750 in order to enable it to fulfil the conditions of Mr. Bayley's will. That gentleman left to the Colony a small collection of pictures and a sum of £500, provided a further sum of £1,500 was raised for the purchase of a suitable building to form an Art Gallery. Through the efforts of the association, and principally in Cape Town, a sum of upwards of £800 was collected, and this, with the Government grant above mentioned, enabled the association to claim the bequest on behalf of the Colony. By the rules of the association, all works of art or other gifts presented to the Art Gallery or Art Library become public property, so that immediately, in return for the

vote of £750, the public received an amount of upwards of £1,300 and Mr. Bayley's collection of pictures. Since that time many other gifts of more or less value have been received; and appended to the annual report there is a long catalogue of paintings, engravings, plaster casts, and books now forming part of the collection. This valuable property, with the buildings, in which they are exhibited (the latter being valued at £2,000), require to be properly cared for, and thus it happens that a sum of upwards of £150 per annum is required to meet custodian's salary, fire insurance, repairs, taxes, and other necessary expenses. This amount then is expended annually on the mere preservation of property belonging to the general public. The whole of it is paid out of the voluntary contributions of the members of the association. Is it surprising that the subscribers lose interest in the work and gradually drop off? Of all the large British colonies, the Cape is the only one in which a liberal annual grant is not made in support of art education. And we can imagine the astonishment of a stranger on learning that in the metropolis of South Africa, not only is their no contribution from the Town Council and Colonial Legislature in aid of a National Gallery or the promotion of art education in any other way, but that when a number of citizens, by gifts of money and otherwise, have laid the foundation of a public Gallery, these gentlemen are actually compelled annually to pay heavy rates and taxes on the property they have presented to the public, and which they are preserving out of their voluntary contributions. Surely the members of the association are not asking much when they petition that at least the expense incurred for the custody of this public property, may be borne by the general revenue, and that the property may be relieved from payment of rates and taxes. If this be granted they will be able to devote the whole of their own funds to carrying out the objects of the association—the promotion of art education. Not only does this appear to be a reasonable request, but it would also be to the public advantage to grant it. For the money of the subscribers will then be used for adding to the collection—the institution will thus become more popular—its revenues from subscriptions will increase—and all

its expenditure will be for the public benefit. It cannot be long before this necessary assistance is granted, and trusting that this may be the case, let us consider in what way the institution can be made more useful than it is at present. Mr. Fuller, in his address, seemed to consider that the establishment of an Art School in connection with the Gallery ought to be the one great object of the association at present. There are two minor difficulties in the way of this proposal—local apathy and the want of properly trained teachers. If the first could be overcome, the second would speedily vanish. Properly trained teachers would soon offer themselves if we could afford to remunerate them. Dr. Dale, while strongly approving of Mr. Fuller's view, very properly pointed out that the association must be prepared to incur no inconsiderable annual expenditure if it wished to carry out this proposal. Art Schools cannot be made efficient without a generous provision for accommodation, apparatus, and models, for permanent instructors, for occasional lecturers, for the exhibition of art objects of a high class, &c. It is one of the objects the committee ought to keep in view, but until Government aids the efforts of the association, we fear that it will be worse than useless to make the attempt. Much of the seeming apathy of the colonists with regard to art education is the result of ignorance or prejudice. They simply do not know the value of art education—they have yet to learn that it is something more than a mere accomplishment. The art taste in this Colony is of a deplorably low character—or it would perhaps be more correct to say, with the late Mr. Glanville, that it does not exist. Before the art tastes of the public can become improved, some efficient means of popular art education must be devised. In France, in Germany, and other countries, great attention has long been given to art instruction. The result was seen in the exhibition of 1851, in the superiority of design in the manufactures exhibited by these nations over those exhibited by Great Britain. The matter was then taken up in England by the Government with energy, and the success of the English Department in the late Exibition at Paris may to a great degree be attributed to the Schools of Design which have been spread over the country since 1851. The question is, in what manner can our Fine Arts Association assist in carrying out this

educational work here? We do not quite agree that the first step should be the establishment of an Art School in Cape Town, presided over by an efficient teacher. We think that at first the formation of a good Art Museum and Library is more important. The next step should be the establishment of a central Art School. In the meanwhile there are many teachers who would gladly welcome any assistance the association could afford them. It would be of great advantage to schools if the association would import outfit and drawing copies, material, &c., and dispose of them to schools at a reduced price, freely lending examples from the Museum and books from the Library to drawing classes or schools on certain specified conditions, while arrangements might be made to permit students, under certain necessary limitations, to make copies or rather studies, from the works of art in the Gallery. Such, we gather from reports, is part of the system at South Kensington. The objection to the immediate formation of a central school is the want of means.* It might follow that the expense of supporting it would preclude the association from assisting other schools and from otherwise carrying out its objects—and the benefit to be derived would be confined to a few residents in the immediate neighbourhood. Whereas, by adopting the suggestions just made, art education may be advanced in every part of the Colony.

With respect to the Art Gallery, it is of course impossible that pictures of any great value can be moved about; but with the exception of such works as are of very great value, we believe that there will not be much difficulty in lending works of art to libraries, museums, and schools in the country towns and villages, under certain conditions. Our community will not be wealthy enough for some time to come to indulge in a great collection of original works. But there is no reason why we should not attempt to obtain good

* We learn from the best authority that the arrangement on which masters have been sent from the National Art Schools to the different Presidencies in India, and also to America, are as follows:—The master has his passage paid out and £150 given him to start with, and a guarantee of a second payment of the same amount at the end of a certain time, say six months. After this he is to receive a percentage on all the fees from students (say two-thirds), and is to be at liberty to exercise his talents professionally as well. The association will have to provide proper class rooms, apparatus, &c.

and honest copies, and these can be obtained at a comparatively small cost. One or more good pictures or other works of art lent to a library or school in a country town for six months or a year, and then returned, others being sent in exchange, would give an interest in art to the inhabitants, and, if the selections are good, must tend to give dignity and grace to their imaginations. Not much is done in this Colony towards diffusing the humanising influences of literature and art among the masses—we believe that this would be a step in the right direction. The great object of the association should be to bring good works of art before the public, and the opportunities of seeing them and studying them should be as wide-spread as possible. The association is attempting, unaided, to supply a great want in our educational system. Both the Town Council and the Government should assist by taking charge of and liberally supporting the Gallery. The committee should then burn or return to the donors one-third at least of the present collection, and they should solemnly bind themselves never more out of good nature, or for any other reason, to admit anything likely to offend the eye or deprave the taste of Her Majesty's subjects in South Africa. After this the public might safely be admitted without charge on certain days. The association would then go on its way rejoicing. Very probably there will be many more difficulties to face after relief from the burden of supporting the public gallery is granted. Some will be disappointed, because they do not see immediate results. They must not expect them. We ought to be satisfied if we are permitted to sow the seed, fully believing that the next generation will reap the fruit. What is chiefly wanted just now is a feeling on the part of the Government and the Legislature of the importance of this branch of education, which has hitherto been totally neglected, and for this reason we very much regret that Mr. Fuller's excellent address was not preserved. In conclusion, we beg to draw attention to the following extract from a recent work on Victoria:—"The Melbourne National Gallery of pictures and statuary is a grand attraction to all classes on Saturday afternoons. It contains some fine works from the easels of Edwin Long, Lee, R.A., J. R. Herbert, R.A., Webb, Goodall, Ansdell, Chevalier, Creswick, Mogford, &c., which have been purchased in England at

the cost of many thousands. An annual vote of £1,000 is passed in the Assembly as the state contribution towards the means of making new purchases. This is frequently supplemented by private subscriptions and presentations. A new gallery, much larger than the former one, has recently been built by the Government, a work absolutely necessary, in order to provide additional wall space for the constantly accumulating art-treasures. There is an Art School too, connected with the gallery, open to pupils of both sexes. The teachers are paid by the Government, and the school is a favourite and popular one among the people of Melbourne and the surrounding suburbs."

Notes and News.

The Editor of the *Cape Monthly* will be happy to receive any short communications conveying information on matters of interest connected with South Africa.

THE ORDERING OF THE ZULU PEOPLE.

A new regiment is formed as follows:—The boys, when they think themselves big enough to enlist, say from sixteen to eighteen years old—collect at the military kraals, each going to that to which his father belongs, and there they stay milking the cows into their mouths. This is a sign that they wish to be enlisted, and when the Izinuceku (King's officers) of the military kraals see that a good many such boys have collected, one of them reports the fact to the King, who then gives permission for the boys to be brought before him. The permission is not for any one kraal or tribe, but for all boys of about that age throughout Zululand; but there is no penalty for those who do not join, although, of course, they are not much thought of. Those who like may just remain as they are, and there are numbers of men who have come to put on head-rings, and to grow old also, without ever having enlisted. Such men may marry whenever they please, and they put on the head-ring by permission of the headman of their kraal [as is the custom in Natal].

If, however, a man has once enlisted, and at some future time fails to appear when his regiment is called together for any purpose, it will then be enquired what has become of him. And if he cannot give a good reason for his absence, he may perhaps be killed by his regiment, but not by the King. He has not committed a crime so why should the King take any trouble about him? A man who has enlisted also may not marry until the King gives leave to his regiment.

Well! The King gives the order to collect the boys to the officer who has reported them, who delivers it to the indunas of the different military kraals—beginning with Mnyamane, Mavumengwana, Hamo, and Zetuka, the indunas of the great kraal at Ulandi. The boys are collected at the different military kraals, and on the appointed day, messengers are sent to the King to say "they are now coming." Thereupon the King has his cattle killed for them, so that when they arrive, they find the meat

ready. The King then gives them a name, and appoints a head-ring man as induna over them, and either makes them into a separate regiment and orders them to build for themselves a new military kraal, or incorporates them with one of the regiments already formed, when they share the existing kraal. Thus the Indhluyengwe, a body of young unringed men, has been incorporated with the Tulwane, a head-ringed regiment. If, however when the boys appear, the King thinks them too young, he may send them back to their homes to keep the cattle till they grow bigger; as happened to the present set of boys—the Umsizi—who showed themselves to the King last year in the summer.

The King does not call together the rest of his people to be present when he enrols a new regiment, but of course, it is known that the boys are being collected, and many people go to be present of their own accord. When the boys have built their military kraals, they disperse again to their homes; for the Zulu soldiers are not kept collected together always; they just live at home with their families.

Each regiment, however, has its own military kraal, presided over by two chief indunas, whose huts are placed opposite to one another in the circle, and who take charge of the whole kraal. They have some few of their wives and servants always with them, but not their whole households. There are of course a number of inferior indunas under them; and from ten to twenty or more Izinuceku or King's officers are attached to each military kraal. It is the correct thing for the men to spend a certain time each year at their military kraal, thereby paying their respects to the King. This, however, is voluntary; the men go when they like, and stay for as long or as short as they like, perhaps two months, perhaps five. There will be usually at one kraal, say from ten to twenty men at one time. This applies to the military kraals generally. At the kraal where the king is living, there are usually from fifty to sixty at a time, belonging to different military kraals. The men are occupied while in residence, in the ordinary affairs of the kraal, *e.g.*, repairing the huts or cattle kraal, planting amabele, &c. They eat mealies brought from their own homes, and (not regularly, however) beef, the cattle coming from the King.

There are no fixed times for calling together of the people beside

the Umkosi, or Feast of the First Fruits. But the King calls them if he wants them for anything—perhaps one regiment, perhaps two, as he deems fit—either to build a new kraal, or move an old one, or for hunting parties, or to hoe his amabele (Kafir corn) crops. This last work comes just before the Umkosi, and there are always plenty of people at that time "paying their respects."

The hunting parties go after wild pigs and different kinds of antelopes. They used to hunt buffalo also; but the King has forbidden that ever since his installation, as there are so few left. He was not quick enough on behalf of the elands, and they are quite finished.

One of the Zulus who furnished this account, being asked how often he himself had been called up by the King, and thinking that the question meant how often had he been called up personally, answered quite reverentially, "Twice! once soon after the installation, and once about the time of Umkosi, the year before last." Being asked, "What for?" he said, "The first time the King asked how was my foot, as he had heard from the induna that I had hurt it badly some time before. The second time he enquired after my chest, which had been troubling me, as you see it does to this day." Afterwards he said that really he had been at work for the King so often, that he could not count up the times; but he had four times helped in building the great kraal at Ulundi; he had been at more than three hunting parties, and had hoed at the amabele every year.

When the time for the Umkosi draws near (about December) the King announces it, and the regiments all collect at their different military kraals for about twenty days before the appointed day, which time they spend in hoeing the King's amabele gardens in the morning, and afterwards in preparing their dress, tails, feathers, &c., and in learning new dances and songs for the occasion. People learn to fight in Zululand, at home at their father's kraals, when they are quite little, for when they are out herding cattle two boys will quarrel and fight it out, or the boys of one kraal will divide into two parties and fight with sticks, or those of one kraal will fight those of another, and so they learn. They have no idea of putting one foot forward all together [keeping step] like the white soldier; they just go.

The Umkosi is always held at Nodwengu, Panda's kraal. The King walks over from Ulundi early in the morning, escorted by the Ingobamakosi regiment, which was about to be en olled, and had been specially given to Cetywayo by Panda before his death.

The Umkosi last one day only, all the regiments dancing before the King. No weapons are carried at the Umkosi for fear of accidents; the men have a stick only. In the fight the year before last between two regiments, the Ngobamakosi had nothing but sticks, but the fight took place at Tulwane's own military kraal, and they ran in and fetched their assegais from the huts. Afterwards they disperse again, first to their military kraals and then to their homes. Some, indeed, who live near, do not use the military kraal either way, but come straight from their homes and return to them at once. There are present at Umkosi all the women of the King's household, and indeed all, or very many, of the unmarried or unencumbered women of Zululand. Anyone may go who likes, but no one would think of going with young children to such a crush

The girls in Zululand are also formed into regiments—that is to say, they just live at home and work for their fathers only, but all those of about the same age are called by one name (those now growing up are the Umtiyane, "ensnarers") and may not marry until the King gives leave. When he does give leave they may marry any they like, except the young men of the regiments which have not yet received permission. Sometimes the King gives permission to a regiment of young men and to a regiment of girls as the same time, but it does not follow that the young men all get wives, as the girls may prefer men of other (previously permitted) regiments, or the young may not possess any cattle, in which case, of course, no fathers will give their girls. In Zululand a wife is labola'd with one, two, or three head of cattle. (In Natal the number is limited to ten).—*Natal Colonist.*

DR. EMIL HOLUB.

Dr. Emil Holub, the African traveller, leaves here *en route* for Europe *via* Port Elizabeth and Cape Town on Thursday, and we are sure he will take with him the good wishes of all classes of the citizens to whom his industry, energy, perseverance under difficulties, and intrepidity have strongly commended him. Dr. Holub intends, on his arrival in Europe, to bring the natural history and

general characeristics of the interior of South Africa more prominently to public notice by exhibiting his large and varied collections, and by the publication of several volumes describing his travels and hunting experiences in the interior, and the flora and fauna of the countries he traversed, together with descriptions of the various native customs, particularly those of the natives to the north of the Zambezi. The whole will be profusely illustrated, the doctor's sketch books containing over two thousand sketches, many of them very carefully drawn in water colours. His diaries contain a mass of information, simply in the form of notes, which on being rewritten with detailed descriptions would fill many large volumes From what we have seen of Dr. Holub's writings, we are convinced that his publications will have a large sale, especially as it is intended to print them simultaneously in English, French, German, and Bohemian. Dr. Holub will meet with a warm and hearty reception in Germany, Austria, and his native Bohemia, where his name is already as well known as Livingstone's is among Englishmen. His researches are of a most extensive character. He does not claim to have made fresh geographical discoveries, nor to have traversed countries hitherto untrod by explorers. Livingstone and Major Pinto have travelled along the Zambezi and in the Marutse Empire before and after him, but they did so only as travellers and explorers. They could devote no time to the study of the natural history, flora, fauna, and mineralogical characteristics and geological formations of the countries through which they traversed. Dr. Holub has done all this, and his researches, combined with Livingstone's discoveries, will give the world a better idea of Central South Africa than ever we have had of it before. The ornithologist, entomologist, geologist, and mineralogist will be able to study the interior through the large collections of specimens in those several branches of science which Dr. Holub has gathered together. And we are sanguine that, with better knowledge as to the capabilities, prospects, populations, and natural productions of the interior on the southern route to the Zambezi, an extensive development of trade and colonisation will follow. Dr. Holub intends to return to South Africa, probably in about eighteen months' time, and will continue his travels northwards through the Continent. We wish him a safe and pleasant journey homewards, a warm and hearty reception, not only by his own friends

and countrymen, but by the people of England too,—for he believes it is England's mission, and England's alone, to develop the resources of Central South Africa by the great highway from the Diamond-fields up the valleys of the Vaal and Limpopo Rivers,—and that, having realised all his most ardent anticipations, he will return and successfully prosecute his explorations.—*Eastern Star.*

PORTUGUESE AFRICAN EXPEDITION.

The absence of details respecting Major Serpa Pinto's journey across Africa lends considerable interest to a letter which the Minister of Marine and the Colonies, at Lisbon, has received from him, giving a brief geographical description of the region traversed between Bihé and Lialui on the Upper Zambesi (S. lat. 15° 12′ E., long. 22° 48′). After leaving Bihé he struck the River Quanza, near its junction with the Cuqueima, and further to the east the Cuito, an important affluent of the Cubango. The Cuito rises in Cangala, the country of the Luchases (lat. 12° 15′, long. 18°), in the same marshy region whence flow the Cuime and the Cinba, affluents of the Quanza, and the great Lungo-é-Unge, an affluent of the Zambesi. The elevation of the country diminishes considerably at this point, for it was found to be about four hundred métres lower than the plateau of Bihé. After the Cuito, near the large village of Darico, another important river was found, the Cuanavare, which flows into the Cuito from the east. Near the sources of the Cuito, the Queimbo takes its rise, being the first affluent of the Cuando, which Major Pinto struck later on, and which rises in lat. 13°, long. 19°. The Cuando is one of the largest rivers of the south-west of Africa, and a principal affluent of the Zambesi. This river, which Livingstone called the Chobé, is always spoken of as the Cuando, according to Major Pinto, from its source to its confluence with the Zambesi. Besides the Queimbo, it receives four large affluents from the west—the Cucia, the Caungo, the Dima, and the Loengue; from the east it receives three important affluents, which are all navigable, and have been examined from their sources—the Cubangui, the Cuchibi, and the Chicului. The Longo, which, according to our maps, runs to the east of the Zambesi, is stated to be in reality an affluent of the Chicului. The River Cuando is a very important one; it waters a fertile and healthy tract of country, and is everywhere navigable. As far as the River Cuchibi, Major

Pinto found three distinct races speaking the same language (the Ganguella) with a different accent; their names are the Quibandes, the Luchases, and the Ambuellas. To the east of the Cuchibi the country is a desert. After leaving the Cuchibi, Major Pinto sought for the source of the Ninda, which, after joining the Luvanti, is called the Uhengo, and falls into the Zambesi in lat. 15° 11′, long. 22° 41′. From the Ninda to the junction of the Cuando with the Zambesi there extends a vast plain, covered with lakes and but sparsely wooded; its greatest elevation is 1,012 mètres. Between the points where the Liba and the Cuando join the Zambesi, only two rivers fall into it from the west, viz., the Lungo-é-Unge and the Uhengo. All the other streams which are to be found marked on our maps, according to Major Pinto, have in reality no existence. He found that the latitudes determined by Livingstone were exactly correct, but in the position given to the Zambesi there is stated to be an error of thirty miles in the longitude.—*Athenæum*, May 24.

FINE ART GALLERY.

A letter has been received from Mr. Cope, R.A., stating that he has purchased for the Gallery a picture by Mr. Wood, called "A Venetian Ferry." We are glad to see that this work, which is now in the Royal Academy Exhibition, is favourably noticed in the *Athenæum* and other papers. As the exhibition does not close until July the picture will probably arrive at the Cape in September.

From the estimates of expenditure laid on the table of both Houses of Parliament we find that the Government propose a grant of £100 in support of the Fine Arts Association. It is to be hoped that there will be no difficulty in passing this vote, but from an article in another part it appears that a larger annual grant is required to put the association on a proper footing.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

A correspondent writes for information as to the derivation of the words "biltong" and "bokkom" (Cape herring). We trust that the following explanation will satisfy him. Biltong is probably derived from "tong," a tongue; and "bilstuk," old Dutch for a round of beef. "Bokkom" is asserted by some to be a Javanese word, brought here by the Malays, but it appears more likely to be a corruption of the old Dutch word "bukking" (in some dialects "bokking"), a smoked herring. The words "bilstuk" and "bukking" were in common use in Holland when the Dutch settlers came to this Colony. "Bukkings," indeed, formed a very important article of diet in the Netherlands.

THE CAPE

MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

Chat, Real and Imaginary.

O MERCIFUL HEAVENS! my dear North—what eternal talkers most men are now-a-days—all at it in a party at once—each farthing-candle anxious to shine forth with its own vile wavering wick. So said Tickler at one of the "Noctes Ambrosianae" in the Blue Parlour, in 1825. But to us what a charm there is in the talk of those old days! I have often felt what a clear insight into the men and manners of the first half of the century is to be got from the recorded scraps of Table-talk; and if we cannot join the circle of Johnson, Goldsmith, and Boswell at the Mitre, or of Coleridge, Lamb, and the host of poets, philosophers, and other fascinated hearers at Highgate, it may be interesting to note a few waifs and strays, so as to revive the portraits of some old acquaintances. The imaginary colloquies of Professor Wilson yield a rich supply of pithy criticisms, which never fail in force of expression, depth of colour, and directness of aim. Wilson (*Christopher North*) had heard Coleridge:—that man is entitled (he says) to speak on till Doomsday—or rather the genius within him—for he is inspired. Wind him up and away he goes, discoursing most excellent music, without a discord, full, ample, inexhaustible, serious, and divine.

Contrast this dreamland picture of the talk of the poet-philosopher with what Kit (the rank old Tory) says of Brougham:—Brougham is a volcano, an eruption, a devouring flame, a storm, a whirlwind, a cataract, a torrent, a sea, thunder and earthquake . . . Yet how that outrageous violence and fury, arms aloft, eyes agog, cheeks convulsed, and lips quivering, passes with the multitude for demonstration of strength and science!

We are not much concerned just now in the controversy between Campbell and Bowles "whether Nature or Art supplied the better materials for poetry," but the colloquy on Bowles' opinion of Pope gives us such a graphic sketch of Pope and his principal writings as few but North, in the guise of the Ettrick Shepherd, could have limned—

Puir wee bit hunched-back, windle-strae-legged, gleg-eed, clever, acute, ingenious, sateerical. weel-informed, warm-hearted, real philosophical and maist poetical creature, wi' his sounding translation o' a' Homer's works, that reads just like an original War-Yepic,—His Yessay on Man that, in spite o' what a set of ignoramuses o' theological critics say about Bolingbroke and Crousass, and heterodoxy and atheism and like havers, is just ane o' the best moral discoorses that ever I heard in or out o' the poupit. . . . His Louisa to Abelard is coorse in the subject-matter, but, o Sirs! powerfu' and pathetic in execution—and sic a perfect spate of versification! His unfortunate lady, wha sticked hersel for love wi' a drawn sword, and was afterwards seen as a ghost, dim-beckoning through the shade —a verra poetical thocht surely, and full both of terror and pity—

Our Shepherd with his power of quaint and vivid description, is apt to overwhelm us with the very opulence of imagination, "when his soul begins to hum like a hive about to cast off a swarm"; but in his wildest hallucinations he can hit off a portrait of statesmen as well as poets, and, as he puts it, habit has power to produce a sort of delusion on the ocular spectrum. I wad hae sworn, says the Shepherd towards the close of a genial colloquium at Ambrose's, I saw the lang, thin, lank feegur, and cocked-up nose o' Pitt, wi' his hand pressed down wi' an authoritative nieve, on a heap o' Parliamentary Papers; and the big, clumsy carcass, arched een, and jolly chops o' Fox, mair like a master coal-merchant than an orator or statesman.

The great charm of conversation is "being aff on any wind that blaws"; and it is amusing to read the critical remarks of so good a talker as Christopher North on the merits of another. What was Sheridan's talk to our own Shepherd's? A few quirks and cranks studied at a looking-glass—puns painfully elaborated with pen and ink for extemporaneous reply—bon-mots generated in *malise prepense* —witticisms jotted down in shorthand to be extended when he had

put on the spur of the occasion—the drudgeries of memory to be palmed off for the ebullitions of imagination—the coinage of the counter passed for currency hot from the mint of fancy—squibs and crackers ignited and exploded by a Merry Andrew, instead of the lightnings of the soul darting out forked or sheeted from the electrical atmosphere of an inspired genius.

The flashes of even North's imagination fail to strike us with the vivid awakening influence that his "Noctes" exercised over the readers of Blackwood forty or fifty years ago; literature and politics, men and manners, present now a series of protean phases to the critic and the artist, which scarcely admit of the electrifying wit, the exuberant fancy, and the tumultuous flow of majesty of diction, intermingled with outbursts of the most boisterous mirth which characterized these inimitable conversations. Those who have read the charming dialogues which Sir Arthur Helps interwove with his "Realmah" (completed in Macmillan's Magazine in 1868) will realize how widely different is the calm, philosophical temper of the talk which fascinated all his readers; yet the manner is racy enough, pleasant badinage intermingles with pithy and sound apophthegms, on the varied topics of refined social life; but the whole atmosphere is one of subdued tone, refining and humanizing, and so in unison with the taste and culture of the times. I doubt whether any could read the pleasant chat of our friends, without a vivid realization of Sir John's sorrow in breaking up the meetings of Council at Worth Ashton, where the lawyer, the statesman, the official, the philosopher, the country-gentleman, and the ladies, have been interchanging their varied and cultivated opinions on all the topics that literature, social wants, politics, domestic comfort, and culture, naturally suggest.

For those who have never made acquaintance with our party, the closing scene will picture out the characteristics of the interlocutors:—

No, don't go just yet. I will give you a good winding up of al our writing and talking. Do you remember the concluding chapter of Rasselas, "in which nothing is concluded?" I will give you my version of it as applicable to ourselves. It is as follows:—

It rained incessantly (that is, it did yesterday), and the friends in Council were confined to the house. A juicy day in the country promotes meditation of the most serious kind; and they had ample

time to think over and to communicate to each other the various schemes of happiness which each of them had formed.

Mr. Cranmer thought that, of all sublunary things, taxation was the prettiest. He desired to found a state where the people would pay their taxes gladly, and where financial statements made by the Government would be universally believed in.

Mr. Mauleverer sought to enrol himself in a community where every man, woman, and child should know how thoroughly and hopelessly miserable he or she is, and where a joke should be a crime punishable by instant death.

Sir Arthur maintained that a perception of "The Beautiful" would, of itself, render all people sufficiently happy; but his wanderings from Mesopotamia to Yucatan, had only brought him in contact with coarse people, who seemed more intent upon "the Beefy" than "the Beautiful."

Mr. Milverton desired a kingdom in which right reason—that is to say, his own ideas—should always prevail. He had carefully fixed the limits of this kingdom; but could never find anybody worthy to be an inhabitant of it except himself and his private secretary, Sandy Johnson.

Mr. Alexander Johnson thought that literature was the salt of life, and that any man who had written a book must be very wise and very good Some converse, however, with men who had written books, induced him greatly to modify this opinion, and he is now inclined to maintain that the northern part of each community contained all the worth, and wit, and wisdom of the land, and that the universe, to be well governed, should chiefly be ruled over by Scotchmen.

Mrs. Milverton desired to find—that greatest of household treasures—a good cook, with a good temper.

Lady Ellesmere proposed to form a female community, herself to be the head of it, where, freed from the turbulence of men, gentle means should be employed for the attainment of generous ends, and where rationality of enjoyment should be the just reward of perspicuity of design; but, never having been for any ten minutes alone with other women, without finding their society rather dull, she was beginning to conclude that men, as well as wasps, must have their

place in creation (though she could not quite see why), and must be endured as necessary evils.

Sir John Ellesmere was contented to be driven along the stream of life without expecting to find anybody much wiser, more judicious, or less unreasonable than himself.

We must admit that the perfect talker, like the poet, *nascitur, non fit;* is a creation, not a work of art; Goldsmith with all his ease of style in writing, made a poor figure in colloquy with Johnson and the club-companions of the day: the giant talker himself used to say that Goldsmith had genius, but no knowledge, and yet I doubt whether we should bow to the dogmatic deliverances of Johnson; even his little fishes, to use Goldsmith's wit, were made to talk like whales. I take the constituents of a good talker to be, *inter alia*, a pleasant, cheery, modulated voice, a refined and conciliatory manner, an even temper, freedom from all pedantry of diction, a flow of pure, terse, English, and a sparkling fancy, chastened by good taste. This combination is found often among women of the highest society, but rarely among men; the rust of business and the carking cares of politics obscure their vivacity and check the free flow of soul. I remember the remark of a dignified Head-Master of a *Schola in Nubibus*:—To pass an evening with a high-bred, accomplished, and intellectual lady is for mental improvement equivalent to the perusal of two books of the Æneid, or of one Greek Play. Pleasant change of studies, ye pale-faced book-worms!

Let us reverse the aphorism of the modern cynic and say *silence* is silvern, but *talk* is golden, for half the happiness of the world is due to a cordial interchange of thought at some cosy chat, where fancy is free and out of the depths of knowledge the bubbles of a sparkling humour come gaily to the lips. Yet easy talking often implies hard thinking: *ars est celare artem.*

We who live away "from the tide of human life, that runs by Charing Cross," are sensible enough of the languor and insipidity which mark the usual talk of society: yet real talk can be good, entertaining, true, and incisive; and with all the advantages of oral and facial gesture, the bright eye and the animated countenance, the talker has a better start than the writer; but our greatest deficiency lies in our habit of reading, not literary works themselves, but brief

sketchy criticisms of what the works are ; Tennyson's Dramas, for instance, come on the *tapis :* most educated people have read a few remarks pro and con on the subject and the merits of each ; but if you want a real chat "across the walnuts and the wine," the *dramatis personæ* of your colloquial circle must have read and reflected on the poet's own scenes, and thoughts, and images, and maxims. The flimsy superficiality of a criticism furnishes matter for dinner-table chat, just as a visit to the Academy or the Grosvenor enables people to keep up a running fire on the latest portrait of the Jersey Lily or Whistler's arrangements in black and white. It is true that Art and Literature are not the only pabulum of talkers ; but if you add politics and social problems, the stock is exhausted. And it is a bad omen for the future chit-chat of society that the world is going away into the exactitudes of positive science ; because science is not the minister of suitable matter for talk : the savant may dogmatically state the results of experiments in optics or chemistry ; but there is the fact ; conversation is superfluous ; human nature wants subjects to talk about that admit degrees of certitude, differences of opinion, and varied colouring.

It is open to doubt whether the pretty general habit of whiling away the evening hours with the artificial pictures of life, set forth with all the tawdry arts of the novelists of the day, is a wholesome substitute for pleasant conversation ; there is a morbid element in such reading that increases, instead of dispelling, the *ennui* which gathers round colonial every-day life ; and the M.D. would have less difficulty in finding a cure for the megrims, if the patient would consent to follow this prescription, not found in any authoritative Pharmacopœia :—

Mix—Imagination, Humour, Good Temper, Wit, and Christian Philosophy—in equal parts ; and take a dôse, nightly, in a full measure of aerated, sparkling, chit-chat. The draught is exhilarating, leaves no bad after-effects, and increases the appetite for more.

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Letters on Irrigation.

By Sir James Hudson, G.C.B.

[A letter written by Mr. Justice Dwyer on the subject of Irrigation appeared some time ago in the Graham's Town *Journal*. This letter was brought to the notice of Sir James Hudson, G.C.B., the eminent diplomatist, who, during a long residence as British Minister at Turin, had the best opportunity of studying the subject, to which his love of agriculture naturally attracted him. The following letters were addressed by him to his niece, Mrs. Dwyer, with the view of affording information to the Judge, and assisting him in his efforts to obtain a system of irrigation for this country. These letters were not intended for publication, but they are written with such great ability, and afford so much valuable information, that, at the request of many readers of them, we have at length obtained permission to publish them. We shall republish the Judge's letter at the end of the series.]

Introductory.

My dear * * *,—If the "torpid hand" of Government, as Peel called it, is to do the work, you may expect it to break down as it has, for the most part, in India, where in order to supply water in one place they have created a pestilential marsh in another. Once out of the control of the first promoters, it would fall into the hands of a Government "expert," who has probably acquired his knowledge from books; and if he has no practical knowledge by residence in a country which irrigation alone renders habitable, the enterprise would probably fail, and with it all future hope of ever inducing the public to look at the question again. If, on the contrary, the idea which I find in your letter, viz., to employ an Italian hydraulic engineer at a fixed rate of pay for a term of years, is carried out, the necessary capital being supplied partly by private persons, partly by facilities granted by Government, either by a charter for a term of years, with power to run a canal by an expropriation clause through any ground, or by an exclusive right to a supply of water from a certain reservoir or river, then I think

there can be no reasonable doubt of the eventual success of such an enterprise.

In Italy a "water power" is a better and surer source of revenue than any mine—gold, coal, or diamond; because when once you are master of the supply you sell your water by the "inch" to your neighbours, as they do in Lombardy, where the system of irrigation is regulated absolutely, I may say, by clockwork, for at a given hour on a given day, the Turntap of the district "turns on" the water just as you may have seen it done in the streets of London.

There can be no reason why the Lombard system should not succeed at the Cape: the first expense once made, your annual rent is certain. As long as water runs grass will grow in spite of you. At Crema in Lower Lombardy, the farmers cut their grass ten times in twelve months, at Milan, eight times, and in the worst parts of Piedmont from four to six.

If you add to this that irrigation secures your crop of Indian corn and all other crops, you see at once that you are independent of the seasons, and you can form an idea of the immense amount of produce you can obtain from a given superficies of irrigated land in a hot summer, and a cold winter, because even when the snow lies deep at Milan the land is equally irrigated, it then carries the snow off and keeps the land warm. Lombardy without its network of canals would be in exactly the condition of the moors at Spaunton* — heather and gravel—with irrigation it produces per square acre more profit than any other known agricultural area, Belgium not excepted.

But you must start from true principles to be able to arrive at this result.

What I can do for you is to consult some of the most eminent hydraulic engineers in Lombardy, and then report to you the result of my enquiries. You must bear in mind that if the first attempt is a success, the whole of our South Africa will follow suit, for irrigation is like telegraphy. The telegraphic companies go to great expense in laying a line, because the calculation they make is that if one merchant sends a telegram all other merchants must do so too, or be shut out of the market. If one farmer can quadruple his

* A celebrated shooting Moor in Yorkshire.

produce by bringing water on to his land, his neighbours will soon imitate him. So if you have a water privilege your profit is on the measure you sell, and if you sell to one, the rest are sure to follow. What the Judge has to consider during the interval between this and my next letter, is whether he can work single-handed or by coalition with his friends, in forming a joint-stock fund for preliminary expenses, such, for example, as the pay and expenses of a competent hydraulic engineer for a term of years, say from three to five years; ascertaining the distance of the water supply from the land intended for irrigation; the temperature (medium) of the water; the volume of water as compared with the area for irrigation. Because it may suit him to take a grant of land, no matter how barren, if he is persuaded he can bring water to it. As soon therefore as I have collected such data as will be sufficient for the Judge to form an opinion, I will write again. But he must keep an eye upon the dip of the land, because the main expense in irrigation is sometimes the preparation for the levels of the water-courses in which the water must flow at a given rate, neither too fast nor too slow; and this requires great nicety and practice in taking the level, and here a practical Lombard hydraulic engineer is a Godsend, because the whole science of hydraulics has been practised by them from time immemorial.

The Indian Government, I think in 1850, sent officers expressly to examine the Lombard and Piedmontese system; they received every aid from Cavour, and the result of their investigation is to be found in a Blue book. I tell * * * to send you a copy from Ridgway's. Cobden also went expressly to Milan to consult the famous Carlo Cattaneo, who wrote a treatise upon irrigation for Cobden's use. I have written to Milan to get a copy for you.

I will now remark upon your letter of the 28th December. You say, "This fine country is wasted for want of facilities for irrigation and from want of capital to undertake such works." You then notice the "importation of flour" and "short supply of butchers' meat," both of which "are more necessary than ever to supply a rapidly increasing population; consequently irrigation has become a question of great interest." * * * * Let us suppose you have a water power, supply, or privilege, no matter whether derived from a river, a bund or dam at the entrance of a valley, or artesian wells.

We will lay down the general rule in a climate not unlike the Cape of the quantity necessary to ensure your crop of corn, grass, &c. I will take the figures from a Lombard estate with which I am well acquainted. This estate is eight hundred and fifty-five French hectares, about two and a half of which go to the English acre, or in Milanese measurement by perches 13069. I give these measures, as they may be useful if you come to Italian books. We have then eight hundred and fifty-five hectares, or 13069 Milanese perches, or say two thousand English acres. You do not need to irrigate the whole, because part is in wood, part fallow, &c., therefore we will take the general rule. To irrigate say fifty of these Milanese perches, we require thirty-five litres (French) equal to one oncia of Milan, or twenty-five centimetres per minute, and once during twenty-four hours and twice a week is sufficient. Let us suppose that you intend to irrigate say six hundred perches, which is about the proportion requisite on a farm of thirteen thousand, you would require twelve oncia $50 \times 12 = 600$ perches, which would be enough to secure your corn, forage, and vegetables. You now see that, supposing the water flows through a pipe of one inch or one foot, or whatever the supply may be, you can calculate exactly its value in increased produce, and if the water privilege is your private property or that of a company, you know precisely what your water rent will be. However, all these data will be clearly set out in the books I shall send you. I merely give these off hand, in order not to lose time, and that you may not be disappointed in receiving an answer from me by return of post.—Yours, &c.

Letter I.

My dear * * *,—In November, 1846, Lord Ebrington, desirous of ameliorating the condition of Ireland, addressed a letter to Lord Palmerston, containing a series of questions upon the subject of irrigation, with an idea of applying the practice of Upper Italy to Ireland in that respect; and Lord Palmerston directed Her Majesty's then Consul at Milan to report upon the subject, which he did by requesting the famous statistician, Signor Carlo Cattaneo, to reply to Lord Ebrington's questions. In the year 1847 Signor Cattaneo published a pamphlet

containing his answer to those questions, accompanied by some general reflections upon the scheme of Lord Ebrington, and much useful information upon the subject of irrigation as practised in Lombardy and Venetia. It may therefore assist the Judge's researches upon this interesting and useful branch of agriculture if I give you a sort of digest of Cattaneo's pamphlet, which I will endeavour to do by a series of letters one to five, and from which I think the Judge will be able to form a sound judgment as to the possibility of applying to the Cape that which Lord Ebrington proposed to apply to Ireland.

Lord Ebrington remarks that Arthur Young attributes the great superiority of the system of irrigation pursued in Lombardy, compared with the rest of Italy, to the better laws and regulations which there exist. But Cattaneo thinks it an error to suppose that the application of those laws to other countries must, as a natural consequence, produce in them the same effect that they do in Lombardy, because that effect depends more upon the natural configuration of the soil than upon the human will.

The laws respecting irrigation are nearly the same in all Upper Italy, but the facts are different. Because if you take the map of Italy, and look at the province contained between the Ticino and River Adda, you may calculate that the lower portion is irrigated for eight-tenths of its superficies, but between the River Adda and Clisio only five-tenths, and lower still, where the Mincio falls into the Po, not more than one-tenth. It is only in the ancient State of Milan, and particularly in the plain to the west of the Ticino, that irrigation is generally diffused.

In the Milanese district, comprising Lodi and Pavia, the influen of the old laws and customs respecting irrigation is beyond doubt; but this is owing to a conjunctive of natural circumstances, which are probably not to be found elsewhere.

The first of these is the extraordinary condition of calms which exist during summer, notwithstanding the fact that the rainfall there is greater than in Ireland. It is a fact that at Lodi you may count upon sunshine during half the year, in Milan more than a half, and in Brescia two-thirds. The rain falls there in winter and spring, and more abundantly still in autumn. In Ireland you may calcu-

late upon two hundred wet days, in England one hundred and fifty, in Lombardy forty ; and in this last the summer often gives you from fifty-six to seventy-two unclouded skies, with not more than from three to five days of rain in eighty days. A wet summer is dreaded in Lombardy, hence the proverb, " Want comes with wet," *i.e.*, rain. Consequently, in Lombardy the farmer counts upon from forty to fifty days of fair, calm, hot weather, at an even temperature, seldom over 33° centigrade (91° F.), and at night seldom lower than 25° C. (77° F.)

You must therefore search the records of your meteorological bureau to compare the climate of the Cape with that of Lombardy.

The effect of this heat and calm is entirely in favour of irrigation ; because as the nights are short and hot, and the sky unclouded during the twenty-four hours, the benefits of irrigation are felt in their fullest extent, and as a consequence the expenses of irrigation are felt less even in those parts where water can only be obtained at intervals of one or two weeks. Indeed it is a known fact that one single hour of irrigation will secure a crop of Indian corn or vegetables, and this is a matter of the greatest importance, because as on the high ground, where irrigation is impossible, and where the sun's rays are felt with equal force, the population depends for its supplies of Indian corn and green stuff upon the irrigated plain, the holder of irrigated land has a certain market, although his customers come from thirty miles distance around.

It is this peculiar condition of local circumstances which permits the Lombard, in latitude 45° to 46° N., at one hundred and fifty metres above the level of the sea, to cultivate rice equal to the best Carolina or Patna, because, thanks to the equal temperature, the water in the rice-fields maintains as equable a degree of heat—say 2° below that of the air—and hence it can continually develope that amount of carbonic acid gas which is created in rice-fields, an element which is as necessary to that grain as is the water, as may be seen in the fact that rice does not succeed as a paying crop in clear, fresh water, no matter how much manure you may apply ; and in this, rice differs altogether from grass when you apply water to produce a water meadow. You see, therefore, that special local circumstances produce a state of cultivation equal to that in Bengal, although the

climate is altogether different. In Lombardy you have clear skies and short nights, rather Egyptian than Indian, where the nights are uniform and the skies more clouded. The consequence of this calm and heat is aridity of the air, and although the evaporation of such masses of water as are poured over the Lombard plain must be great, nevertheless the Hygrometer does not mark more than 2°, although in winter it reaches occasionally 99°.

To these causes we must add the geographical condition of the great valley of the Po. The Alpine range is so placed that only the wind from the East can penetrate without passing ranges of mountains. The west wind, for instance, is a dry wind which has deposited its moisture on the maritime Alps long before it reaches the Ticino, and as these mountains average two thousand feet in height, and the Appenines average from five hundred to one thousand, the winds from all quarters save the East (*vide* map) are subject to this law. The effect of these dry winds is to soak up like sponges the evaporation of the great valley of the Po. If it were not so that valley would be as unwholesome as the sea coast of Italy from Leghorn to Terracina; and indeed as it is, Lombardy during summer, in spite of the Alpine breezes, is covered with a veil of fog, which in August especially renders the air heavy and oppressive, and noxious to some species of plants. The rice is sometimes affected by it and turns yellow—no one knows why—some think it is affected by a sort of electric irritation.

And there is another geographical feature in the Lombard plain which should be noted: it is that it is surrounded not only by lofty mountains, but those mountains throw off immense lateral sub-chains, which, by their deep valleys, cut up the general mass into sections. The sea breezes do not penetrate into those depressions, unless they previously pass over the icy crests where the glaciers change their nature, and the effect of which is to harden rather than soften the ice, so that they resist the summer sun; add to this that at that altitude the rains assume the form of snow in summer, and heavy rains in autumn increase the mass of glacier, and so furnish a still larger supply of water for the ensuing hot season. The easterly winds from the Adriatic, when they strike the Alps, deposit the water they carry in the shape of hail.

The high land and the flat country during summer therefore have two different temperatures, and this is a main feature in regard to irrigation in general. It is the phenomenon you may see in the valley of the Nile. You must therefore consider how far such a state of things exists at the Cape, where the mountains and plains may be placed under the same, and contemporaneous, influences. For in Lombardy whilst we have a burning temperature in the plain, we have a range of mountains capped with eternal snow and ice; so that the higher the temperature the greater the water supply.

And here it will be proper to remark that on that Lombard plain, irrigation is not applied equally over all parts of it. For instance, to the east of the river Adda, five-tenths are irrigated, whilst to the west eight-tenths. The reason for this is found in the difference in the origin of the water supply, which on the east of the Adda is derived from the torrents Brembo, Serio, and Ollio which, rising in the secondary chains of the Alps, have only a partial supply of snow and glacier, and consequently are completely drained by midsummer.

If you look at the south side of the Po, you will see that the water supply there is derived from the chain of the Appenines, which do not maintain their snow during summer. Another water they send is rather from the rainfall than the snowy reservoirs, and as a natural consequence the farmers there have not gone to the same expense for irrigation as those who draw this supply of water from the river Ticino, which is fed by the great glacier chain at the head of the Lago Maggiore, which rolls down to the Po at certain periods a considerable volume of water; and the Po discharges more than even the Rhine, although the basin of the Po is in proportion to the Rhine as five to eleven.

But to irrigate, profitably, you require not only a regular and abundant supply of water, but also such a configuration of the soil as will enable you easily to apply that water to it. You require large plains accessible to water, and a hot sun. Nor is it sufficient even then to bring the water to the plain, you must convey the water away afterwards, else you will create swamps. You require a constant declivity; not too great, else the water will carry away your soil, seeds, and manure. And this is the most

striking feature in the Lombard plain. From the Lago Maggiore to the mouth of the Mincio you have one sole plain inclined at an angle to the Po and the Adriatic. The highest point is at Somma, near the Lago Maggiore, two hundred and sixty-six metres above the level of the sea ; the lowest is where the Po passes through the Venetian territory, where it is only seven metres above that level. You have therefore a fall of two hundred and sixty metres on a line of about two hundred thousand or one and one-fifth per one thousand. The water therefore can be conveyed from field to field, conveyed to the right or left at the will and need of the agriculturist, according to the requirements of property. There are depressions in the superficies of the soil which, if the water were not cared for, would become marshes ; and doubtless those marshes did exist in bygone times ; but the agriculturist now-a-days collects that water and guides it to such portion of his farm as best suits him. This is effected by a judicious system of levels ; it is enough that he cuts the bottom of his water-course somewhat lower, with an inclination somewhat less than those of the contiguous courses, and by prolonging for a certain distance that course he finally makes it converge at a similar level, and then he can distribute the water over a given superficies, carrying it from field to field until filtration and evaporation have absorbed it. Each field by this process receives and transmits its water which is not *raised* but *transferred* to the lower levels ; the water of the marshes is compelled to travel, and is replaced by fresh and wholesome streams from the higher levels. This will serve to explode a notion which existed in England that the Lombards *raised* their water by mechanical or steam power, and that they *drained* the irrigated meadows.

Another source of water power remains to be noticed, namely, what are called in Scotland "Well Heads," where the water, conducted by hidden, natural, underground channels, bursts up through the sub-soil. These springs in Lombardy abound in certain districts, such for instance as between Milan and Mantua, where they are called "Fontanili." The Lombards take advantage of them in this way : They take a large cask, knock out the top and bottom, and place it over the spring ; the pressure process forces the water to rise to the top of the cask, from whence it is guided at

the will and pleasure of the farmer. In one district, that of Melzo, between the Lambro and the Adda, about twelve miles wide, there are two hundred of these Fontanili; the water of which, in *winter*, is of a higher temperature than that of the air, because they are affected in their underground passage by the temperature of the earth, which is constant. Advantage is taken of this fact to employ them in the irrigation of water meadows when snow is on the ground; but this same reason renders them unfit for the irrigation of rice, because in *summer* their temperature is so much lower than that of the air, and therefore before applying them to the rice, they are first warmed by the heat of the sun by overflowing an adjacent field, and then when their temperature is sufficiently raised they are conducted to the rice grounds. But it is right to observe that these Fontanili take but a small share in the irrigation of the country.

Of the thirty millions of tons or cubic metres of water which every day are spread over the Lombard plain, three-fourths are derived from the great reservoirs in the lakes. And as, although those lakes are of a sufficient altitude above the level of the sea to water the lower parts of the plain, they are not sufficiently elevated to be able to water those districts which lie nearest to their shores, their water leaves them *first* by the natural outlet of the river—subsequently by canals; and as these, in order to be able to carry off their charge, must have a sufficient declivity, so it happens that the water of the lakes is not applied to purposes of irrigation until it has reached about half way between the lakes and the Po. For instance, the Lago Maggiore, of which the superficies is one hundred and ninety-four metres above the sea, supplies no water to Somma, which is two hundred and sixty-six metres above that level. It is impossible to overcome this difference of seventy-two metres by any mechanical means whatever; the force and consequent expense to effect it would be out of all proportion to the economical result. And this is clear when I tell you that the Lago Maggiore discharges by the Ticino and Naviglio Grande three and a half millions of tons of water per diem. Consequently we find that water is not employed in irrigation till it has reached a point about thirty miles distant from the lake where the level is seventy-six metres below the level of the lake, or one hundred and forty-six metres below the level of Somma. But in spite of this

disadvantage, we find that the water of the Lombard lakes irrigates about four thousand square chilometres of the Lombard plain.

The first operation for the Judge therefore will be a preliminary work, viz., the construction of a map in which should be indicated all the flats or plains, determining precisely their superficies and contours; their average elevation; the direction and rapidity of their fall; the superficial extent of all lakes or marshes; their elevation; the amount of water they hold at the different seasons of the year; their depth, because deep lakes do not freeze. The Lago de Garda, for instance, at one point is said (though I don't vouch for it) to be three thousand feet deep. A study of this kind may destroy many illusions; but it may furnish materials for enormous benefits. To it must be added a geological summary of the soil and sub-soil; and here it will be well that I give you a description of the soil and sub-soil of Lombardy.

The soil of the Lombard plain originally was a mass of water-worn rocks and gravel; at the lower parts degenerating into silicious sand—greedy of water—and facilitating its further transmission, so that in point of fact it offers the maximum of advantages for irrigation, and the minimum of natural obstacles to it. True there are districts where argillaceous deposits are the rule, but these are surrounded, at no great distance, by the silicious sands through which the water held in suspense by the former find an easy outlet. The great Diluvian masses, so to speak, are non-cohesive and permeable, and of immense depth; in proof of which I may cite the wells, sunk for three hundred and fifty feet, which show in their bore no symptoms of change in the stratification of the soil. Another proof of permeability is found in the absence of marshes, bogs, &c., of which there is but one of any extent in all the plain, that near Crema, between the Adda and the Serio. The natural drainage of the lower parts of the plain is assisted by the fact that the larger rivers carry clear water free of all impurities, which by abrasion have cut out high banks, through which the lateral water in the sub-soil drains or percolates into the channel of the rivers. Hence the banks are always dry and well drained, and are turned to account for vineyards. In general, the beds of these rivers serve as a natural outlet for those waters which, used for the purposes of irrigation, are finally turned

into them. But in addition to these natural, we have artificial, outlets for the water of irrigation. In the district of Mantua there are four hundred and sixty English miles of artificial drains, canals, bridges, &c.; amongst the most remarkable are those near Cremona, which divide the upper from the lower district, and which carry the whole of the irrigable water by means of what are called "Ponti Canali," so built that you can discharge any amount of water you please along their whole length into lower levels, which gives entire mastery over the whole mass. In heavy rains these "Ponti Canali" carry off the superabundant water; the water gates are closed, and irrigation is suspended whilst the overplus is carried to the main discharge pipe, the river Po, by those artificial outlets. In this district, too, the work in embankment is enormous, the water is carried over and under them; syphons and bridges abound, and as you approach the Po you are astounded by the gigantic nature of the earthworks, buttressed at intervals to withstand the terrible strain which is thrown upon them at certain seasons of the year, when the Po rolls down to the Adriatic about five thousand tons of water per second! The administration of these canals is admirable. At the period of inundation, as I have already said, the water gates in the canals are closed. Signal stations with water gauges are erected at regular intervals. When the water reaches the mark called the "first guard" (Prima Guardia), notice is given to the proper authority. When it reaches the "second guard," two men are placed at every interval of two hundred yards along the entire line of the canals; if the water bursts the dykes it is signalled. The engineers have the power to compel the attendance of the entire population with their own tools; they have also absolute power as to cutting the dykes whenever they deem it proper. The population knowing full well that their lives, cottages, and property are at stake work with a will. You see, therefore, that although it may be very desirable to bring water on to your farm, you must consider, before doing so, how you are to get rid of it; because if you do not, it may either drown you or convert your land into a pestilential marsh.

You will, of course, bear in mind that I am here speaking more particularly of the precautions taken in those districts which are contiguous to Mantua, where the soil is argillaceous, and where also it

is intersected by the spurs of the basaltic range of the district of Verona. And hence it is that in this district of Mantua you will see ditches as broad and as deep as those of Holderness, which have been dug, not for purposes of irrigation, but in order to drain the country. If now you cross the Po and approach the Appenines you will find a similar state of things; if you there look for signs of irrigation you will be disappointed.

In making the map to which I have alluded in the preceding part of this letter, you will see the necessity there is that it shall indicate in each division (and I beg to suggest the use of the metric system), the geological nature of the superficial soil, whether silicious, calcareous or argillaceous; whether the sub-soil is of permeable gravel as in the district of Milan, or of tenacious clays as at Mantua.

Up to this point I have, as you will have perceived, merely delineated the general disposition of things, being in absolute ignorance of the lay of your land at the Cape; hence I am unable to make any comparison, or to say how far the principle of irrigation which obtains in Lombardy may be applicable with you.

In my next letter we will speak of the laws and administration of Lombardy as applied to irrigation in particular; and this part, I feel convinced, will greatly interest the Judge, to whom my best compliments.—Yours, &c.

Are Women to be excluded from the Learned Professions?

This is a question which, just now, agitates many minds; and hot and bitter are the battles fought in its behalf. The number of those who desire to exclude women from professions is daily decreasing. Their ranks have, hitherto, been filled by those who are strongly prejudiced against what is commonly called "Woman's Rights," but who have otherwise never given to the matter an earnest unbiassed thought. It is not to be wondered at that the recent Woman's Rights movement, which took place in England some ten years ago, should have raised much warm opposition in the masculine mind. On that occasion some women earnest, noble minded women, but carried away by excited feeling—suffered themselves to appear in no meek or womanly light. There certainly was cause to dread lest our sisters and daughters should follow in their track. On this score, if on no other, we must excuse the violent and bitter language to which, on this subject, masculine lips have too frequently given vent.

But, though we may dislike to see our women act foolishly, yet every honest, truth-loving mind, having once looked the situation fairly in the face, will acknowledge that there can be no reason why they should not be permitted, if so minded, to earn and eat their bread, honestly just as well as men, and to earn it in the manner for which they are best fitted by nature.

People talk about woman's true position being in dependence upon man. This is beautiful, and romantic, but it is not practical. When starvation stares a woman in the face, and no knight comes to the rescue—why then, sentiment must to the wall.

Some say woman was created as a "help meet" to the man, and that thus an inferior position was assigned to her. How such a conclusion as this is arrived at one cannot tell. The word *helpmeet* surely means a companion to help to bear the brunt of life; to share in the heat and burden of the day. If we read carefully the scriptural account of the creation, we will find that under the word "man" are included both sexes. Their equality is thus established. The argument, therefore, defeats itself. But though at the fall the labour of life was assigned to man especially, yet it was not stated

that woman should be exempt. Sorrow and suffering were to be her portion. Notwithstanding this, much hard work has fallen to her lot, all the drudgery of life is hers. Man asserts himself too generous to permit her to labour—but, alas! for human nature! It is only honourable, or learned work—work which may lead to honour, distinction, or profit—from which he would exclude her, to the rest she is welcome. We speak here of *men* collectively, but let us remember there are noble exceptions, of which John Stuart Mill was one.

Another argument deduced is the intellectual inferiority of women to men. The fallacy of this has been recently proved by tests which have been applied. Men and women—boys and girls—have alike been submitted to educational examinations. In some of these women have been victorious, in some men—in others the sexes have been equal. Thus, incontestably, has the fact of their mental equality been established.

In humble life it is the woman who is the "scholar." The labourer's wife, or daughter—usually the latter—who has had a little "schooling," reads and writes for the family, keeps a list of the birthdays, and takes care of the purse. In small shops a woman invariably keeps the books. All the accounts are made out and written by her. Among the upper classes it is no longer considered *infra dig.* for a woman to understand and discuss politics. Most ladies of any culture are able to write, and are amongst the most frequent and ablest contributors to the reviews, magazines, and newspapers of the day. Proof of their intellectual and imaginative power is in the fact that the leading writer (novelist at any rate) of the day is a woman—George Eliot, who possesses intellectual powers of no mean order. The number of female writers of average merit is legion. Woman has thus effectually refuted the charge of possessing inferior brain-power.

History, both ancient and modern, teems with examples of brave and noble women, who have beem roused into political and other strong action: who have achieved undying distinction in defence of their countries, their lives, or their liberties. These examples, moreover, prove that in prowess, in energy, in mental and moral courage, the sexes are equal by nature. Though originally and fundamentally

equal, yet by long generations of unequal training an apparent difference has been effected—physically as well as mentally. In a state of nature men and women laboured equally, and their strength was equally developed. With the growth of civilization people separated into families, built themselves houses, and lived in communities. It became necessary for labour to be divided. Women remained with their young children, men hunted and fought. In process of time these different modes of life produced a revolution in their character. The one sex gained in refinement and lost in hardihood, and *vice versa*. Refinement carried too far results in weakness. It is natural to the strong to protect the weak. In days of chivalry it was the duty of every knight to fight for his lady. This led to romantic sentiment. It fostered in woman the love of admiration, latent in every human heart, and so flattered her vanity that gradually she came to lose her natural dignity of character, to forget her true position and mission in life, and to be content to regard herself as the plaything or slave according to the humour of the hour. Having lost sight of her actual individuality and consequent responsibility to God, her conscience placed under the guidance of a fellow-creature becomes seared, her sense of right and wrong blunted and confused. She is led wherever man wills. This surely cannot have been so ordained of God, for it robs Him of His rightful worship.

A singular impression has, until late years, held ground (and to a certain extent still exists) that weakness of mind and body, folly, and vanity are, in woman, not only excusable but positively attractive. How such an idea arose it would be difficult to say, though we have tried to guess at its possible origin. It has been fostered by fashion and education, and by the vanity and indolence of women, until it has gradually become almost an article of the masculine creed. Civilization naturally tends to soften and refine. But civilization carried to excess degenerates into luxury and enervation results—mental, moral, and physical.

In the days of our great grandmothers it was considered not in good taste for a woman to exert herself much, mentally or bodily. Her *physique* was consequently so depressed that fainting was fashionable.

The reaction from this state of things has naturally been violent.

At the greater number of the schools of the present day, girls receive not only a much more thorough and comprehensive education than formerly, but they are also trained in calisthenics and general physical exercise. The good results are evident. Whether disease is actually lessened thereby is an open question, but the improvement in the general female health is apparent.

Most ladies, if not actually invalids, are good pedestrians, and women have, of late years, performed great feats in walking and swimming. Did they bestow more patronage and encouragement on such accomplishments, we should probably see fewer distressingly narrow chests and hear less of the terrible ravages of consumption.

This is a digression, but it may serve to recall, even in a slight degree, how intimate is the connection existing between mind and body. When the body becomes weak and enervated, the mind, the intellect, and the energies suffer likewise. The circulation is enfeebled, the interest in life languid. Development of strength, on the contrary, braces the system ; circulation is stimulated ; the brain vitalised. Latent powers spring into action. The whole being is renovated.

We have, at length, awakened to the sin of neglecting, or misusing, God's good gifts of mental or bodily health and strength. The woman of the present day not only walks and rides, rows and swims, but she takes a lively interest in all the affairs of life. If this be an evil ; if the development of muscle will render her harsh and unlovely, then let us, by all means, return to the days of fainting and folly.

Increased physical strength, re-acting on the brain, may so nerve her character as to render her better able to fight her way through the world, should it be necessary so to do. And in doing this she need not grow unwomanly. Are household servants necessarily hard and masculine? With no tender parent's love to shield her from harm, alone each girl goes to face the battle of life, alone she fights in the great struggle for existence. With no sympathizing mother at hand in whom to confide, no father whose counsel she can seek, no brother to defend her right—alone, she learns her heart-lessons. Is she, for this reason, bolder or harder than other women? A thousand times no! Notwithstanding all her hard fight for life, it is possible that, in some cases, there may be a nobler, purer, tenderer heart in

her bosom than there is in that of the mistress she serves, who has probably grown up in luxury and indulgence, and it may be, is as vain and vicious as her weak brain will permit.

Work is not derogatory. It is not degrading. On the contrary, it is ennobling and purifying. If this apply to manual labour, how much more does it apply to the higher labour of the intellect! It is not possible that education should harden or coarsen any nature. It has an opposite effect on men and on women of the lower rank of society. Why should it injure ladies?

As for woman stepping out of her proper sphere in entering a profession, or thereby unfitting herself for domestic life, this is surely an error. Among the few women who have had sufficient moral courage to venture to brave public opinion, in a rightful cause, there are some who not only ably perform the duties of professional life, but who also make good wives and mothers—a position which all women are not called upon to fill—and whose homes are the favourite resort of their friends. Mrs. Garrett-Anderson, M.D., is an example in point. She has, it is said, one of the largest practices in London. Constant contact with sorrow and suffering has not hardened her. Rather would it arouse her deepest, most womanly feeling.

So far from its being right and proper to exclude woman from the medical profession, it becomes daily more, and still more, apparent that this is her sphere. If it be her mission to comfort and cheer, to refine and purify humanity, where can she fulfil this mission better than in the sick room or at the death-bed? This may, to a great extent, be done in the capacity of nurse. But why confine her to work which can be equally well or better carried out by a woman of lower standing in society, and of inferior mental calibre? To be a good nurse it is necessary to possess a certain amount of intelligence, and a large amount of physical strength—not of nerve and muscle only, but of power of endurance. As to the horrors of the hospital and dissecting room, what nurse can escape these in the course of her training and practice!

If there be any objection to men and women studying together, the force of which objection must be entirely dependent upon themselves, let them have separate class-rooms. There would be no great difficulty in that.

If tenderness and patience, a keen eye for *diagnosis*, and quick perception of the slightest variation, be essential to success in the profession, then woman should succeed—for she possesses these in perfection. Her natural fitness is shown in the fact that, should an accident occur, and a surgeon be beyond reach, it is from the *woman* in the house that help is expected, and she possessing no surgical knowledge. Only woman knows with what terrible flinching of soul and body she has frequently to steel her nerves, in order to dress a wound or handle a lancet. And what agony there is, in nursing a dear one, to see her gradually, but surely, sinking; to feel that there is something wrong in the treatment, that something might yet be done, and not to know what that something is.

There is, surely, a great defect in the education of women. Well versed in trivial accomplishments, they are not prepared for the graver duties, nor even for the most ordinary accidents of life.

A certain amount of medical instruction should form part of the education of every woman. Not, necessarily, that she may adopt it as a profession (though that might be optional) but because such knowledge would stand her in good stead, should she ever find herself entrusted with the education and training of a family. It is most grevious to see into what mistakes, in the training of her children, love and ignorance combined will lead a young mother. The seeds of future ill-health are thus often laid.

Whether woman would shine at the bar is not certain, though, apparently, she is well-fitted for the post. Possessed, in a marvellous degree, of quick insight into character, she is rarely mistaken in her conclusions.

And again, who can plead so gracefully, so urgently, so ardently, so untiringly; who so subtle in argument, so quick at evasion, so fertile in resource, so ready in tact, as woman!

The objections quoted above seem to be the only ones urged against woman's being admitted into the learned professions. Can it be that men argue thus for argument's sake? Or is it that they wish to keep to themselves the good things of life?

"No!" they will say, "we do not like to see women work, we cannot bear it! We wish to support them. Let them marry, and allow us to work!"

So far, so good! But there are many women who do not wish to marry, who would rather work. Besides this there is an insuperable obstacle in the fact that there are many more women in the world than men. What then is to become of the surplus women—those who cannot marry? Let them be governesses, or do needlework? Both these markets are, at present, overstocked. Many poor illiterate women are starving, or stealing, because the only work they can do is taken out of their hands by starving ladies, who cannot teach and are ashamed to beg. Until more work is provided for women this evil will remain. Shall we seek by false argument to perpetuate it?

Rather let us rouse ourselves, shake off dull sloth, and try to find higher and more remunerative work for our needy sisters This cannot be done until the professions, one and all, are thrown open to them. Let us remember God gives us intellect. We cannot ignore His gift. We dare not abuse it. Let us take it thankfully and use it rightly—to the Giver we are responsible. And let men not alarm themselves. The path of hard work is not one strewn with roses! It is a narrow, stony way. And they may be quite sure that few women will care to enter upon it, and none will remain there who are not fitted for it.

Mu.

Lunatic Law.*

THE author of this book declares that it is no fictitious romance, but a narrative of facts; and at a juncture when the Government has announced its intention of bringing in a bill which, among other provisions, empowers a magistrate on the certificate of two medical gentlemen to send anyone to an asylum, a book like this possesses some interest, and is at least worth perusal. The author is evidently a man of education, and describes himself as a legal gentleman. He calls himself as a *sane* patient, appealing to the public against that very provision of the law in England which it is proposed to adopt here. "When," he says, "at any moment the certificates of any two doctors, who may be utter strangers to the patient, acting under the instructions of friends who are frightened and perplexed perhaps, and try to believe that they are 'doing for the best' (I leave out of consideration here the baser motives which, it is to be feared, come sometimes into play),—may condemn him to the worst form of false imprisonment, the death-in-life of a lunatic asylum, at a time when he is himself practically unconscious;—who is there amongst us who can for a moment believe himself safe? Death-in-life, did I say? It is worse; for it is a life in life, worse than any conceivable form of death. The sights and sounds through which one has to live can never be forgotten by him who has lived through them, but will haunt him ever and always."—pp. 3 and 4.

It would appear that the asylum in which the writer of this narrative was placed was "in one of the prettiest parts of England," a very different region from the bare monotony to which some of our infirm in mind are consigned. There seems to have been no want of appliances "to medicate a mind diseased." "With carriages to take me out for drives, closed upon wet days, open on fine, with cricket and bowls and archery for the summer, and a pack of harriers to follow across country in winter, with the head of the establishment who lived in a *sweet* little cottage with his family to give me five

* "MY EXPERIENCE IN A LUNATIC ASYLUM." By a Sane Patient. CHATTO & WINDUS, Piccadilly. JUTA, Cape Town.

o'clock tea on the Sundays ; with five refections a day whereof to partake with my fellow lunatics,—with a private chapel for Morning Prayers or Sunday Services—with little evening parties for whist or music among ourselves, and a casual conjurer or entertainer from town to distract us sometimes for an evening." "All this bears so fair an outside that it seems difficult to quarrel with it. Yet the life it concealed was inconceivably terrible."—p. 9. "These parties, without a friend's face near me,—with the warders—'attendants' if you like it better—playing their rough horse-play all over the great house ; the Philistines making sport of the poor helpless Samsons, and varying their amusements by coarse gross language which made the chilled blood run colder ;—the story makes me shrink in the telling, and almost regret that I have undertaken it."

"But," he continues, "the evil wants cautery to the very core, and I believe that every story of the kind should be *told*. To me, personally, death was very near indeed in that house more than once."—p. 11. "Death in utter solitude, save for the warders by my side, whose duty it was, or they interpreted it as such, some of them, to hold me down and jump upon me, or kneel on my breast-bone, if I turned round or uttered any wandering words in bed." "Cowards," he exclaims, "at the best all of us, we are afraid of the very name of 'madness' more than of anything else ; and in that fear lies the security of the present system against any attack that may be made upon it."

The point to which the author directs his reader's attention, is, that what is called mental disease is so little studied. "The doctors, who know what Galen knew, and no more, but apparently believe in themselves none the less even for the teaching of Molière, are powerless before it."—p. 23. He says, p. 29, that "the weary phantom of self, and self from its most distorted and morbid point of view, absorbed at last every thought and every energy. Bred in the careless modern school of indifference to higher hopes and feelings, never an unbeliever, I hope, but practically living the life of one, I was without the *one* stay and rest which can carry men triumphantly over worse troubles than mine." In vain he tried the waters of Carlsbad ; at last he reached the lowest rung of the ladder, and describes how he was taken to the lunatic asylum, the company he met there and the treatment he experienced from the

warders. "At our daily cricket-matches in the summer, I could scarcely stand, and the 'attendants' bowled a fast round hand at my legs, and failed altogether to appreciate the humour of the thing." p. 51. "The keepers told off to watch us were holding more consecutive, but not more edifying, conversation about horses and bets and races." "But I was too ill to have wish or power of my own. I was absorbed for the time in the servant. I have more than once mentioned who was my master, and knew and rejoiced in it. He was soon tired of his duty, which was to keep me 'company' (Heaven save the mark) in my room, and preferred to transfer me to the larger where he might consort with *his* mates and with mine. The chief doctor, when I was at my worst, came to see me once a day. And I well remember the threats with which my 'attendant' would deter me, ill and broken as I was, from complaining of the life I had to lead." "These warders," he says, "are supposed to be the qualified nurses of the sick; they are men of the most ignorant class, without one single qualification for that duty,—discharged soldiers, sailors, footmen. And *they are the absolute masters of these asylums* (of which I, remember, inhabited what has been called the best), and of the lives and liberties imprisoned there."—p. 62. The writer attributes his own incarceration in an asylum to insufficient enquiry. "The doctors who made themselves the instruments of this wrong were two young village practitioners, who never made any study of the matter, and one of them never saw me but five minutes in his life, when I was too ill in body to mark his face. Is this a state of law that should last? A 'pamphlet' before me speaks of nothing so much as the special knowledge required in dealing with insanity; yet any two apothecaries may make a man mad in law. Let the very possibility of it be abolished."

His earnest appeal is, "Let no man be imprisoned for insanity till his state has been fully and carefully observed for a certain time; nor then, unless the certificate has been signed by two, or *more*, well qualified and practical men, one of whom at least should have known the patient well and long." "Let *publicity* take the place of hushing up—which never did any good in the world whatever—to the fullest extent. Let the warders (whom I have postponed for the present in deference to their social betters), be carefully selected for character and kindness, and be what they should be,—*nurses* of the

sick. Let the commissioners, if they are to go on existing, read their duty in a different way. Further, let *severe criminal penalties* attach to every abuse of the reformed Lunacy Law, and *let* every facility be given to the sufferer, as against doctors, relations, commissioners, anybody, be he great as he may. At present the law, with all its intricate machinery for good or ill, fights dead against us." "*They* follow their profession for profit like the rest of us, and have no need to pose as philanthropists, or ask for sympathy."—p. 95. "When reform, utter and complete, has been devised and carried out, insanity may be eliminated!"

We have quoted the writer's own words, because they give us an insight into the evils that need to be watched against in all asylums. Thus he describes his own experience, p. 100: "Insulted by the attendants—*vigorously kicked* by one of them one morning, I remember, when my hands were too weak to do their office, and I did not dress myself quick enough to please him,—that I should be here now, sound and strong, I may well attribute to some Power above the selfishness of men, which will not suffer these infamies to go too far." "It is all very well," he says, "to go to church and 'say' prayers, to quarrel about the form of your faith, the colour of your clothes, the number of your hours. Religion is an active, not a passive, word; and like revolutions is not made with rosewater. *Do something, somebody!*"—p. 109.

But we must pass over many pages of this recital, eloquent of wrong, to describe the kind of treatment which he excepts against. "I fell into a fit of wandering and began calling out at intervals various silly things. What should have been done was to nurse me, and pour wine down my throat, and apply the common means of homely restoration. What *was* done was this: the stout bath men and servants of the place were sent to hold me down; and I was gagged and left gagged, till the blood ran down from my mouth."—p. 131. One of his warders he describes as a fat ex-footman, who afterwards reported his work as "very good fun; and had a particular aptitude, when I was lying helpless in bed, for jumping on my breast-bone and half throttling me." "There was another man—I disliked *his* way of dipping my hairbrush in the basin in the morning, when I was too weak to remonstrate, and using it on his own bullet head under my eyes, but I bear him no grudge. One of his

amusements did me some harm; for he had a way of whipping up things in the room and running off with them—to puzzle me, I suppose, laughing all the time. He performed this feat once with a new anti-maccassar; and from that moment, coupled with the indescribable disorder, and entire absence of all visible supervision over the attendants which reigned in the big mad-house, it created in my mind the notion that there was more dishonesty in the place than there might be."—p. 133. "To account for deficiencies in my wardrobe (of which each of us had a list like a schoolboy's) it was said in the 'notes' that I tore them up myself!"—p. 140.

As to the female attendants, he remarks that when the ladies went out, "the female warders accompanied them; smart young women with a setting of earrings, many of them, who might have been contracted for in the gross by Spiers & Pond; who would exchange many a friendly wink and sign with their counterparts of the male side as they passed. From what ranks they are recruited I do not know, and have no special wish to ask. The sadness of the thing was very deep; for knowing what *we* men bore, I speculated much what these caged women might have to bear. The law for us is the law for them."—p. 150.

But let us observe what was the *remedial* treatment of the patients. Were many cured? "With the exception of the friend of whom I wrote, I remember *no* case of liberation but one. There was a clergyman confined among us, whose *wife took lodgings in the village by*. She was *with him* every day, watched him every day, *walked with him every day, and never seemed to me to leave him till she took him away*. Brave little woman, how I honoured her! for her nerve must have been tried enough. If these papers of mine make one relation *think*, as much as I can hope to do will have been done."—p. 153. This reminds us of a remark made by an eminent German physician, who on being asked how he contrived to cure so many cases of insanity, replied, "*By living with them always.*" But suppose there had been no *possibility* of this clergyman's wife taking lodgings in a village by, what would have become of her husband then?

But were there no visits from commissioners? Oh yes. "The commissioners I saw once during my second confinement. Their approach is, I believe, always concealed from the patients, *for fear of*

upsetting their minds. They came with return tickets from town, good for one day. They made a sudden incursion into my room—two or three, I forget which ; but one was a short lame gentleman who asked questions: Was I comfortable ? Had I headaches ?—*And that is all I saw* of Her Majesty's Commissioners in Lunacy. Was I wrong in calling this a farce ? "

Happily at last he met with a good Samaritan in a *friend*, a skilful doctor, who came to see him, and through him he obtained his freedom. "At last and in a happy hour for me, I married ; though I had almost made up my mind that I never would."

We dare not trespass any longer on the attention of our readers; but it is plain that there are evils of which the world knows nothing. And the object of these chapters of autobiography is to plead for a more skilful diagnosis of the condition of the infirm in mind, and *a more careful selection of warders and attendants.* It should not be possible for any ill-judging friend to shut up one who is not really lunatic, and the treatment of those confined should be as *open* as possible to daylight, and under the eyes of the *public* as far as *can* be, without exposing the inmates to the unfeeling gaze of the merely curious. In place of mystery and secresy, there should be a greater degree of publicity, and everything should be done to promote the easy access of friends and relations to those confined.

How different all this is from the system which has been pursued here, hitherto, we need not point out. We banish our infirm in mind to an island where access to them is most difficult, and every obstacle that the weather and red tape regulations can throw in the way of facility of observation, is multiplied. How different things might be ! Oh, that *Somebody* would do *something*, and *do* it.

A legal gentleman of good position, and a friend of two of our English Bishops, mentioned once in the Temple to an acquaintance, who is prepared to verify the fact by names, &c., that he paid £300 per annum for his son, who was infirm in mind, in an asylum. And that on one occasion he happened to pay an *unexpected* visit to his son, when he found him naked and covered with dirt. He made no observation as to whom he considered to be in fault; but these were the facts of the case, and he removed his son.

The Ancient Maiden.

FROM AN OLD ALBUM.

Tune :—"*Wooed and Married and a.*'"

Oh dear, I am now thirty-six,
Though some rather mair wad me ca';
And ane just sae auld to get married,
Has little or nae chance ava.
And when I think upon this,
Lang sighs frae my bosom I draw;
Oh, is it not awfu' to think
I'm no to be married ava?
No to be married ava,
No to be married ava;
Oh, is it not awfu' to think,
I'm no to be married ava.

For ilka young lass that can boast,
That she has a lover or twa,
Will haud out her finger, and say,
That body has got nane ava.
And then when they a' get married,
Their husbands will let them gang braw,
While they laugh at auld maids like myself,
For no getting married ava.
No to be married, &c.

Some wives that are wasters o' men,
Wear dune naething less than their twa;
But this I wad haud as a crime,
That ought to be punished by law.
For are they no muckle to blame,
When thus to themsells they tak a'?
Ne'er thinking o' mony an auld maid,
That's no to be married ava.
No to be married, &c.

But as for the men that get married—
Although it were some ayont twa,
I think they should aye be respeckit
For helping sae mony awa.
But as for the auld bach'lor bodies,
Their necks every ane I could thraw,
For nocht is the use o' their lives,
No to be married ava.
No to be married, &c.

Oh, gin I could get but a husband,
Although he were never sae sma',
Oh, be what he like, I wad tak him,
Though scarce like a mannie ava.
Come souter, come tailor, come tinkler,
Oh come but and tak me awa!
Oh gi'e me a bode ne'er sae little,
I'll tak it and never say na.
No to be married, &c.

Come deaf, or come dumb, or come cripple,
Wi' ae leg, or nae leg ava,
Or come ye wi' ae ee, or nae ee,
I'll tak ye as ready's wi' twa.
Come young, or come auld, or come doited,
Oh come ony ane o' ye a';
Far better be married to something,
Than no to be married ava.
No to be married, &c.

Now, lads, an there's ony amang ye,
Wad like just upon me to ca',
Ye'll find me no ill to be courted,
For shyness I hae put awa.
And if ye should want a bit wifie,
Ye'll ken to what quarter to draw;
And e'en should we no mak a bargain,
We'll aye get a kissie or twa.
No to be married, &c.

The Advantage of being Plain.

THERE is one subject which I have long meditated, but yet long neglected to illustrate, says a writer in *Chambers's Journal*,—the great advantage of being tolerably ill-looking. The subject is undoubtedly one well worthy of attention, and I trust the readers of the *Cape Monthly* will not object to some of its space being taken up in discussing it. I do not enclose my portrait. We all admire and express pleasure in contemplating beauty, but we do not trust to it. We regard it, somehow, as a superficial, transitory, vain thing—good enough for the hour it lasts, a very fair subject of rhyming and raving among young men, but still an evanescent deceptive kind of thing, unworthy of any serious attention, and not at all to be depended upon. On the contrary, all our associations respecting plain people are of a respectful kind. There is a substantiality, a durability, a respectability, about ugliness, that is quite delightful to the reflecting faculties. We know ugliness never runs away. It is a solid, sponsible, fixed quality, like a decent tradesman, while beauty is like some poor player, who, with all the handsomeness and cleverness, yea, more, all the honesty in the world, is a vagrant by act of Parliament, and, though here to-day, may be away to-morrow. Not that I deny the occasional good effects of beauty. I do seriously believe that, in innumerable instances, some crinkle or dimple in the female face, almost too slight for observation, has constituted the nameless something which placed some women in honourable and affluent matronhood, while the want of it condemned others to equally honourable, but far less affluent, singleness. If we except, however, what prettiness sometimes does in affairs matrimonial, there cannot, I think, be the least doubt that plainness carries with it more weight, more of the real confidence and respect of society, than its much-praised opposite.

The very admiration we bestow on beauty tends to render it unworthy of our sincere esteem. The possessor of the quality becomes puffed up with the homage of our gaze, and deems nothing else to be necessary to secure approbation. But though this is the usual and plain-sailing way of accounting for the paltriness of character

which too often attends good looks, there is perhaps another and better reason for our never attaching the idea of intellectual or moral excellence to beauty. There is considerable reason for supposing that the beau-ideal of beauty is also the beau-ideal of insipidity, and that it is only in certain degrees of departure from the former property that we find certain degrees of exemption from the latter. Thus, the exquisite Venus of Florence, the wonder and the passion of the world, is not less remarkable for the absence of every appearance of mental charm, than for the possession of every animal grace. And if we cast back upon all the faces we have most admired, we will be apt to confess, in regard to most of them, that it was not perfect beauty, but only some approach to it, that we were delighted with. There seems to be a mysterious sense, either the result of frequent observation, or an innate and instinctive faculty, which leads us to attach ideas of uncertainty and emptiness to beauty, even at the moment our eye is gratified with the sight of it. It is only considered as a tincture, a rainbow in the heaven of the human face, a finery which is presently to pass away, leaving something tawdry behind. Plain looks are something in the regular course of things—a consistent, uniform peculiarity; but beauty is a mere accident.

It is in the female face that beauty is most advantageous and least harmful. It is natural there: we look for it; and when we find it in a certain degree, it usually conveys a pleasing impression. Even here, however, we still allow it only the admiration due to a thing affecting the physical surface, and are apt to look with more expectation to a plain face, for those inner qualities which are most entitled to our esteem. "Ay, ay, she looks very well just now," says the sensible man, arrived at the cool, though still, as he would suppose, youthful age of thirty-eight; "but what will she be in a very few years?" We look on beauty as we look upon the rose—the fairest of flowers while it lasts, but proverbially short-lived and easily blighted. Plainness, on the other hand, is the unpretending evergreen, which is to adorn our garden with a certain steady amount of good looks all the year round. Beauty seems to have an unfortunate effect upon the most of females, fills them with affectation and conceit, and makes them think of nothing but how to triumph over the hearts of men as silly as themselves. I have known pretty

women who thought every man who looked at them in love with them, and never received a letter from a gentleman which they did not suppose to contain an offer of marriage. As they broke the seal, they would primly make up their minds to the duty of refusing; and after all, find it only a communication respecting some trifling matter of business. In a miscellaneous party, how generally do we find the prettiest woman in the room the most disagreeable—prating with half-shut eyes and slanting glances, with every empty exquisite—in fact, placed by her good looks beyond the pale of sensible society! On the other hand, how often are men drawn into permanent admiration of those who are less handsome, simply through the effect of mind and heart beaming through a few minutes' conversation! Hence it often happens that men retire with contempt and indignation from the temple of vain beauty, and unite themselves with homely good sense and true unpretending gentleness. If of questionable advantage in a female, beauty is positively detrimental in the opposite sex. A young man afflicted with beauty is one of the most pitiable objects in the world. He is despised at first sight by both men and women. He begins the world with an *ex facie* bad character, which he may spend the half of his life in wearing down to even start fair point. Far better for him if two of his nearest kinsmen had been transported for felony. His most valuable acquirements, his most precisely good behaviour, his most persevering application to business, are all regarded with suspicion; and even after he has for many years enacted the part of a good citizen, no one will be able to make sure that he is not to break out to-morrow into some unheard-of silliness and extravagance, or altogether to vanish away. On the other hand, a plain-looking man gets credit at once upon mere security of face. A snub-nose is as good to him as patrimony, and cheeks seamed with the small-pox serve all the purpose of a bank account. An ungainly form conveys the idea of steadfastness to purpose, and even a little lameness may be of service. To go upon neat ebony crutches, or to have a foot supported by a supplement of thick leather, may not be very convenient, but I know few things that look more respectable. A well-dressed lame or blind man is one of the most imposing of all characters. We have an idea that such people are well off, and never run away. We imagine them exempted by their personal peculiarities from many of those follies

and frivolities which detract from the solidity of other men, and suppose that, *because* they want personal advantages, they *must* have all others. A genteel crooked man seems the very anchor of fortune.

Look around both the natural and the artificial world, and it will be found that similar associations are everywhere awakened. Whatever is most beautiful in the sky, on the ground, in the tribes of animated nature, carries to us the impression of *brevity of duration* and *insolidity of substance*. I might except the heavenly bodies, if I thought it strictly proper to style those objects beautiful. The blossom passes away before the leaf falls, while the tree, the least beautiful of the whole, remains. The goldfinch is the creature of a few summers, while the raven lives a century. The air fills in an hour with creatures that seem shed prismatically from sunbeams, but which, in another hour, sink back into their real nativity, the dust. There is a kind of beauty which springs from rankness, and beneath which all is but slime and corruption, while many of the homeliest of forms are composed of the most excellent of substances. The gay poppy is but a weed; the food of man is found in the bristling and repulsive corn. In the artificial world, we habitually expect the sound and plain to go together. A gaudy coloured dress is usually a thin thing of gingham and gauze, designed only to be worn for a few sunshiny forenoons. The most valuable articles of attire are generally simple in form and hue; and so accustomed are we to judge accordingly, that to make an unsubtantial thing sober in colour, would be the surest way to gain for it some share of sincere esteem. Hence it is that we attach such notions of respectability to the Society of Friends. There is nothing about them that leads us to think of insolidity or transitoriness—all is downright simple, homely, lasting, and good. People, we think, who can make themselves so completely independent of show and glitter, must for certain possess all the more solid and worthy qualities of character.

Our estimation of men is in the same way affected by the nature of their employments. It may be stated as a general proposition, that those who are engaged in the simply useful arts and branches of employment, enjoy a larger share of public respect than those who are concerned in the ornamental. Our notion of the substantiality and credit-worthiness of a man who deals in woollen goods is a very different thing from our notion of a man who trusts for his bread to

the writing of plays, the teaching of some elegant accomplishment, or the construction of musical snuff-boxes. Though twenty men are fitted by nature for dealing in flannels for one who is capable of composing poetry, and though we feel hardly any interest in the former compared with what we do in the latter, yet do we secretly accord a respect to the humble trafficker that we deny to the thinker of fine thoughts. On this account, it may be observed, that persons connected with those professions which aim only at pleasing the human race, are usually very anxious to form acquaintance with their humbler but more solid fellows, as if they imagine that they might thus catch the contagion of public respect; an expedient which, it is to be feared, does not always succeed in obviating this injustice of society. It is told of a late distinguished tragic actress, that when she first visited Edinburgh, finding, we suppose, that even her transcendant talents and unimpeachable purity of character hardly counteracted the tendency of public opinion, or rather public ignorance, she took Sunday evening walks in Hope Park, with the family of a decent bailie, a grocer, to whom she had been introduced; and by *that* means secured for herself what the most splendid gifts of nature could not bestow. Nobody would doubt the respectability of a person who consorted with Bailie Candlish. All is owing to our instinctive sense of the vanity of what is beautiful, and the solidity of what is plain. And hence arises a difference in the conditions of men that has not perhaps been hitherto remarked upon. The homeliness of the profession of one man may, if not counteracted by an unfortunate handsomeness of person, do as much for him in the way of securing a good reputation, as the utmost good behaviour and industry of another man, exerted during a long course of years. A hosier, tolerably ill-favoured, lame in one foot, dwelling in a plainish part of the town (for this is also a consideration), may be at once at his ease upon the score of credit and the respect of his fellow-creatures; he sets up in business and in character at once. But a player, or a painter, or a musician, or *un homme des lettres*, being liable to suspicion at the very outset, has to make incredible exertions, put a constraint upon many of his most innocent tendencies, and practice many harmless but troublesome little arts, before he can procure the same respect—if, indeed, he ever gains it, or any share of it.

The Meteorology of South-Eastern Africa.

The climate of South Africa strongly resembles that of Algeria and of Syria and Palestine. The air is piercingly clear. The sky is of a light ultramarine blue, like a trade-wind sky, and not of so dark a tint as the sky in England. The dome of the clouds is also much higher, and cloudless days are very common. Owing to the absence of the light and shade which moving cloud masses give to a landscape, the African hills lose much in grandeur and effect, and appear flat, and wanting in perspective. In outline they are extremly sharp, and the transparency of the atmosphere to which this is due, gives the stars at night a clearness and a definition unknown elsewhere, except in Arabia. On a night before a hot-wind day, Sirius and Canopus, the brightest of the fixed stars, are sometimes seen not to twinkle. The beauty of a moonlight night at the full moon is not to be described. The air of night feels balmy, and everything seems bathed in the moonbeams. The warmth, dryness, and exceeding luminosity of the air makes the sky above immeasurably superior to that of England. But there is a compensation in the inferiority of the earth beneath. The perpetual verdure of an English landscape is absent, and although the flowers singly are beautiful, the general aspect of the country is sombre; for in hot, dry climates nature paints only with neutral colours.

As regards rainfall, South Africa is divided into three regions, the Western, or the district of the winter rains, the Eastern, or the district of the summer rains, and the Northern, or that of rain supply from occasional thunderstorms. The tract where the winter rains prevail includes the Cape peninsula, and certain of the districts to the east of that, along with the regions due north up the Western coast. The winters at the Cape are exceedingly rainy, which is due to the peninsula being mountainous, and standing between two seas. The summers are dry and the weather is uniformly fine. The summer rains prevail in the Eastern districts as far up the coast as Natal and Zululand. The spring rains there may be looked for at, or soon after, the equinox, in the end of September, or early in October. Heavy rains

occur at other times during summer, but the winters are extremely dry, and often cloudless. In the Northern region, the central portion of which is Griqualand West, and Basutoland, rain may be expected at the vernal equinox, but the supply of moisture is much more due to occasional thunderstorms.

Corresponding with these three districts as regards rainfall, there are three botanical regions. The marked differences between the floras of these three regions can be accounted for on the principles of natural selection and the battle for existence. Seeds which require much moisture and little heat for germination have an advantage in the district of the winter rains, where moisture is abundant only till early spring. Those which require as much moisture and more heat have little chance there, but will germinate in the region of the summer rains, where rain comes later in spring, and the heat is then greater. Plants in the battle for life, which cannot stand the summer drought, will die out in the region of the winter rains. In some such way as this, by the varying character of seeds as to the comparative amount of heat and moisture they require for germination, and also from the way in which plants are furnished with bulbous or other roots, and with leaves of a particular texture, to fight the battle of existence, the very different characters of these three floras are occasioned. The subject is an interesting one, but is quite undeveloped. Every plant is furnished out by nature with all the conditions for fighting its battle. The seed-shell in different plants varies in thickness, the seeds in quantity, the leaves in power to resist drought or frost, and so on. A plant is a study. Botanists have contented themselves with describing the forms of plants without making a study of their life-battle.

To state broadly the difference between the Western, or winter rain region, and the Eastern, or summer rain one, the dry summers of the former are much more favourable to the growth of wheat and the production of wine. In the Eastern tract, from the greater moisture in summer, rust is prevalent. Wheat to withstand it must be of the solid-stemmed Egyptian species, and grapes can be grown only in small quantity, and the vine requires to be dusted over with sulphur. On the other hand, the pasture is much better from the rains in summer, and sustains a far greater quantity of sheep and cattle.

The causes which determine the limits of the winter, and of the summer rain districts, are to be sought for in the prevaling wind currents. In winter the equatorial or return winds from the north-west prevail. As they proceed southward from the equator into a colder latitude, they cool down, and when in contact with the polar upper current from the south-east, their moisture suffers condensation, and comes down on the Cape peninsula in copious rains. At the same season of the year, in the Eastern districts, these north-west winds, already deprived of their moisture from passing over the high lands to the west, and the Kalahari desert, bring dry winters. In summer, again, the south-easterly winds blow, and bring occasional rains in the Eastern parts. Rain inland is usually preceded by a hot-wind day with a low barometer. This wind from the north-west gives way at nightfall to the south-east cold current, and frequently it rains on the following day. On the east coast of Kaffraria rain sometimes comes from that quarter, but inland the heavy or sea-rains come after the wind veers round to the south-west, which the south-east wind then often does. The prevalence of the south-east current in summer, and the north-west in winter, is accounted for naturally enough on Maury's theory. The wind prevailing from the equator to the tropic of Capricorn is the south-east trade wind, and beyond the tropic the north-west return wind blows toward the south pole, both as lower currents, always with reverse upper currents. South Africa, though beyond the tropic, is at the beginning of the trade wind, and this wind blows throughout the summer. The wind belts, however, follow the sun, and in winter when the sun travels into the northern hemisphere, the line dividing the polar and the return currents shifts northward, and places South Africa in the belt of the north-west or equatorial return wind.

The same principle will partially account for years of drought. Owing to astronomical and other disturbing causes, the wind-belts do not in different years occupy the self-same position. If in any year they are dragged a little farther south or away from the equator, that virtually pushes South Africa deeper into the trade-wind region, and has the same effect as if a particular locality were shifted farther north towards the Kalahari desert, where the aridity from position in the regular trade-wind region is extreme. Such a year is a year of

drought. On the contrary, when the system of trade-wind belts shifts nearer the equator, South Africa is placed in the belt of the return equatorial current, or in the narrow belt of variable winds which lies between it and the trade-wind belt, and such a year is changeable and rainy like the extra-tropical region.

Enough has now been said on the general theory of the climate in South Africa; but before going into details it may be as well to summarise what of this applies to the south-eastern portion. South-east Africa has a dry climate, because it is at the point where the south-east trade-wind descends from being an upper current, and this wind is dry though coming over the vast Indian and Southern Ocean, partly because it is an upper wind, and partly because its temperature in nearing the equator is constantly rising. South-east winds prevail in summer, and north-west winds are more frequent in winter than in summer, because the sun drags the wind-belts south in summer, and thus pushes South-east Africa deeper into the trade-wind belt, while in winter it drags them north, and places the country in the belt of the variable wind, or partially into the belt of the equatorial return current. Years of drought and of excess of rain may be accounted for on the same principle, that due to astronomical or general causes the wind-belts go farther south or north, and place the country for the time virtually nearer the dry Kalahari climate, or else nearer the wetter climate south of the Cape, a locality which is undoubtedly wetter, though there is no island there to show it.

In going into matters of detail, it will be convenient to select some one spot as a centre of observation; and Lovedale, one hundred and thirty miles north from Algoa Bay, and seventy-five miles from the Indian Ocean drawing a line due east, will serve the purpose. One of the anomalies which meet an observer in meteorology here is the confused and irregular action of the barometer. You observe parching dryness coming with a low barometer, and when the barometer rises it rains. After a deluge of rain with a barometer far from low, a sudden fall of the mercury is observed, and you expect a second deluge, but in place of that the sky immediately clears up. Such things as these have led many people to imagine that the barometer in South Africa is turned upside down, or that it is so utterly

irregular as to be valueless. The subject, however, admits of elucidation, and rightly understood the barometer here is as reliable as it is anywhere. The obscurity is occasioned from confusing of two distinct causes, the rise and fall due to the shifting of the wind, and that due to the presence or withdrawal of moisture. In Great Britain a change of wind from the north east or polar current to the south-west or equatorial current, causes a fall of half an inch in the mercurial column, when the degree of humidity remains the same. Humidity again may cause a fall of as much as an inch and a half. Here in latitude thirty-two degrees south, the proportion is totally different. Out of a range of a range of say five-tenths of an inch, a fall of four-tenths would be due to a shifting of the wind from the north-west to the south-east, or from the equatorial to the polar current, and one-tenth only to excess of moisture. Taking this into view, and also that our rain-wind is the polar current from the sea, the anomaly disappears. The case is thus :—some day the barometer is observed to stand a tenth of an inch below twenty-eight (Lovedale is one thousand eight hundred feet above the sea-level), and that day is a day of scorching hot wind from the north-west. Towards night the south-east polar wind sets in, and the barometer rises. It ought to rise four-tenths of an inch were the degree of moisture unchanged, but it rises only three-tenths, the missing tenth being due to the presence of moisture, and then from the mingling of the hot and cold currents there is a precipitation. Here there is rain with a rise of the barometer, but obviously there is no irregularity. At home the changes in the mercurial column from the shifting of the wind are neglected by popular observers, and the changes due to the presence or absence of moisture are comparatively so great that the neglect of the other causes no confusion. It is otherwise in this country ; and no indications of the mercury are reliable without comparison and subtraction. The indications of coming rain are numerous enough in the Cape peninsula. One of the best is when the fibrous cirri shoot across and cover the upper sky. Even animal indications are worth something. The call of the rain-bird or bokmakiri (the exact syllables of its call) is believed to portend rain. But in dry inland South-east Africa all these rain signs are utterly unreliable, and merely show the presence of humidity—nothing more.

There is one and only one infallible sign of rain, seen in the character of the cloud bank which stands over the Indian Ocean eighty miles off, and observable from the hill tops. When these clouds are seen standing like grim sentinels round the horizon from south-east to south-west, towering up into lofty white peaks, of a sharp, well-defined form, and evidently charged with electricity, rain will certainly come in two days, though not necessarily from that quarter. It was noted above, that a hot-wind day with a very low barometer—one-tenth of an inch below twenty-eight at Lovedale, is usually followed by rain, but it does not rain if the barometer fall to twenty-eight only. The colonial farmers remark that when the Amatolas are snowed in winter, there is often more rain in the following summer. They are probably right. The snowing of this range supposes, on the view stated above, that on such a year the wind-belts are farther north, so as to push South Africa more into the belt of the variable winds, or the beginning of the equatorial return wind, thus causing snow in winter and the expectation of more rain in summer.

A question has been raised, whether the moon has any influence on the weather, and on this point the opinion of some meteorologists comes into direct collision with the popular belief that it has. Certain scientific men have taken all the new moons for twenty years, and by comparing the cases where a change of weather followed, with those where there was none, they found that there was no appreciable difference in the totals, and concluded that the weather is unaffected by the moon. Others have compared the rain-fall in the first quarters with that in the last quarters, with a like result. Their conclusions, however, are totally vitiated by an unfortunate oversight. The moon's declination, or distance from the equator, at one new moon may be thirty degrees north of the line, and at the next may be thirty degrees south of the line, a total of sixty degrees, which is very much more than the forty-seven degrees of the sun's declination, which is the cause of summer and winter. It stands to reason, that if the moon have any influence on the weather at all, it must have a different if not an opposite effect with sixty degrees difference of position. These meteorologists have lumped opposite things together, and have made the results in one

set of instances neutralize the results in another. No valid conclusion can be reached, unless those cases are sifted out and compared, where the moon has the same declination. We are disposed to think with the vulgar, that the weather is affected by the moon, which may slightly disturb the balance of the prevailing wind currents; but owing to its complexity the subject has not yet been elucidated. A fact, which possibly is connected with it, may be observed here. The same kind of weather has frequently been noticed to recur on the same day of the week, and on one occasion this took place for eleven weeks running. Thus, Friday was a hot-wind day; on Saturday it rained; Sunday, the same; on Monday, it cleared up; Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday were days of bright sunshine; Friday, another hot-wind day; Saturday, rain; and so on, with the same sequence. The only period with which the week coincides is the moon's quarters; but whether this is the connection, or whether in some unknown way the seven-day period is impressed upon nature otherwise, cannot at present be determined. This period certainly has a place in the constitution of man, as is seen in fevers, in the need for a seventh day of rest, and so on.

In speaking of climate and rainfall, one cannot help regretting the reckless denudation which goes on year by year, from the cutting down of mimosas and other trees for firewood. Every tree is a conductor of electricity, and the cutting down of trees removes those conductors which help to deprive clouds of their electric charge, and to make them collapse and come down in rain. The effect on the rainfall of a country is the same as shearing off the hill-tops would have. The exposure of the soil, too, allows the grass to become scorched up, and the soil thus becomes heated, and sends up a current of dry hot air. When the rain clouds come in contact with this hot ascending current, they bound upwards and pass on without letting fall a drop of rain. The planting of trees has invariably been followed by a greater annual rainfall, and a better distribution of the rain throughout the year. The subject is of sufficient importance to demand Government attention and interference. The rainfall of South-East Africa is small, but might be made to go much farther than it does by being stored up in dams. It is nonsense, however, to talk of constructing dams for irrigating wheat-fields. The quantity

of water absorbed by a parched field is so enormous, that dams would be out of sight too costly. Were silk-culture introduced, dams would be profitable to cultivate a small area of mulberry trees.

In connection with the subject of climate, some general remarks are due on the plants of South Eastern Africa.

The grasses are specifically different from those of England, and there is one comprehensive difference between them. English grasses stand frost easily, while the grasses here are utterly blasted by hoar-frost and rendered unfit for use, even as hay. On the other hand, the African grasses stand drought to an astonishing extent. The ground may be perfectly bare, but the carpet of matted, sometimes bulbous, roots remains below, and with two or three days of soaking rain, the landscape turns from brown to olive, from olive to green. The rhododendron bears well the frost of an English winter, but cannot stand the dry hot winds of South Africa. The oleander, or Ceylon rose, the bignonia, and the plumbago, can bear the hot winds and the drought of this country, but stand very little frost. The powers of plants to stand frost and to resist drought are in the inverse ratio of each other.

In this part of Africa we are quite beyond the coffee line, and it is found that even in Natal the coffee shrub does not thrive. Tea, however, has been tried there with success; and the tea-plant, which is found in a wild state as far as forty-five degrees from the equator, could readily be cultivated in the Colony. Such tea for want of suitable soil would not be suitable for export, but it would serve for home consumption, and would help to displace brandy among the natives. Cotton, owing to occasional frosts even near the sea, is at best a precarious crop here. The mulberry grows readily, and silk so far as tried has been found to possess a superior lustre. The culture of silk could most easily be introduced by importing emigrants from the silk-rearing districts of France, just as the culture of the vine was introduced by the Huguenots. Nobody has thought of trying the cork tree, which flourishes in the dry climate of Spain. It is rather long in coming into bearing for the present style of South African ideas. The evergreen oak might very well be substituted for the English oak. The olive would no doubt succeed. Wild olives of more than one species are plentiful. They are

specifically different from the cultivated olive, and their fruit is not an oil-producing berry.

Not less important than in relation to plants is the bearing of climate on health. The climate of South-Eastern Africa is on the whole healthier than the climate of England. The winters are dry, with the air clear, cool, and bracing. Within doors sixty-five degrees Fahrenheit is then a very common temperature, though it is colder outside at night, and hoar-frost is left on the grass in the morning. The temperature of early summer and of autumn is seventy-five degrees. From the 15th of December to the 15th of February, the temperature ranges from seventy-eight degrees to eighty-five degrees, but on a hot-wind day it rises to ninety-nine degrees. Except for a short time at midsummer, the night air is cooler, and people coming from England are agreeably surprised to find that the heat is not relaxing, which is due to the great dryness of the air, and the presence of an unusual quantity of ozone. Owing to the dry, warm, stimulating character of the air, English people coming here with chest complaints frequently recover. Malarious fever is unknown till you go up as far as Natal, where it is found on the sea-coast but not of a severe type. Epidemic diseases are not common. There is one and only one dangerous point about the climate—sudden changes. It was believed that these which everybody felt were changes in the temperature, but that is a mistaken idea, for a change ofmore than thirty degrees is not common, and when it does happen the lower limit is never near the freezing point, and therefore not dangerous. The dangerous change is from parching hot air to complete saturation. On the afternoon of a hot-wind day about two o'clock, the wet-bulb thermometer in the Observatory at Lovedale stood thirty-five degrees below the dry-bulb. This implied that the dew-point was about sixty degrees below the then temperature of the air, or that there was sixty degrees of dryness. Fourteen degrees of dryness, or a difference of seven degrees between the wet and dry bulbs, would be a tolerable degree of dryness in England. Here it was more than four times as great, and yet the same night the air was full of fog, implying complete saturation. This is the dangerous change. Children here are sometimes observed of an evening to be in a moribund state with false croup, and next day they are perfectly

well. The dry air had suddenly become loaded with fog, and next day it became warm and dry again. Bronchitis and inflammatory diseases of chest are very common here. Reasonable precautions might prevent any danger from this sudden change. A fire should be put on to make the air virtually drier, and external stimulants should be applied to the chest, such as mustard leaves, tincture of cayenne pepper, and friction. There are two critical seasons in the year for people with weak chests, in spring and in autumn, when night fogs prevail. This critical point is reached in spring, when the sun begins to be strong while the air is still cold. The moisture of day condenses into fog with the cold night air. There is a corresponding point in autumn, when the sun is still strong but the air becomes cold. In summer when the sun and air are both hot, and in winter when the air is dry and the sun weak, there is no fog. These fogs prevail wherever a cold wind from the sea reaches the spot during the night. Bloemfontein and portions of the Transvaal are too far inland to be affected by sea-fogs, and accordingly they enjoy a climate which for persons with affections of the chest is one of the healthiest in the world. But even with the drawback just stated, South Africa is very favourable to people of this class, if they take proper precautions. The salubrity of the air depends a good deal on local situation. In this neighbourhood, when the air at night on the surrounding heights feels warm and balmy, if you descend into the valley the air feels raw and cold. This is due to the humidity from the river and from the water-course which irrigates the low grounds. Night-fogs prevail below, when there are none above, and in winter there is a well defined line on the slopes surrounding the valley, up to which the ground is white with hoar-frost, and above which there is none. Experienced travellers in camping out at night select an airy height for placing their wagon, or pitching their tent, not a sheltered hollow which they know to be raw and cold. People with weak chests should avoid a house with a low situation near water. A high site is warmer and healthier. To people living in Africa, there are two changes of climate within reach —by going to the mountain and to the sea. At midsummer, when the air is hot and suffocating, the mountain air of the Amatolas and of the Katberg is delightfully cool and bracing. The winter climate

of these high lands is raw and misty. The sea-side is also most agreeable during the hot weather. There is almost always a cool breeze off the sea, and the temperature seldom rises above eighty degrees.

Σ

Lovedale, July, 1879.

Spring.

Once more I bid thee welcome, lovely Spring,
And try, thy praise, in carols sweet to sing!
All nature, at thy advent seems to smile,
And man prepares to till the ground meanwhile;
Within the earth he plants the golden grain,
To fructify, by aid of gentle rain.
The Snowdrop first proclaims that Spring is near,
Which promises hereafter boundless cheer.
The Violet, with sweet retiring grace,
Likes not, though beautiful, to show her face,—
True virtue seeks not praise by boastful deeds,
But silently attends to others needs.
So thus inclined, to follow Virtue's plan,
The modest Violet hides from eye of man.
The Primrose shoots her tender leaves so fair;
While chirping fly Spring's heralds through the air,
All flowrets choice, and rare their fragrance spread
The Roses bloom both yellow, white and red.
Can anything appear, by Heaven, more bless'd
Than earth when in her Summer glory dress'd.

M. A. B.

July, 1879.

The Constitution of Matter.

A LITTLE more than six months ago, a remarkable paper was communicated to the Royal Society of London. It bore this title, "A discussion of the working hypothesis, that the so-called elements are compound bodies," and was read by Mr. Norman Lockyer, well known as a leader in spectroscopic research. As I read that paper, and tried to frame for myself a mental picture of this more concrete form of an old view of the constitution of matter, it occurred to me that, to some of the readers of the *Cape Monthly Magazine*, a short statement of the prevailing ideas concerning that matter which surrounds us on every side, might not be uninteresting. Such a statement will be found in the following pages. It must be remembered, however, that the subject is not an easy one: that it has exercised the deepest thought of some of the deepest minds of our time: that from beginning to end it is a chain of reasoning. The reader must, therefore, bear with the writer, and forgive the want of clearness in thought, and the inadequate expression in words, of each of which there may, nay must, be many examples. Two alternative courses seemed open: to set down merely the results arrived at; or to give such account as is admissible in these pages of the methods by which these results have been reached. Of these the former appeared by far the easier; the latter by far the more preferable. For those who care to consider such a subject as this at all, will not grudge the expenditure of some little thought: while those who seek only light reading will at once be repelled by the title which heads the article. The latter course is, therefore, the one chosen.

At the outset, a claim must be entered for that real existence of matter which has been doubted by Berkeley and the Idealist school. Holding in my hand a silver coin, I maintain that this piece of matter has a real objective existence. If an Idealist enter a protest, and contend that all that I have any right to assert is, that I have certain impressions of weight, of resistance, of bright lustre, and so forth, I am perfectly ready to agree with him. All that I ask is: How are these impressions caused? That they are caused from

without no Idealist will deny. All that he will maintain in sober earnest will be this: that the silver coin has no existence except in relation to my consciousness. Here I am not so ready to agree with him. For if the coin have no separate existence, then these impressions have been produced by nothing, or that which a moment ago was nothing: which is neither sound sense nor sound philosophy. If, however, the Idealist will be content with the less sweeping assertion, that all I can *know* about matter, is the manner in which it affects my consciousness, I am ready once more to agree with him, though I consider it rather a pompous way of stating the obvious truth that I cannot know more about it than I can. And yet this truth, obvious as it is, carries with it an all-important implication, which it was the object of this paragraph to elicit, that we can never know the *ultimate constitution* of that which we call matter. "Our states of consciousness are mere symbols of an outside entity, which produces them and determines the order of their succession, but the real nature of which we can never know."

It being, therefore, impossible to attain to an ultra physical knowledge of matter, we must rest content with such knowledge as is attainable by the accredited processes of science. Nor need this necessary limitation be to us a subject for regret, since, while it relieves us of the task of discussing such metaphysical points as the ultimate divisibility of matter, it leaves us free to deal with every point which can be of practical interest to mankind.

To begin, then, with the simplest classification of things material which presents itself to us, all substances are divisible into solids, liquids, and gases, of which the earth, the sea, and the atmosphere, are sufficiently obvious examples. At first sight each of these states of matter seems separated from the others, by a well-marked line of division; so that most men fancy that they could unhesitatingly decide whether a given substance were a solid, a liquid, or a gas. But in this they are mistaken. As Andrews has shown, "the gaseous and the liquid states are only distant stages in the same condition of matter, and are capable of passing into one another by a process of continuous change." At a temperature of about thirty-one degrees centigrade, and at a pressure of about seventy-four atmospheres, or one thousand one hundred and ten pounds on the

square inch, the dividing line between liquid carbonic acid,* and its vapour vanishes. Nor is the line of demarcation between solids and liquids much more decided. It is not easy to say, for example, whether pitch in certain states is solid or liquid. For practical purposes, however, the following definitions hold good. A gas is that which has no definite bounding surface, and which tends to diffuse itself equally throughout any vessel in which it is enclosed; while a liquid is that which has a definite bounding surface, and which is composed of particles that tend to flow downwards by their own weight alone; all other bodies being solids. A somewhat curious reversal of first impressions follows from the above definitions. A soft tallow candle would be said by most men to approach more nearly to the liquid state than a hard stick of sealing-wax. If each of these two objects, however, be supported at either end, the middle portion being free, the sealing wax will be found to become slowly bent, the particles tending to flow downwards by their own weight alone, thus proving itself, according to the above definition, a liquid, while the tallow candle will remain unbent.

Such reversals of common sense judgments, by that trained and educated common sense which is called science, are by no means uncommon. And it is strange that many should be found to uphold the hasty dicta of uneducated common sense, in opposition to the carefully verified conclusions of educated common sense. That great heat, and even flame, should result from pouring water on metallic potassium, is certainly not in accordance with the views of ordinary common sense; and to purify water which contains lime in solution by adding more lime, seems the height of absurdity. And yet educated common sense sees nothing absurd in these well known facts. In these cases, indeed, the questions at issue are so readily put to the test of experiment, that nescience readily gives way to science But there are a multitude of questions which do not admit of such ready exemplification, and with regard to these nescience, forgetful that she has repeatedly been proved to be in error, holds her own Time, however, gradually brings about the desired change And just as water, by continually dropping wears away the stone,

* Carbonic anhydride.

so does truth by an equally gradual process displace error. There was a time when astronomical results, dealing with the relatively great in nature, met with much disapproval at the hands of the common sense folk, but this has passed away, and now men talk with an easy conscience of magnitudes and distances of almost inconceivable vastness. At the same time, the tide of scepticism has turned towards the relatively small in nature: and when the physicist speaks of the motions, weights, and sizes of material particles, which would require more than twice the magnifying power of the most searching microscope ever made to bring them to the verge of visibility, the man of ordinary common sense quietly refuses to believe in their existence. This then is a tendency to be carefully guarded against by those who would attempt to grasp the modern view of the constitution of matter.

For many reasons it will be well to consider gaseous matter first: and for this among others. If different liquids be heated through the same range of temperature, they exhibit *different* amounts of expansion; whereas, if different gases be heated through the same range of temperature, they exhibit the *same* amount of expansion. Thus, for example, alcohol and ether equally heated expand at different rates; but the vapours of these liquids, at a high temperature, exhibit like amounts of expansion for like increments of heat. Here, then, we see that, in converting liquids into gases, at any rate one point of diversity has been eliminated. Nor is this all: so close is the common resemblance among gases, that it may be laid down as a fundamental law, *that equal volumes of all substances when in the state of gas, and under like conditions, contain the same number of molecules.*

Now this word *molecules* touches the keynote of much that follows in this resumé. The view of the constitution of matter which has first to be presented to the reader is known as the molecular theory, and it maintains that all matter is built up of small particles called molecules; that these molecules are in all cases constantly vibrating; that in gases they are moving about with extreme rapidity, always in straight lines except when they come into collision with each other, or with the sides of the vessel which contains them: that in liquids they are bound together, but not so rigidly as to prevent their rolling over each other, and thus traversing all parts of the

liquid: and that in solids they are bound together so firmly that they cannot change their relative positions.

Of these conditions then in which matter is found to exist, the gaseous condition first claims our attention. And it will be necessary to remind the reader of two ascertained facts concerning the pressures which gases exert before we proceed to the molecular explanation of these facts. The first of these facts is, that if, by means of compression, the space which a gas occupies be diminished, the pressure which the gas exerts increases proportionally to this diminution of space. If, for example, the space which a gas occupies be diminished one-half the pressure will be doubled; if the space be reduced to one-third, the pressure will be trebled. The second of these facts is that the pressure which a gas exerts is proportional to its absolute temperature. The term absolute temperature, however, needs definition; for it must be remembered that our ordinary thermometers, whether on the centigrade or fahrenheit scale, give relative, not absolute readings. The absolute scale is not difficult of comprehension. If we represent accurately by converging lines the amount of contraction which a gas undergoes, as it is cooled from the boiling point to the freezing point of water, a range of temperature which is divided into one hundred degrees; and if these converging lines be produced until they meet, the point of their intersection may be marked the zero of an absolute scale, on which scale the freezing point of water will be found to be 273·7 degrees, and the boiling point 373·7 degrees. Such, then, being an absolute scale of temperature, it is found as a matter of fact that if the temperature of a gas be doubled, the pressure which the gas exerts will also be doubled: if it be trebled the pressure will also be trebled.

Passing now from the facts themselves to the molecular explanation of the facts, we shall not meet with any insurmountable difficulty. We have already seen that in gases, according to the molecular theory, there are great numbers of particles moving about with extreme rapidity, and always in straight lines, except when they come into collision with each other, or with the sides of the vessel which encloses them. That the space occupied by a gas is not completely filled, but is *partially* occupied by particles separated by vacant spaces, seems to be proved by the fact, that into a glass

globe, so filled with steam that water ceases to evaporate into the vessel unless raised above its boiling-point, as much alcohol vapour will rise as if no steam were present; and that into the space, thus partially occupied, as much ether vapour will rise as if there were no steam, and no vapour of alcohol. The molecules of each gas move in the interspaces between those of the other gases, and exercise precisely that pressure which they would exercise if no other gases were present. With regard to the collisions of molecules it may be noted that these particles probably never come into actual contact, but spring apart by the action of an inherent repulsive force, which force is such, that if the distance between any two molecules be halved, the mutual repulsion becomes thirty-two times as great; if the distance be reduced to one-third the repulsion becomes two hundred and forty-three times as great.* A gas, therefore, to repeat once more, is composed of rapidly moving particles which are continually encountering each other and the sides of the containing vessel. Now it is this constant bombardment of the sides of the vessel by so vast a number of molecules that constitutes the pressure of a gas; and the amount of that pressure depends upon three things, the weight (mass) of each molecule, the number of molecules, and the average rate at which they are moving.

Let us, for the sake of clearness, consider, first, one simple elementary gas. Oxygen shall be our example. We have to deal, then, with the weights and numbers of the oxygen molecules, and with the rates at which they are moving. At the outset an important question has to be put and answered. Has every molecule of this gas the same weight, or are there variations of weight among the molecules? That we are able to give a definite answer to this question has been rendered possible by the valuable experimental researches of Graham. Some results of these researches may be here set down If a large glass vessel be filled with such a gas as carbonic acid, its top being covered with a thin plate of block lead, it is found that the gas will, by a process termed diffusion, pass out of the vessel through the block lead cover: and it may be noted in passing, that this diffusion is itself a proof that the molecules of the gas are in motion.

* The repulsion is inversely as the fifth power of the distance.— MAXWELL.

The same will be the case if the vessel be filled with any other gas; hydrogen for example: nor will diffusion take place any the less if the vessel contain a mixture of the two gases. But in the case of such a mixture, the two gases will not pass out at the same rate. The light hydrogen will diffuse more rapidly than the heavy carbonic acid; and it is found to hold good as a general law, that the lighter the gas the more rapid the diffusion. A quantitative relation, moreover, is found to underlie the qualitative relation thus generally expressed. If the molecules of one gas are four times as light as those of another, they diffuse twice as rapidly; if they are nine times as light they will diffuse three times as rapidly; if they are sixteen times as light they will diffuse four times as rapidly. Here, then, we have a method by means of which light molecules may be separated from heavy molecules; and if the molecules of oxygen have different weights we shall be able to separate them by this method. Such separation is, however, found to be impracticable; and we are, therefore, justified in asserting that *every molecule of oxygen has the same weight.*

The velocity of these molecules next claims our attention; and here again a question must be put and answered. Under like conditions has every molecule the same velocity, or are there differences of velocity among the molecules? To this question Professor Clerk Maxwell gives us a definite answer as the outcome of mathematical calculation. "Of the molecules composing a given system," he says, "some are moving very slowly, a very few are moving with enormous velocities, and the greater number with intermediate velocities." It therefore appears that the rate of motion of the oxygen molecules is highly variable: nevertheless we may, without much difficulty, ascertain the average velocity: and in speaking hereafter of velocity this average velocity is implied. In any cubical vessel there is a continual molecular bombardment of all the sides. For the sake of simplicity, however, as well as for mathematical calculation, we may divide the molecules into three companies, of which companies one is shooting rapidly backwards and forwards, another upwards and downwards, and the third from side to side: and a further simplification may be introduced by combining together all the molecules forming one company into one mass: so that the molecular bombard-

ment of one side of the cube or, what comes to the same thing, the pressure on that side, is due to the impact of one-third of the total number of molecules. Now it is found that the pressure on any particular side can be ascertained by multiplying the weight of a molecule of the gas, by the number of molecules occupied in the bombardment of this side, and by the square of their velocity. Since, however, we have formed all the bombarding molecules into one mass, which mass is one-third of the total weight of the gas, we may also say that the pressure of any gas on one side of a cubical vessel is equal to one-third of the weight of the gas in the cube, multiplied by the square of the molecular velocity. Here then we get an equation which connects together the pressure, the weight, and the molecular velocity of a gas, of which the pressure and the weight can be experimentally ascertained ; it, therefore, follows that the molecular velocity can be readily calculated. In this way the average velocity of the oxygen molecules, at the temperature of freezing water, and at the ordinary atmospheric pressure, has been found to be about one thousand five hundred and twenty-four feet one second.

Having now arrived at two conclusions with regard to the molecules of oxygen, that they are all of the same weight, and that they move with an average velocity of about one thousand five hundred and twenty-four feet in a second, we are in a position to grasp the molecular explanation of the facts concerning gaseous pressure which were before set forth. The pressure of a gas depends on the number of molecules, the rate at which they move, and the weight of a molecule. If now we compress a gas, so that the space which it occupies is diminished by one-half, we do not alter the weight of the molecules, nor do we affect the rate at which they move, but we double the number of molecules in any given portion of the space : and twice the number of particles of the same weight moving at the same velocity produce double the pressure. If, on the other hand, we double the absolute temperature, we affect neither the number of molecules nor their weights, but we double their rates of motion : and the same number of particles of the same weight moving at twice the velocity entail a doubled pressure. From these laws thus stated in terms of the molecular theory, there follows a

corollary to which attention must be drawn, but of which detailed exposition is needless. It may be thus formulated. Under the same conditions of temperature and pressure, the same volume of oxygen always contains the same number of molecules.

We may now take into our field of view other gases besides oxygen.

That equal volumes of different gases have, under the same conditions of temperature and pressure, different weights, cannot be doubted by any one who has witnessed the ascent of a hydrogen balloon; and that this difference of weight in aggregates of molecules is due to differences of weight in the molecules themselves, is proved by the experimental researches on diffusion above alluded to. We have now to consider what will be the result of mixing two gases. In the first place it may be ascertained experimentally, that the two gases will come to the same temperature; and in the second place it can be proved mathematically that the bombarding power of a single molecule of one gas, is under like conditions precisely equivalent to the bombarding power of a single molecule of any other gas, the lighter molecules making up by their greater velocity for their shortcomings in weight. For example, a hydrogen molecule is sixteen times as light as a molecule of oxygen; but its velocity of motion being four times as great, the bombarding power of both molecules is the same. That which is here called the bombarding power of molecules is found by multiplying the weight of a molecule by the square of its velocity. Now it will be remembered that the pressure of a gas is found by multiplying this bombarding power of a molecule by the number of molecules occupied in the bombardment. So that in the case of any two gases (contained in similar cubical vessels) at the *same pressure,* and under similar conditions of temperature, there are three things to be considered, the bombardment of one face of the vessel which is the same in each case since the pressures are the same, the bombarding power of each molecule which, we have just seen, is the same in any two gases under like conditions, and the number of molecules occupied in the bombardment *which must also be the same*, for otherwise the pressures would be unequal. Here then we arrived at that fundamental law of gases of which the bare statement has been given above, that equal volumes of all substances when in

the state of gas, and under like conditions contain the same number of molecules.

From this law it follows that we can ascertain the relative weights of the molecules of gases. For since the number of molecules is the same in equal volumes of any two gases under like conditions, it follows that the relative weights of the molecules will be the same as the relative weights of the aggregates of the same number of molecules. For practical purposes, however, we require some standard for the comparison of these weights; and the molecule of hydrogen, the lightest gas known, has been chosen as the standard, the weight of the half molecule of this gas being termed a microcrith, which it must be remembered is, despite its extreme minuteness, and the not improbably novel sound of its name, just as real and definite a unit of weight as a pound or a ton. Why the *half-molecule* should be chosen as the unit will be seen in the sequel.

A summary of our physical knowledge of gases may now be given. A cubic inch of any gas at the temperature of freezing water, and at the ordinary pressure of the atmosphere, contains a definite number of molecules, a number that has been calculated by Sir Wm. Thomson to 10^{28} or one hundred thousand million, million, million: each of these molecules weighs a certain definite number of microcriths which number is different in different gases, that of hydrogen being two, that of oxygen thirty-two: each of these molecules, also, moves in straight lines except when it encounters the sides of a containing vessel or one of its fellows, such mutual encounters taking place in hydrogen about 17,500,000,000 times in every second; and each molecule travels in the intervals between the encounters at a certain average velocity, which velocity depends upon the nature of the gas, that of hydrogen being about six thousand and ninety-seven feet per second, that of oxygen about one thousand five hundred and twenty-four feet per second. Increase of pressure upon a gas increases proportionally the number of molecules in a given space, without affecting their rates of motion. Increase of the temperature of the gas entails a proportionate increase of the rate of motion, without affecting the number of molecules.

The foregoing summary holds good only for perfect gases: for gases near their point of condensation, for bodies in that half way

state between gas and liquid, which has before been mentioned, it does not hold good. Nor does it, nor anything like it, hold good for liquids; to the molecular constitution of which we may now devote some space

It has already been pointed out that one of the main points or difference between gases and liquids is, that whereas the former have no definite bounding surface, and tend to diffuse themselves equally throughout any vessel in which they are enclosed, the latter have a definite bounding surface and do not thus tend to diffuse themselves equally throughout any enclosing vessel. In liquids, in fact, the molecules are so close together, as to be within the sphere of each other's influence, and are bound together by a definite force, that of cohesion, from which force gases have been emancipated. This force restrains the vast majority of individual molecules within the mass, while it leaves them perfectly free to move among themselves. Here and there, however, in liquids as in gases, there are molecules whose velocity greatly exceeds the average velocity. Now if any of the molecules at the surface of a liquid have such excessive velocities, and if they are moving *from* the liquid, they will escape from those forces which retain the other molecules as constituents of the liquid, and will fly about as vapour outside the liquid—(Maxwell). Here, then, we have the molecular explanation of the well known phenomenon of evaporation, a phenomenon which becomes more marked as the velocity of the molecules is increased by increment of temperature: the explanation of the companion phenomenon of condensation being analogous; the more slowly moving molecules of a vapour, being entangled in the contiguous surface of a liquid, especially when their velocity is decreased by cooling, thus become integral parts of that liquid, and are subject to the restraining force of cohesion.

The theoretical figure which an aggregate of such molecules, capable of free motion among each other, would assume under the influence of such a restraining force, is readily arrived at. That the excursions of each molecule in any mass of liquid are limited by the attraction of the whole is a necessary consequence of the existence of a restraining force. And that this attraction may be regarded as proceeding from a single point, the centre of gravity, follows from the

first principles of mechanics. If now we picture to ourselves the molecules within the liquid, we see them rolling over their fellows throughout the mass until they reach a certain boundary line at which the attraction of the whole prevents in each case further excursion; here the molecules are forced to turn back, and that this boundary line must at all points be equidistant from the centre of attraction is obvious without further consideration. The theoretical figure which an aggregate of freely moving molecules, subject to cohesive force, will assume, will therefore be a sphere, and that this theoretical figure is the one actually assumed is abundantly proved in every rain-drop of a thunder shower.

Viewed under the strongest microscope, such a rain-drop shows absolutely no signs of its inner structure; but were the power of that microscope to be doubled it might be that the molecular structure would emerge into visibility, for Sir William Thomson has endeavoured to reach by calculation that which may not be reached by sight. The nature of these calculations would be wholly out of place here, but the results to be arrived at by several distinct processes may be indicated by means of the following homely illustration:— "If we conceive a sphere of water as large as a pea to be magnified to the size of the earth, each molecule being magnified to the same extent, the magnified structure would be coarser grained than a heap of small lead shot, but less coarse grained than a heap of cricket balls."

We may now briefly summarize our physical knowledge of liquids as follows: Liquids are built up of molecules which are constantly within the range of each other's action; these molecules are in rolling motion but not in straight lines; the number of molecules in a cubic inch is very great, but has not been determined with anything like certainty. Increase of heat increases the rapidity of motion in different liquids in different degrees. Increase of pressure increases but very slightly the number of molecules in a cubic inch.

Passing now from matter in a liquid state to matter existing as solid, we find that it is then characterized by the possession of rigidity, and not unfrequently by a definite visible structure, both of which result from the fact that the molecules are here more closely within the range of each other's action than is the case with liquids. They are thus prevented from changing their relative positions, and are

often bound together in a definite and symmetrical order. That many of the commonest solids have crystalline structures must have come under the notice of the most casual observer, while the study of these structures, their classification, the accurate measurement of the angles which they present, and the close scrutiny of their inner structure as revealed by polarized light, constitute now a special and not unimportant branch of science. Now the molecular theory maintains that the symmetry of the structure is due to the symmetrical aggregation of the molecules.

That we can grasp the idea of molecular force is one of the points in which the knowledge of to-day differs from the knowledge of the ancients. In place of the atoms, falling and flying through space, hitting each other, and clinging together by imaginary claws and hooks, which Democritus and his followers pictured to themselves, we have the modern scientific conception of molecules coming together by their own mutual attractions ; for that the gravitation of masses results from mutual molecular attractions has been familiar to the world since the time of Newton. More than this : we now know that under the influence of certain forces, the molecules are endowed with sides or poles, the like poles repelling each other, the unlike poles attracting each other ; for that the polarity of a magnet is the result of the polarity of its constituent molecules is a conclusion which seems to be forced upon us. Break a magnetized strip of steel in halves : treat the halves in the same way ; repeat the process a thousand times ; and in every case the result of fracture will be polar magnets : continue that process in thought which the clumsiness of our fingers prevents us from continuing in fact, and the final result of the fractures must be polar molecules.

A simple and instructive experiment illustrates well the results which follow from the play of this polar force. Place over a magnet, or a pair of magnets, a sheet of white paper : over it scatter iron filings, and gently tap the paper. It is at once seen that the filings arrange themselves in a series of singular curves. As a result of the play of the polar force, there is thus a structural arrangement of the iron filings : and that the structure of crystals is due to a play of polar forces, to some extent at all events analogous to that which has here been exemplified, is the prevailing belief of scientific men.

Professor Tyndall sums up this belief in the following words: After describing the structure and cleavage of various crystals, he continues: "Looking at these beautiful edifices and their internal structure, the pondering mind has submitted to it the question: How have these crystals been built up? What is the origin of this crystalline architecture? Without crossing the boundary of experience, we can make no attempt to answer this question. We have, however, obtained clear conceptions of polar force. We know that polar force may be resident in the molecules or smallest particles of matter. We know that by the play of this force structural arrangement is possible. What, in relation to our present question, is the natural action of a mind furnished with this knowledge? It is compelled by its bias towards unity of principle to transcend experience, and endow the atoms and molecules of which these crystals are built with definite poles, whence issue attractions and repulsions for other poles. In virtue of this attraction and repulsion some poles are drawn together, some retreat from each other; atom is thus added to atom, and molecule to molecule, not boisterously or fortuitously, but silently and symmetrically, and in accordance with laws more rigid than those which guide a human builder when he places his bricks and stones together. From this play of invisible particles we see finally growing up before our eyes these exquisite structures, to which we give the name of crystals."

We may therefore regard solids as aggregates of molecules built up into definite rigid forms by the play of polar forces.

(*To be continued.*)

THE CAPE

MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

The Beginning of the European Occupation in South Africa.

(FROM DOCUMENTS IN THE CAPE ARCHIVES).

When delving in the mine of historical wealth which South Africa possesses in the old Dutch records, one cannot help a feeling of regret that so little use has yet been made of these interesting and valuable papers. Here is a narrative, almost continuous, of every event of importance that occurred in the Colony from its foundation until its transfer to the English; and yet we hardly know even the dates when the different early Governors assumed office, much less the particulars of their rule. The most complete of our histories does not attempt to go below the surface of occurrences of those times, and without access to these records it would not be possible to do so. One might as well attempt to erect a stately and solid edifice with nothing but unburned brick, as to compose a full and complete history of South Africa with only the materials that have hitherto been employed. In the hope of drawing attention to the value of our early archives, it has been suggested by His Excellency the Governor, that a few papers should be prepared and published, not exactly in the dry form of literal translations, but still giving accurately the contents of some of the older documents. The first of these articles has been arranged to cover a period of a few years preceding the landing of Mr. Van Riebeek and his party in April 1652 The titles of the documents upon which it is based will be found at the end.

On the 26th of July 1649, a document setting forth the advantages to be derived from the occupation of Table Valley was

presented at Amsterdam to the Directors of the United Netherlands Chartered East India Company. It was written by Leendert Jansz, or Janssen as the name would be written now, and bore his signature and that of Nicholas Proot. The style and wording of the document show that its author was a man of observation, but it contains no clue by which his position in the Company's service can be ascertained. He and Proot had resided in Table Valley for more than five months, and they could therefore speak from experience of its capabilities.

The *Haarlem*, one of the finest of the Company's ships, had put into Table Bay for fresh water and whatever else could be obtained, and in a winter gale had been driven ashore some distance beyond the mouth of Salt River. The strongly timbered vessel held together, and the crew succeeded in saving not only their own effects but the ship's stores and the cargo. In the immediate neighbourhood of the wreck there was neither fresh water nor shelter, and therefore when the Company's goods were secured as well as was possible against the weather, Janssen and Proot with the rest of the crew removed to Table Valley. Close by a stream of pure sweet water, on a site somewhere near the centre of the present city of Cape Town, they threw up a bank of earth for their protection, and encamped within it. They had saved vegetable seeds and garden tools from the wreck, and soon a plot of ground was placed under cultivation. Cabbages, pumpkins, turnips, onions, and various other vegetables throve as well as they had ever seen in any part of the world, and among them were men who had visited many lands. The natives came in friendship to trade with them, and brought horned cattle and sheep in such numbers for sale, that they were amply supplied with meat for themselves and had sufficient to spare for a ship that put in with eighty or ninety sick. Game in abundance fell under their guns, and fish was equally plentiful. They were here in spring and early summer, when the climate is perhaps the most delightful in the world. At length, after they had spent between five and six months very happily, the return fleet of 1648, under command of Wollebrant Geleynsen, put into Table Bay. The cargo of the *Haarlem* was conveyed to Salt River, and thence re-shipped for Europe. And when the fleet set sail, it bore away

from South Africa men whose reminiscences were of a pleasant and fruitful land, in which they had enjoyed health and peace and plenty.

The document which Janssen and Proot laid before the Directors of the East India Company took its tone from their experience. It pointed out many and great advantages, and overlooked all difficulties in the way of forming a settlement in Table Valley. The author considered it beyond doubt that fruit trees of every kind would thrive as well as vegetables had done in the garden made by the *Haarlem's* crew, that horned cattle and sheep could be purchased in plenty, that cows could be bred and cheese and butter made, and that hogs could be reared and fattened in numbers sufficient to supply the needs of the Company's ships. Then there were birds to be shot, and fish to be caught, and salt to be gathered. He pointed out how little was to be had at St. Helena, and how very necessary for the refreshment of the sick was a victualling station between the Nether lands and the great sources of trade in the East. Already there was ample experience of the benefits derived by the purchase of a few head of cattle and the gathering of wild herbs at the Cape.

There were sources of wealth also. Whales put into Table Bay at times in shoals, and could easily be made prize of. Seals were to be had in hundreds, and their oil and skins were valuable. The hides of the large antelopes would also in time readily find a market. The sickness caused in getting fresh water, by the men being compelled to wade in the surf at all seasons of the year, was referred to, and as a contrast, a jetty and wooden pipes were pointed out. The natives were spoken of as a people indeed without such institutions or forms of government as those of India, but peaceably disposed and capable of being taught. It was true that Netherlanders had sometimes been killed by them, but that was because other Europeans had taken their cattle by force. There was no doubt that they could learn the Dutch language, and in course of time could be educated in the Christian religion. Finally, the author expressed surprise that the enemies of the Netherlands had not already formed a settlement at the Cape, and with a small war fleet captured all of the Company's ships as they were about to pass.

The representations of Janssen and Proot found favour with the Directors, and they resolved to form such a victualling station as

was proposed, by maintaining a party of sixty or seventy men at the Cape. It was not the first time the plan had been spoken of in the meetings of the Chamber of Seventeen, but it would appear as if its advantages had never been made so apparent before. There was no undue haste, however, in carrying out the resolution, for it was not until the 25th of March 1651 that the details were laid down in the form of instructions to the Commanders of the ships *Dromedaris* and *Reiger* and the yacht *Goede Hoop*.

These vessels, which were destined to bring the party of occupation to our shores, were then lying in the harbour of Amsterdam. The *Dromedaris* was one of those old-fashioned Indiamen with broad square sterns and poops nearly as high as their main tops, such as can be seen depicted upon the great seal of the Company. Like all of her class, she was fitted for war as well as for trade, and carried an armament of eighteen great guns. The *Reiger* was smaller, with only one deck, which was flush. She was armed also, but the number of her guns is not stated. The *Goede Hoop* was merely a large decked boat, and was intended to remain at the Cape to perform any services that might be required of her.

The Commanders were directed to proceed to Table Bay, and to construct close to the Fresh River a wooden building, the materials for which they were to take with them. They were then to select a suitable site for a small fort, to contain space for the accommodation of seventy or eighty men, and to this fort when finished they were to give the name Good Hope. Four iron cannons were to be placed on each of its angles. As soon as they were in a condition to defend themselves, they were to take possession of sufficient rich and fertile ground for gardens, and also of suitable pasture land for cattle. The frame-work of some boats was to be taken out, and the boats when put together were to be employed in looking for passing ships and conducting them to the anchorage. All this being accomplished, the ships were to proceed to Batavia, leaving seventy men at the Cape. These men were to pay special attention to the cultivation of the gardens, so that the object might be attained for which the settlement was intended, which was to provide the crews of the passing ships with refreshments. They were to take care not to injure any of the natives in their persons or in their cattle, but were

to endeavour to gain their attachment by friendly treatment. A diary of all events was to be kept, and enquiries were to be made for anything that could tend to reduce the expenses or be of profit to the Company. A copy of the document signed by Janssen and Proot was annexed to these instructions for the guidance of the Commanders of the Expedition

The officer who was selected by the Directors to be the head of the settlement in South Africa had been previously a surgeon in their service. His name, according to modern spelling, was Johan Anthonie van Riebeek, but it is found in the records of his time spelt Riebeeck, Riebeecq, and Rietbeeck, the last of which forms shows the origin of the word and denotes that the family from which he sprang once resided by some reedy brook in the Low Countries. He subscribed himself usually Joan, though sometimes Jan van Riebeeck, and did not write at all a plain hand for his times. He had been a great voyager, and had seen many countries. The Directors placed in his hands the document drawn up by Janssen, that he might comment upon it, which he did at some length. He thought that the settlement could be enclosed with hedges of thorn bushes, such as he had seen in the Caribbees, and which constituted the chief defence of the islanders. He had noticed how hides were preserved in Siam, and how arrack was made in Batavia. He remembered what was the price of antelope skins in Japan when he was there, and he had seen a good deal of Northern China and believed that its varied productions would flourish at the Cape. In Greenland he had observed the process of procuring oil from whales and seals, and saw no difficulty in carrying it out in South Africa. At the Cape he had resided three weeks on shore, during the time the cargo of the *Haarlem* was being transferred from the beach at Salt River to the fleet under Wollebrant Geleynsen.

His opinions concerning the advantages of a settlement and the resources of the country coincided with those of Janssen, but they differed with respect to the character of the natives. Van Riebeek had frequently heard of white men being beaten to death by them, and he considered that it would be necessary in building the fort to provide for defence against them as well as against European enemies. He did not deny that they could learn the Dutch language, or that

Christianity could be propagated among them, but he spoke very cautiously on these points. If it were as Janssen appeared to believe, it would be a good thing, he observed. In this respect a clergyman would be able to perform the best service, and if the Company chose to be at the expense of maintaining one, his presence would tend to the improvement of the Europeans also.

In those days ships were not dispatched on long voyages with such expedition as at present, and hence it need not cause any surprise to find the *Dromedaris* and her consorts still in Netherland waters in December 1651. On the 4th of that month the Directors resolved that Mr. Van Riebeek should have power to convene the Broad Council of the ships, and should preside therein, or, in other words, he was appointed Commander-in-Chief of the little fleet.

On the 12th, additional instructions were issued concerning the Expedition. Precautions were to be observed against surprise by an enemy. No offence whatever was to be given to any one calling at the Cape, except to subjects of the King of Portugal residing within the limits of the Company's charter, who were open and declared foes. No representatives of any nation were to be interfered with who should attempt to form a settlement beyond the Company's boundaries, but marks of occupation were to be set up without delay wherever the ground was serviceable. The *Reiger* was to be sent to Batavia as soon as her cargo for the Cape should be landed. The *Dromedaris* was to remain in Table Bay until the completion of the fort. There were strange rumours concerning the designs of Prince Rupert, and although the Directors did not credit all they heard, it was necessary to be constantly on guard. Ships returning homewards from beyond the Cape were therefore to be warned to sail in company and to be always prepared for battle.

Attached to these instructions was an extract from a despatch of the Chamber of Middelburg, giving an account of Prince Rupert. One Captain Aldert, who had been cruising off the coast of Portugal had just arrived at Flushing, and stated that he had frequently met with the Prince's fleet of eight ships, all of heavy burthen, and had seen them plunder a vessel of Castile in which was a large amount of specie. The Prince had prevented him from making prize of a Portuguese ship laden with sugar. It was supposed that he intended

to proceed to St. Helena, and lie in wait there for the return fleet of the English East India Company.

On the 15th of December, the Directors named David Coninck, skipper of the *Dromedaris*, to succeed the Commander in case of any accident. The day following, Mr. Van Riebeek with his family and some relatives of whom he was guardian embarked in the *Dromedaris*, which vessel was still taking in stores for the voyage. Among the Commander's relatives who accompanied him were two nieces, Elizabeth and Sebastiana van Opdorp, both of whom were afterwards married in South Africa. In those days, when the United Provinces possessed the largest mercantile marine in the world, a considerable portion of the Dutch people lived constantly on the sea. Women lived on board ship with their husbands, and children were born and grew up almost as in a village on shore. Hence the young ladies of Mr. Van Riebeek's family probably did not look upon coming to South Africa as much of a hardship, especially as they were accompanied by others of their sex. On the 17th, the family of the chief gardener, Hendrik Boom, went on board, and a small cabin was assigned for their use. Shortly after this, everything being at last in readiness, the little fleet dropped down to the Texel and cast anchor there, waiting for a favourable wind.

On Sunday the 24th December 1651, an easterly breeze sprang up, and about noon the *Dromedaris*, *Reiger*, and *Goede Hoop*, in company with a great fleet of merchant ships, hove up their anchors and stood out to sea. The *Dromedaris* was now found to be so top-heavy from bad stowage and want of ballast, that in squally weather it was dangerous to show much canvas, and it was even feared at times that she would overturn. In consequence of this, the Commander signalled to the other vessels, and on the 30th their skippers went on board and a Council was held. There were present Johan van Riebeek, senior merchant, David Coninck, skipper of the *Dromedaris*, Jan Hoochsaet, skipper of the *Reiger*, and Simon Pieter Turver, skipper of the *Goede Hoop*. Pieter van der Helm was the Secretary. The Council resolved to put into a port on the English coast and procure some ballast, but the skippers had hardly returned to their own vessels when the wind set in dead off the English shore,

and they were obliged to face the Bay of Biscay as they were. Fortunately they had fair weather, and as soon as they got beyond the ordinary cruising ground of the privateers, the *Dromedaris* sent nine of her heavy guns below, which put her in better trim. The fear of Prince Rupert alone prevented them from reducing her available armament still further. They believed he would not make much distinction between a Dutch ship and an English one, and for aught they knew he might have a Portuguese commission. Very likely he was somewhere between them and St. Helena or Table Bay, on the watch for Indiamen, and therefore it was necessary to be constantly on guard and ready for defence.

The weather continued favourable, and the vessels seldom parted company. On the 20th of January 1652, they were off the Cape Verde Islands, and the Commander summoned the Council again. The skippers met, and decided that as there was no sickness on board any of the vessels they would continue the voyage without calling. From this time until the 29th of March, nothing of any note occurred. Then, for the third time during the passage, the Council assembled on board the *Dromedaris*. The probable latitude and longitude they were in was first determined by the very simple method of striking the mean between their different calculations, and they then resolved to use every exertion to reach 34° 20′ S., after which they would direct their course eastwards to the Cape.

On the 5th of April, about the fifth glass of the afternoon watch, the chief mate of the *Dromedaris* caught sight of Table Mountain rising above the eastern horizon, and won the reward of four reals which had been promised to the first who should discover land. A gun was at once fired and the flags were waved to make the fact known to the crews of the *Reiger* and *Goede Hoop*, which vessels were some distance to leeward. During the night the little fleet drew in close to the land, somewhat to the southward of the entrance to Table Bay. The 6th opened with calm weather, and as the vessels lay idle on the sea, a boat was sent in advance with the book-keeper Adam Hulster and the mate Arent van Ieveren, who had orders to peer cautiously round the Lion's Rump and report if any ships were at anchor in the bay. About two hours before dark the boat returned with the welcome intelligence that the bay was empty, and

as a southerly breeze sprang up just then, the *Dromedaris* and *Goede Hoop* stood in and shortly after sunset dropped their anchors in five fathoms of water, off the mouth of the fresh river. The *Reiger* remained outside all night, but early the next morning she came running in before a light breeze, and at eight o'clock dropped anchor close to her consorts.

And so, after a passage of one hundred and four days from the Texel, on the morning of Sunday the 7th of April 1652, Mr. Van Riebeek and his party looked upon the site of their future home. The passage for those days was a remarkably quick one. The officers of every ship that made Batavia Roads within six months of leaving the Texel were entitled to a premium of six hundred guldens (£50), and the Cape was considered two-thirds of the sailing distance outwards. So that in 1652, and indeed for more than another century, anything below one hundred and twenty days was considered a short passage between the Netherlands and South Africa.

The people on board having been so long without fresh food were somewhat sickly, but the death rate had been unusually small. The *Dromedaris* had only lost two individuals, one being a child of the ship's surgeon, who had his family with him, and the other a carpenter who was ill of dropsy when he left the Fatherland. No deaths are mentioned as having occurred on board the *Reiger* or *Goede Hoop*.

To be continued.

The documents made use of in the compilation of this paper are the following, the titles upon them being here given verbatim :—

Remonstrantie waerbij cortelijck werdt verthoont ende aengewesen wat dienst, voordeel, ende proffijt, de vereenighde g'octroijeerde oost indische Comp. sal comen te trecken door 't maecken van een fort ende thuijn aen de Cabo de Bona Esperance. In Amsterdam op 26 Julij ao 1649.

Instructie voor de opperhoofden gaende ten dienste van de generale nederlantsche g'octroijeerde oostindische comp. met der selver schepen drommedaris, reijger, en 't jacht de hoope na cabo de bona esperance omme aldaer gecomen sijnde te verrichten. Amsterdam, den 25 maert 1651.

Nader consideratie off bedenckinge op eenige poincten der remonstrantie door Sr. Leendert Jansz overgelevert wegen 't project van een fortresse ende plantagie te begrijpen aen Cabo de boa Esperance ende wesmeer aldaer bij tijt ende wijle ten meesten diensten van de Comp. te verhopen. Amsterdam, Junij 1651.

Particuliere naerder Instructie voor de opperhooffden gaende ten dienste van de generale nederlantsche geoctroijeerde oostindische compaignie na de cabo de bona Esprance met de scheepen drommedaris, reijger, ende goede hoope. Amsterdam, den 12en Desember anno 1651.

Extract uijtte Resolutien genomen bij de Bewinthebberen van de Camer Amsterdam. Adij 4 Decemb 1651.

Do. do. 13 December, 1651.
Do. do. 15 December, 1651.

Extract uijtte Missive van de oost Indische Camer tot Middelburgh aen de Camer Amsterdam gesz in dato 5 december anno 1651.

Daghregister gehouden bij den oppercoopman Jan Anthonisz van Riebeeck, vertrocken per de schepen Drommedaris, Reijger, ende Goede Hoope voor opperhooft naer Cabo de bona Esperance, in dienst van de generale vereenighde Nederlantsche g'octroijeerde Oost Indische Comp. uijt Texel van de camer Amsterdam. Commencing on the 14th December 1651, and daily entries subsequently.

Resolutien van 30 December 1651, 20 Januarij 1652, en 29 Maert 1652. These are the oldest original documents in the archives.

G. M. T.

Cape Town, August, 1879.

Letters on Irrigation.

By Sir James Hudson, G.C.B.

Letter II.

Florence, 15th March, 1872.

My dear * * *,—There are various manners and methods of applying water in agriculture, not only in different parts of the same district, but in different parts of the same farm.

It is imagined by many persons that irrigation means "spreading a thin veil of moving water over the ground;" but you will have remarked in my preceding letter No. 1, that this "spreading a thin veil of water" could never be applied to rice grounds.

Therefore, we may as well say at once that the "thin veil" will only suit "*water meadows*," which species of cultivation and irrigation in Lombardy does not exceed ten thousand acres, or about one-hundredth part of the entire irrigated superficies (say, one million of acres).

Water meadows require that the entire superficies of the field shall have a regular artificial disposition, because a horizontal line with a uniform inclination would never suit. The meadow must be laid out with rectilineal channels of precise dimensions, the entire meadow being divided into sections, each of which takes an opposite direction, so that whilst it receives its water from one of the courses it causes that water to continue its flow towards the opposite course, where the section which is next to be served receives and transmits it to its neighbours. By this process each part of the meadow receives its exact supply of water at an exact and equal rate: because if you permit the water to circulate too rapidly, you would lower the temperature of the soil, and impoverish it: if you give too much, you run the risk of converting the meadow grasses into marsh plants; if it circulates too slowly, you create a swamp; and, merely from these apparently trifling causes, you may fail in producing those grasses which are required for a good water meadow.

You see, therefore, that to lay down land for water meadow your

work in levels and channels must be well understood and more accurate. The water ought to be of a uniform temperature, which neither freezes in winter nor ferments in summer, which can be applied freely and constantly by day and by night, must have a powerful head and abundant supply, because a water meadow requires twenty times more than a field which is simply irrigated by inundation ; for you must in the former case calculate upon the loss by evaporation and absorption, and the weight you must employ to keep it constantly in motion.

We now come to "*grass land*" irrigated, but not laid down for permanent *water meadows*, which latter are irrigable during winter.

Such grass land may be in the regular rotation of the crops on your farm, and consequently only require irrigation at intervals of one or two weeks, and for a given number of hours on each occasion. Wheat and rye do not require irrigation ; because these cereals are not lovers of water. Here we sow them in October, knowing that the winter and spring rainfall is enough ; they are fit for cutting just as the heats of summer commence, about the middle and end of June.

But such seed as you sow in spring and which grow during summer require irrigation : such, for instance, as Indian corn, which, if not watered during the great heat of summer, dries and shrivels on the stalk. Nevertheless, you will find that such fields at that period of the year, if they do not require as much water as your water meadows, yet take more than your grass land ; simply because being broken up by the plough they are more permeable, and not being covered with a thick carpet of grass lose more by the evaporation under the sun's influence. But *rice grounds* require constant water from the time of sowing until you reap your crop, excepting only those days when you send your hands into them for weeding. They require a stratum of water, deeper than the water meadows; they are, in short, converted into ponds. But the water is almost stagnant, and once filled they only require such an amount to be added as will replace the loss by evaporation and filtration. The rice field, moreover, is laid out flat in order that your crop may have an equal depth of water over the whole superficies. Therefore, if your rice ground has any inclination, you must by small banks and dykes prevent the current, which

otherwise would naturally be established. Each section with its surrounding bank is accordingly constructed as a succession of terraces, each one lower than its next neighbour, so as to facilitate a regular transmission of the water. I may here mention that in Lombardy the low ground alongside the river is cultivated with rice, but such grounds naturally swampy are not ploughed, they are hoed, and the weeds, after hoeing, left to the action of the sun, and so converted into manure, indeed, they require no other dressing, but the water is allowed to lie on them during winter. Generally speaking ground of this sort is converted into water meadow.

You see, therefore, that the quantity of water you apply to these different crops differs enormously in volume. One hectäre (over two acres) of *water meadow* in Lombardy, requires what is called one oncia of water, or two and a half tons every minute, about one thousand four hundred and forty per acre, or three thousand six hundred per diem

The same quantity of water is sufficient for rather more than twice that superficies of arable land under Indian corn, and is three or four times more than is required for grass land in rotation, and hence you may calculate that that quantity of water will suffice during one week for seven grass fields, or fourteen ploughed fields, which absorb more water on each application, but do not require water so frequently as meadows. Finally, that same measure of water applied to a rice field under ordinary circumstances will be enough to keep it constantly inundated, supposing its superficies to be from twenty to twenty-five hectäres (= to from sixty to seventy tons per acre).

But you will bear in mind that the measures and quantities here indicated, which vary according to the nature and position of the land, presuppose that each one of the crops I have named is isolated. This, however, does not occur in practice, because each farm possesses its own variety of cultivation, so that the water which has irrigated a water meadow, serves, after it has done duty there, to irrigate a piece of arable land which in its turn transmits it to grass land, or *vice-versâ*.

Remember, too, that the mass of water which covers the rice ground, by infiltration benefit the contiguous fields, and if these are your neighbour's beware of complaints, for the water which benefits

you may not suit him. Because he who lays down his ground for rice and, therefore, necessarily innundates the soil to the depth of nine inches causes infiltration not only in the ground which happens to be of a lower level than the rice field, but also in those which may be alongside and even above, up to a certain height. This infiltration does no harm to another rice field but it may be injurious to water meadows because it would affect the regular flow and absorption of water there applied ; it may also occasion underground springs into your neighbour's, or your own fields, which may interfere with the rotation of crops, there going on which may not require water at that moment; consequently, it is always well before introducing irrigation, to be sure that your neighbour understands and appreciates it as highly as you do, in order to avoid disputes, misunderstanding, and possibly actions for damages.

In Lombardy, immemorial custom in irrigation has produced a certain well understood code of rules and regulations with regard to it, which custom and rules can be traced back to the old Roman law (*de servitu prediale*).

But these infiltrations, although sometimes useful, can never be considered as a premeditated, direct, mode of artificial cultivation, nor would they ever be prepared by means of subterranean conduits, looking at the general permeability of the Lombard plain. Such a process might be applicable in Holland, because there the meadows have not that regular declivity which obtains in Lombardy. The Dutch Polder, as I dare say you know, is the ancient bed of a drained swamp or lake, which is lower than the surrounding canals, and consequently that graduated transmission of water from one level to another is there out of the question. Consequently the Dutchman if he wants to moisten his meadow, merely lets a certain quantity of water flow into the ditch which surrounds his polder, when capillary attraction does that work for him which in Lombardy is done by conveying water from a higher to a lower level.

You may therefore lay it down as an axiom that in Lombardy irrigation by infiltration is not practised, nor is infiltration carried on by covered conduits.

Infiltration carries with it, as a natural consequence, the necessity of having your farm laid out in sufficiently large sections, so as to be able to carry on a regular series of operations in irrigation ; if your fields or sections are too small, and if you are hampered with neighbours who are unfavourable to your plans, you will be in a constant state of perplexity, but if you begin your operations on a well understood plan, you will not require half that quantity of water which you would require were you to be cramped in your levels, and unable to convey your water with that regularity which is so necessary in irrigation.

We will now consider the quantity of water necessary for irrigation in general, exclusive of permanent water meadows. We may say, therefore, that two hundred and fifty English acres require about ten thousand tons per diem, or forty tons per acre, for the use of meadows, whether in rotation or permanent, for wheat, rye, Indian corn, oats, flax, colza, &c.

But this quantity would not suffice if the proportion of your grass land was greater than that of your arable, as is the case near Milan and Lodi (where the cheese called Parmesan is made), and it would be more than necessary if you have a larger proportion of arable than grass.

Consequently you must make such a disposal of your ground as will allow you to distribute the water in regular series from the higher to the lower levels according to the rotation of your crops, and in this way by judicious calculation and distribution, you may employ every drop of water before it reaches your boundary fence.

But you must never forget that if you have laid down permanent water meadows the above quantity would not be enough.

If you were to visit Cremona and Brescia, you would see at once that those districts have more arable than grass under irrigation, for the reason that in those districts water is scacer at midsummer, and the nature of the soil there is more tenacious, and hence requires less irrigation.

It is difficult to lay down any rule for an unknown climate such as the Cape, for instance, and hence I can only give you the means of forming a judgment by what is done here, not daring to suggest

that because a certain process succeeds in Lombardy, therefore, the same rule will produce the same result in South Africa.

One of the questions asked by Lord Ebrington was "Is lime, or marl, or earths, conveyed in suspension from higher to lower levels, and how?"

The reply is that different springs and sources of water contain different properties.

The water of the River Ticino when first taken is limpid and rather cold in winter, in consequence of the temperature it has lost in traversing the distance between the lake (Maggiore), and the point where it is turned into the fields; here its temperature gradually rises again from being confined in its canals, spread over a narrow surface, and enriched with the manure it carries with it. Hence it is that the drainage or irrigation of one field fattens its neighbour.

The water of the River Adda is more turbid than that of the Ticino because it receives the drainage of many mountain torrents which hold organic matter in suspension, and in cases where water holding lime is suspension is introduced in the canals, the deposit is enough to choke the courses after a certain length of time, and this is a source of loss and expense, loss in the volume of water, expense in clearing out the canals.

I can give an instance of what occurred to myself in Tuscany. An aqueduct conveyed water in three inch pipes from a hill about three quarters of a mile from my house. Finding the flow entirely out of proportion to the diameter of the pipes, I took some of them up and found them almost entirely filled with a deposit of lime as hard as as flint. The proprietor laid down new pipes at a very considerable outlay, and yet those old pipes had not been down more than forty years.

Another certain loss of water is from new canals before the bottom and walls became throughly soaked and tight. This mischief, however, cures itself, for the waterborne sand and silt soon fill up the chinks, and the deposit left in the channels is used subsequently for manure, after being exposed to the sun and treated with the usual "management." You must also not fail, if you lay down water meadows, to look to your levels, for you will find that each succes-

sive annual deposit elevates them above the original lay, and this obtains especially in those channels nearest to the income or inlet of the water, *i.e.*, the upper courses; for the lower courses receive water which has already deposited most of the organic matter it holds in solution, and is therefore clearer and to a certain extent filtered by its passage through the grasses.

But this cannot be called "conveying manures" in suspension; such a process must infallibly block up the channels. No the natural effects of the application of the water, and of such matter as it naturally holds in suspension is sufficient.

Besides marl and lime are not found in the sandy plain of Lombardy; hence you may well imagine that the expense of carriage and labour, would eat up all the profit of the water meadow, and if you choked your water courses you would instantly interfere with the proper supply; you would in point of fact neutralize the intent of constructing the channels for irrigation.

There is an operation which we call "warping" or filling up depressions, by the deposit of water borne material; but this is so totally distinct and different that I am sure you will never confound "irrigation" with "warping."

But beware of ever attempting to "warp" by means of your irrigation canals—it is simply financial ruin; your channels will be choked and you will have to do your work over again. "Warping" therefore must be conducted by its own special rules, and never suffered to interfere with a scheme of irrigation.

Another question put by Lord Ebrington was, "What is done with manures distributed in water?" The answer is that manure is not so distributed. He then asks, "What difference in productiveness have manures or earths, in suspension or in chemical solutions as compared with simple water?" To which Cattaneo replies that so far as the difference in the efficacy is concerned of pure water, and water enriched by manures, naturally the richer the water the more the farmer would prefer it. But this must be taken in connection with the foregoing caution as to silting up your water courses with extraneous matter.

Lord Ebrington then asks "The drainage of Milan, is thus turned to account?"—Not altogether; the manures derived from the City of

Milan are classified :—First, stables ; second, street-sweepings ; third, latrines. The first are carried off by the peasants on market days ; the second are used for dry farming ; the third for gardener's purposes.

In addition, there is a certain species of drainage which conveys the surface water of the city to the permanent water meadows ; these drains also convey much manure from the small house drains, and doubtless contribute immensely to the wonderful crops of grass, which are cut eight times a year near Milan. But the case is exceptional, and cannot be cited where we are laying down general rules for irrigation. At other Lombard towns, such as Pavia, Lodi, Crema, Cremona, Mantua, and Como, the drainage of the towns is conducted into the neighbouring streams ; these in turn discharge their waters into the canals, and they distribute them by irrigation over the country.

But the great mass of manure in Lombardy is not that of the towns ; it is derived from the immense quantity of horned cattle which are kept in the farms. Look at the map and observe the small triangle of about twenty miles each side, touching Milan, Lodi, and Pavia ; in it there are maintained over one hundred thousand head of cattle, one hundred thousand hogs, and twenty-five thousand horses. The manure produced by these animals is never diluted with the canal waters. On the contrary, each farm has its pit, where all liquid drainage from this manure is carefully collected ; scrapings from the roads, ditches, &c. are heaped in mounds, and this liquid poured into them ; when well turned over and mellowed it is carted to the fields and spread over them.

From the foregoing you will therefore deduce this maxim—that the variety of cultivation by rotation of crops, not only prevents your exhausting the chemical principles in the soil, but enables you to apply your water supply to each part of your farm in succession, so that it is always in operation and always returning you a handsome profit on the capital you employed in levels and canals.

The variety of cultivation reacts profitably in this way—your grass land supplying fodder for your cattle and horses, furnishes manure to your arable, which in its turn supplies that straw which is necessary in your farm yards and stables.

The effect of irrigation is to set a dry season at defiance, and to enable you to prevent those fluctuations in prices which profit neither grower nor purchaser.

You can, by its aid, insure a good seed-time, for if your ground is baked, you can flood it and apply your plough to break it up, and thus, by diminishing the power required in cultivation, add so much more to profit account by the fewer number of draught cattle required in cultivation, and a consequent reduction in the number of hands.

This calculated distribution of labour has been employed in Lombardy from time immemorial, and doubtless, the mathematical precision which is required in irrigation gradually led to an equally scientific rotation of crops, division of labour, and precision in account, and as their necessary consequence, education, reflection, and sagacity.

For this reason the condition of a farmer who has command of a free and exclusive right to a water supply over a considerable tract of land, is extremely advantageous. He has but one question to solve, "Given a certain quantity of water, how may it be most profitably applied?"

But that question becomes more complicated, if he can only obtain water on certain days, and at certain hours; because others have to be served as well as himself; and in such cases all sorts of difficulties may occur—delay, deviation, usurpation. His system of farming may require a more frequent supply, and at shorter intervals; his land may require more, and he may have laid it out for a certain amount which he cannot obtain.

All these incidents, which may occur in a country where the science of irrigation is new, are largely provided for in Lombardy by custom.

Each village has its "Rota" (which we insist upon calling a "Roster"). This Rota (wheel) is, in fact, the almanac of the community. Every man, woman, and child, has an interest in it. It determines how often—when—how much—water shall be applied; in what season—days—hours—and at what temperature.

In order to convey this clearly, I will give on the opposite sheet the "Riparto Orario," or hourly, repartition of a Lombard village.

Rota shewing hourly distribution of water supplied by the Canal Cesarina—sixteen Once—in the space of eight natural days of one hundred and ninety-two hours :—

Farmers.	Name of Farm.	Hours.	Begins.		Ends.	
			Hour.	Day.	Hour.	Day.
Riboni	Zelasche	14	4 a.m.	1 April	6 p m.	1 April
Anelli	,,	16	6 p.m.	,,	10 a m.	2 ,,
Gerosa	,,	24	10 a.m.	2 ,,	10 a m.	3 ,,
Pizza	,,	18	10 a m.	3 ,,	4 a.m.	4 ,,
Anselmi ..	,,	2	4 a.m.	4 ,,	6 a.m.	,,
Hospital ...	,,	25	6 a.m.	,,	7 a.m.	5 ,,
Rovida	,,	30	7 a.m.	5 ,,	1 p.m.	6 ,,
Cogmaglia ..	,,	23	1 p.m.	6 ,,	12 m.	7 ,,
Terzaghi ..	,,	19	12 m.	7 ,,	7 a m.	8 ,,
Rovida P ...	,,	21	7 a.m.	8 ,,	4 a m.	9 ,,
		192	And then Riboni's turn comes again.			

From this table (or rota), you perceive that the exact and faithful distribution of the water by day and night is one of the most important functions of agriculture in Lombardy.

The persons composing the staff of officers of irrigation are not numerous, but they are men in whom implicit confidence is placed, which is hardly ever abused The first officer is the regulating engineer, the second the camparo, who is the turn-cock of the company, village, or parish, as the case may be The process is simplicity itself. The expense and pay of the engineers, is according to local circumstances, and that of the turncock, or camparo, according to the number of hours he is on the move.

Lord Ebrington asks—"What is the produce in weight per acre?" But it is not easy to reply, because the question presupposes one dominant cultivation ; like rice in India—corn in Russia—cotton in Carolina—potatoes in Ireland, &c., whilst in Lombardy the proprietors

cultivate flax, linseed, wheat, rye, rice, Indian corn, colza, oats, barley, lupins, hay, copsewood, milk,—cream, butter, cheese,—beans pulse, lentils, wine, olive oil (near the *Lago di Garda*) and many other products the value of which is not easy to determine according to weight "per acre," for many of them are simply for home consumption.

The comparison should be made in values *i.e.* compare the rent of an irrigated estate with another estate of equal acreage not irrigated, but situated in the same district.

A question often asked by persons not versed in the theory and practice of irrigation is "What is the rent of the best irrigated land?" The answer is not difficult. If you compare the value of the best irrigated with the dry upland near the Alps and at Somma, the first is worth from £50 to £60 per acre, the latter from £10 to £13. And as you approach the towns land rises in value so much (in consequence of the great produce of the permanent water meadows, proximity of markets and manure) that the rent of one acre is equal to the fee simple of the other in the upland districts.

But here again it is not to be supposed that all land not irrigated is not worth more than from £10 to £13 per acre. There is much non-irrigated land, even in the uplands, near the Alps, which rival in rent per acre the best irrigated lands, because they produce wine, silk, oil, fruit, and grain, of all sorts. I know many estates non irrigated, which pay from six to seven per cent. on their capital value.

Therefore be pleased to bear in mind, so far as irrigation is concerned, that the question is not one of comparison; it is a question of getting a crop off poor, sandy, thirsty soils: There it is a condition *sine quâ non*, if you wish to get any rent for your property:—Irrigation there may be said to be not so much an addition to the fertility of the soil as a remedy for barrenness, as anybody may see who travels along the border of the Ticino River down to Somma, where it is a gravelly rolling country producing nothing better than heather and stunted birch; but when he comes to Abbiate-grasso and Pavia he finds fat pastures second to none even in the Emerald Isle.

Irrigation is a particular method of uniting Capital with Land under certain local circumstances favourable to that union.

But Irrigation by itself will not give a greater profit per acre than ordinary and good farm land. It requires perhaps more capital to be laid out on it than any other farm land, and to succeed must be accompanied not only by local facilities, but by certain regulations and institutions peculiarly its own.

It is a species of agriculture fitted for an enterprising, industrious population, who are passionately attached to their farms, and whose soil, climate, markets, and water supply will all aid in producing such results as we see in Lombardy.

In the next letter Cataneo considers the economical part of the argument.—Yours &c.

The Constitution of Matter.

II.

In a former article in this magazine, a description has been given of the *molecular* constitution of solids, liquids, and gases. In the following pages an attempt will be made to elucidate the *atomic* constitution of things material. But first it will perhaps be well to devote come little space to the, so-called, ultra-gaseous condition of matter.

We have seen that in gases the molecules are in exceedingly rapid motion, and are constantly coming into collision with each other and with the sides of the containing vessel. The space passed over by a molecule before, it encounters another molecule, is termed its *free-path*, the mean free-path of the molecules in air being, at the ordinary pressure, about the two hundred and fifty thousandth of an inch. But if we reduce the number of molecules in any given vessel, say a glass tube, we shall enable each molecule to travel further before meeting with one of its fellows, just as a man who finds himself in a crowd is enable dto proceed further, without being jostled by his neighbours, as the crowd gradually disperses. And if we reduce the number of molecules still further, we shall at last reach the ultra-gaseous state, in which those molecules which remain are enabled to traverse distances such as can be measured experimentally; just as our supposed man, when the crowd has finally dispersed, may travel for miles without meeting a fellow creature.

It has long been known that an electrified glass rod has the property of attracting light bodies, which bodies, as soon as they become charged with electricity, are forcibly repelled; and it has recently been discovered that molecules can be made to undergo a like repulsion. Now it is observed that during the electric discharge in vessels which are so exhausted as to contain but few molecules, a "dark space" extends to a certain distance from the negative pole, which "dark space" is succeeded by a bright glow; and the more perfect the exhaustion of the vessel, the greater the distance to which the "dark space" extends. There seems, moreover, to be no doubt that this "dark space" is the free-path of the electrically repelled molecules, while the bright glow beyond is produced by the clash of the repelled molecules with their fellows. By appropriate means the

vessel may be so far exhausted of gas that the "dark space" fills the whole of the interior; in which case the electrically repelled molecules dash unchecked across the vessel until they strike its sides, which, from the intensity of the shock, glow with a pale phosphorescent light. Now it is found that if in the path of the molecules a body be so placed as to obstruct their passage, the portion of the vessel immediately behind the obstructing body is thrown into what we may term molecular shadow, and ceases to glow; from which it is obvious that the molecules move in straight lines from the negative pole. This pole may, in fact, be likened to a gun which pours forth a continuous volley of molecular shot, which strike the opposite side of the vessel as a target; but if an obstructing body be placed in their path it shields the portion of the target immediately behind it. Or this negative pole may, again, be likened to a source of light which sends forth rays in straight lines, which rays fall on the opposite side of the vessel; but if in the path of the rays an opaque body be set up, that body will throw its shadow on the side of the vessel. This latter analogy may indeed be carried a step further; for just as rays of light may, by means of a reflector of appropriate shape, be made to converge to a focus, so also, by giving the negative pole a cup-like form, may the molecular bombardment be concentrated or focussed on to any desired spot; and one of Mr. Crooke's most striking results is the melting of even the highly infusible alloy of platinum and iridium in the focus of such a "molecular beam."

How the molecular volley may be diverted from its right course by the action of a powerful horse-shoe magnet; how a diamond may, in the molecular focus, be made to shine with as much light as a candle, and rubies may be made to glow like coals of fire; how a delicately poised wheel provided with periferal vanes may be made to rotate, either in one direction or the other, by directing the molecular discharge either on to the upper or on to the lower vanes,—these things, and much besides, may be learnt by those who are desirous of knowing more about these matters by turning to Mr. Crookes' lecture on "Molecular Physics in High Vacua," reported (with nineteen figures) in *Nature*, July 3rd and 10th, 1879. It is sufficient here to point out that these delicate experiments contribute not a little to that already solid foundation, on which are built the molecular theory of matter, the kinetic theory of gases, and "the

conception of heat as a particular kind of energy expressing itself as a rapid vibratory motion of the particles of matter." It is possible, moreover, that these researches may throw light on the problematical *ether*, which conveys through interstellar spaces the light and heat of our own and other suns, which ether may *possibly* some day be regarded as a giant "dark space," through which molecular volleys are ceaselessly dashing.

And now before we dismiss the study of molecules and take up the study of atoms, we may define these molecules as the particles which, under the influence of those physical forces which determine or modify the physical condition of bodies, act as units (Cooke). In every substance, each of these molecules possess all the qualities which are possessed by the aggregate of molecules. The molecule of sugar is characterised by the sweetness, that of salt by the savour, and that of citric acid by the acidity, by which masses of these substances are severally characterised. It is possible, however, by appropriate means, so rudely to shake these molecules, as to tear them, not only metaphorically, but literally, to atoms. For just as the molecule is the unit or smallest particle with which the physicist has to deal, so is the atom the unit or smallest particle with which the chemist has to deal. It is the work of the physicist to ascertain the behaviour of molecules under the influence of various forces and varying degrees of force: it is the work of the chemist to dissect these molecules by the destructive power of analysis, and ascertain of what atoms they are composed and in what proportions; and by the constructive power of synthesis to build up atoms into new molecules, which he then hands over to the physicist. A new classification of things material is thus opened out to us, a classification based not on the molecular constitution, but on the inner or atomic constitution; and this inner constitution now claims our attention.

Viewed then from the stand-point of the chemist, molecules at once fall into two classes; those from which but one species or kind of atom can be obtained, and those from which more than one species or kind of atom can be obtained. Of these, the former are limited in number, the known species not exceeding sixty-five or sixty-six: they are the elements of the chemist. The latter class,

that of compounds, however, contains numberless varieties. An example or two of each class may be given. Perhaps the best known instances of the elementary bodies are the metals. Copper, gold, silver, tin, though few have seen them in a state of absolute purity, are so well known that any description of them is needless. At the same time the ores or minerals from which these metals are extracted must be known to all who have glanced at the specimens the museum or any mineralogical cabinet. In many cases the compound which contains the metallic atoms exhibits but little or no sign of their presence, of which the hard black shining cassiterite, a mineral which contains an atomic combination of tin and oxygen, and from which nearly all the tin of commerce is extracted, is a sufficiently striking but by no means solitary example. Few would imagine that the beautiful ruby-red crystals of cuprite contained a particle of copper, or that horn-silver, a mineral so called from its horny appearance, contained the precious metal from which our half-crowns are struck. Here again is an instance in which ordinary common sense has to bow to the decisions of educated common sense.

The metals above mentioned, therefore, are examples of elements; while the ores from which they are extracted are instances of compounds. Other examples might be given, such as the solids, carbon and sulphur, and the gases, oxygen and hydrogen among the elements; water and alcohol, starch and sugar among the compounds. But further exemplification is needless. It is sufficient if we have gained a clear conception of the relatively simple elements and the relatively complex compound. We have now to consider somewhat more carefully the atoms of which molecules are built up.

That it is possible by careful chemical analysis to ascertain with great accuracy the percentage composition of any substance, is one of the achievements of modern science. Taking a lump of sugar and submitting it to various processes, direct and indirect, the chemist is able to decide with certainty that it contains of carbon 42·06 per cent., of hydrogen 6·50 per cent., and of oxygen 51·44 per cent.; and so also with any other substance which is handed to him for analysis. That it is also possible to ascertain the relative weights of molecules, wherever we can convert the substance which

contains those molecules into gas, has been already pointed out in a previous part of this paper; where we saw that the relative weights of the molecules of different gases were proportional to the relative weights of equal volumes of these gases; and that these relative weights might be expressed in microcriths, of which the lightest known molecule, that of hydrogen, weighed two. By combining these two processes we are able to infer the relative weights of atoms. For we can ascertain the number of microcriths a molecule weighs, and can also determine how many microcriths of each constituent element are present. The results obtained by applying this process to a great number of compounds containing the same elements are most striking. Taking oxygen, as our example, we find that of the former there are in some compounds sixteen microcriths, in some thirty-two, in some forty-eight, in others sixty-four, and in others again eighty. That is to say the amount of oxygen never falls below sixteen microcriths, and when it exists in larger quantities these are always simple multiples of sixteen. Calling, now, the least quantity of an element, which can exist in a medical compound, an atom, we find that such an atom of oxygen weighs sixteen microcriths. But we have seen that the oxygen molecule weighs thirty-two microcriths, from which it follows that this molecule contains two atoms. In like manner it has been found that the molecule of hydrogen contains two atoms, each of which weighs one microcrith; and here we see why the half molecule of hydrogen was chosen as the unit of weight. It has also been found that the molecule of ozone contains three atoms, each of which weighs sixteen microcriths; that the molecule of zinc contains but one atom, which weighs sixty-five microcriths; that the molecule of phosphorus contains four atoms, each of which weighs thirty-one microcriths; and so on for the various other elements. In no case can less than an atom enter into or be expelled from a chemical compound; nor is it possible by any chemical means to divide an atom into parts of an atom. The number of atoms which a compound contains is often considerable, but the same compound invariably contains the same number of atoms of the same constituents. Water throughout the world contains two atoms of hydrogen and one atom of oxygen.

Such is a brief sketch of the atomic theory of the constitution of matter. Be it a whole truth, or, as seems probable, but a half truth, it has rendered the development of the modern science of chemistry possible; and, at the same time, has been a boon to the man of commerce: for the manufacturer, by mixing his ingredients in atomic proportions, instead of by rule of thumb, avoids much loss of valuable material. The question, however, arises to-day, as it arose in days of old:—Is there not some unity underlying the diversity of atoms?

That those bodies which we call elements may by the gradual perfection of scientific methods and the advance of scientific thought, be resolved into bodies yet more elementary, has long been floating in the minds of those who devote themselves to the philosophy of chemistry. Some there are, indeed, not yet emancipated from the thraldom of words and definitions, who smile at the idea of a divisible atom, and point triumphantly to the derivation of the word. In our words, however, we inherit the imperfections of by-gone systems of philosophy; and we must bear steadily in mind that we have to fit these words, as best we may, to facts, and not vainly imagine that the facts of Nature are moulded in accordance with our halting words. Using the words element and atom, therefore, as merely provisional terms, in no wise binding on thought, let us pass on to our final question: Are the elements elementary?

Of the physical nature of atoms, it must be remembered, we are wholly ignorant. Only when these atoms are aggregated into molecules are they subjects for physical investigation; and that the same atoms differently aggregated have different properties, is shown in the case of oxygen and ozone, in the former of which the molecule is compounded of two oxygen atoms, and in the latter of three oxygen atoms. That in other cases, also, the same elementary substance takes on different forms with totally different properties is well known. Charcoal, blacklead, and the diamond are different forms of the same element carbon. The atomic grouping which brings about this wide divergence of properties is, however, at present, unknown. But it is noteworthy that at high temperatures these so-called *allotropes* are probably resolved into one and the same form. Other exemplifications of the same truth, those afforded by phosphorous, silicon, and boron, for example, might be cited, were further

exemplification needful for the comprehension of the point under consideration. Note now the implications which these facts carry with them. Certain substances, physically distinct, are produced by the different groupings of the same elements ; may not all substances physically distinct result from different aggregations of the same primordial element ?

But, it may be objected, these are physical differences ; and the enquiry may be made. Are there any chemical facts of like implication ? That there are such facts every chemical student will, without hesitation, affirm. Iron, for example, forms two series of compounds, or salts, which differ from each other as widely as do those of different elements. The same is the case with mercury ; and the druggist who sold one mercury chloride, in place of the other mercury chloride, would run some chance of being indicted for manslaughter. Among that class of compounds, too, in which the elements carbon, hydrogen and oxygen occur in combination, the facts of what is termed *isomerism*, point to the same conclusion. An extract from the New Chemistry will illustrate this. " We are acquainted," says Professor Cooke, " with a large number of cases of two or more wholly different substances having exactly the same composition and the same vapour density. Here, for example, are two such substances : the first, butyric acid, is an oily liquid with whose smell we are only too familiar, since, when formed in rancid butter, it imparts to this article of our food its peculiarly offensive odour. But, though, as the odour shows, it must slowly volatilize at the ordinary temperature, it does not boil lower than 156 degrees C., and does not easily inflame. Further, as its name denotes, it has the qualities of an acid, reddening litmus-paper, and causing an effervescence with alkaline carbonates. Utterly different from this offensive acid is the second substance, which we call acetic ether, a very limpid liquid, with a pleasant, fruity smell, highly volatile, boiling at 74 degrees, and inflaming with the greatest ease. Notice, also, that it does not in the least affect the colours of these sensitive vegetable dyes. Yet, butyric acid and acetic ether have exactly the same composition, and the same vapour density."

But how, it may be asked, can these facts be accounted for ? The answer to this question lies at the base of modern chemistry, and more especially of that of the organic compounds. It has been

found that the separate atoms of a molecule are not connected all with all, or all with one; but, on the contrary, each one is connected only with one or with a few neighbouring atoms, as in a chain link is connected with link (Kekule.) In the case of butyric acid and acetic ether, the connections between the atoms or groups of atoms are of different orders; and this different atomic grouping of the atoms is found in all cases to entail differences of properties, chemical and physical. Once more, let the implication be noted: Differences of properties chemical and physical result from the different groupings of the *same atoms* in a compound. May not the difference of properties chemical and physical among elements be similarly caused?

One further fact, derived from pure chemistry, may be brought forward. According to the hypothesis here being presented to the reader, the so-called elements may be but different aggregations of the same primordial elements, such aggregations acting as units. Now it is found that there are certain aggregations of ordinary elements which act as units: such aggregations being known as "*compound radicles*." One of these is compounded of one atom of carbon and two atoms of hydrogen; and from the Pennsylvania petroleums have been extracted a series of compounds, nine in number, of which each in the ascending series differs from that immediately beneath it in the series, in the addition of one of these units. Now it is found that the molecular weights of the compounds in this homologous series increase, by increments of 14, from 16 to 128; and accompanying this increase of molecular weight is a gradation of chemical and physical properties. That the molecular weights of certain of the elements increase in an analogous manner has frequently been pointed out, the molecular weights of sulphur, selenium, and tellurium, for example, being respectively twice, five times (nearly), and eight times that of oxygen; and in this case also, accompanying the increase in molecular weight, there is a gradation of chemical and physical properties. It would be impossible further to illustrate this species of evidence without entering more fully into details than the nature of this article permits. Enough has, however, been said to show that such evidence exists.

It is thus seen that there are several arguments from analogy which, by their convergence, point to the conclusion that, those bodies which we call elements may be in truth compounded of pri-

mordial elements, or of a single primordial element. Such arguments, however, carry with them little conviction. More direct evidence must be adduced if the subject is to be raised from the region of speculation into the region of exact investigation. Something like dissociation, in some at least of the so-called elements, must be experimentally proved; and that such dissociation does actually take place, the recent investigations and experiments of Mr. Norman Lockyer go far to show. The details of such investigations, extending over many years of patient work, embracing more than 100,000 observations, and the taking of about 2,000 photographs, would probably fill a large volume; but the nature of the results which are the outcome of this anxious labour may be stated in a few sentences. Some preliminary remarks by way of reminder will, however, first be necessary.

That light consists of undulations or waves impressed on an all-pervading and somewhat problematical medium, called the ether, which combines the maximum of elasticity with the minimum of density, is a fact of a high order of certainty. White light is thus produced by waves, of which there are in a single inch from 39,000 to 57,000; numbers* which are wont to educe scepticism until it is known that more than double this highest number may be actually ruled in the same space by mechanical skill. If now a beam of white light be passed through a dense medium, such as glass, the waves are retarded by molecules of that medium, and as a result of this retardation, are deflected from a straight course, but not all to the same extent; the larger waves being most retarded are most deflected; the smaller waves being least retarded are least deflected; and between these limits are intermediate degrees of deflection. The result, therefore, of passing a beam of white light through a piece of glass, of appropriate shape, is to arrange in a series, from the shortest to the longest, the light waves which before were intermingled; and that the band of light thus produced is no longer white, but tinted with all the colours of the rainbow, is one of the most striking facts in nature. It seems highly probable that, in the normal human eye, there has been a different action of the cones whose office it is to receive the impressions produced by these waves, one class being set apart to receive the shortest waves, which appear

* The number of oscillations of the longer waves per second is about 477,000,000; that of the shorter about 699,000,000.

to us violet, a second class being set apart to receive the longest waves, which produce the impression of redness, while it is the duty of the third class to receive the waves of intermediate length, which we call green. The intervening series of rainbow tints is produced by the blending in different proportions of these three primary colours.

The continuous band of many colours produced by the unequal retardation of the constituent waves of white light, is called a *spectrum*, and such a continuous spectrum is produced by the confused molecular vibration which results from heating to incandescence, a solid or a liquid body. The result of heating a gas is different; the molecules in this case being widely separate have definite and simple vibrations, so that in place of a continuous spectrum of blending tints, there are produced definite coloured lines or bands, separated by dark interspaces, each line marking a special vibration, which produces waves of that particular length. And it is found that each element when in the state of glowing vapour, produces a definite series of bands and lines, some of these being long and strong, while others are short and faint, which series is called the spectrum of that element. It is these bands and lines that Mr. Norman Lockyer has been engaged in studying. To do so with effect, his first object was to eliminate all impurities, and he found that when a metal contained an impurity in very minute quantities, the spectrum of that impurity is reduced to its simplest form, the lines which are longest and strongest alone appearing. When these lines are finally banished from the spectrum, the impurity to which they were due may be regarded as eliminated. But Mr. Norman Lockyer has found that *there are a number of identical lines in different spectra which cannot be so eliminated*; that is to say, that the spectra of different metals have certain lines in common.

It is a well known fact that compound bodies may by the action of heat be split up into their elements. The elements of a salt of calcium, for example, may be thus dissociated. Now, such a compound gives a definite spectrum, consisting mainly of channelled spaces and bands. Under the influence of heat, salt is decomposed, and as this takes place, the spectrum of the compound disappears, and the special lines, which are due to the elements, of which the compound was built up, make their appearance, and this continues

until the spectrum of the compound fades. *Precisely similar is the conduct of the spectrum of the element calcium itself.* The low temperature spectrum fades as the temperature increases. The lines which were the longest and strongest giving precedence to lines which before were faint or absent altogether. In fact, to use Mr. Lockyer's own words, "*the spectroscopic differences between calcium itself at different temperatures are as great as when we pass from known compounds of calcium to calcium itself.*" Nor is it this metal alone which exhibits this series of phenomena. Hydrogen, lithium, and iron, yield evidence of precisely similar implication. It is well to note clearly what that implication is. By heat, compounds are split up more or less completely into their elements. By heat also, elements may be split up more or less completely, into their primordial elements. Why different elements should contain identical lines now becomes manifest: they contain the same primordial element or elements.

Of the nature of these truly elementary principles, or this truly elementary principle (if all matter be compounded of one true element, which is purely a matter for philosophical speculation), we know, and can know, in the present state of science, absolutely nothing; but it is probable that hydrogen is the simplest compound with which we are practically acquainted, and the facts of stellar physics have, in this connection, a deep import. It is found that the spectra of the hottest stars exhibit the lines of hydrogen associated only with those of one or two other metallic elements of low atomic weights; that in the spectra of cooler stars the number of elements associated with the hydrogen increases proportionately to the degree of refrigeration: that in the coolest stars in which the metallic elements are associated, fluted bands of non-metals and compounds appear; and that in our earth, on the surface of which refrigeration has been carried so much farther, no free hydrogen is found, and few uncombined elements, while there are almost innumerable compounds, many of which, those of the organic world for example, are decomposed at a comparatively low temperature. Thus, we seem to discover, in the star-universe around us, evidence of a gradual process of association, a process which has been rendered possible by the radiation of heat into space; a process by which, from matter rela-

tively simple, material bodies relatively complex have been built up.

That the curve of evolution may be swept through all orders of phenomena, inorganic, organic and superorganic, seems to be the modern outcome of every branch of thought and knowledge ; and the support which the facts above brought forward, if facts they be, lend to the hypothesis of evolution, must not remain unnoticed. "The bodies which we call elements would, on this hypothesis, be but intermediate stages in the evolution of complicated compounds from one original form of matter. At certain stages in this process, points of comparative rest are reached ; one of these points marks the existence of our so-called elements. Bodies which are elementary in our laboratories are compounds in the more energetic laboratories of the sun and hot stars, and many of our compounds are elementary in the cold, listless, atmosphere of the moon. And as in animate nature we know that the (comparative) permanence of a species is in no way contradictory to the general law of gradual development, so in the history of molecular arrangements, it may be that the present permanence of our so called elements only marks a resting point in the slow but sure process of formation of more and more complicated compounds. The average conditions of our present surroundings may not allow of the existence of any less complicated molecular aggregations than those which we call elementary, just as they do not appear to allow of the existence of any extremely complicated aggregations of chemically united molecules" (Pattison Muir.)

The principle of natural selection, on this view, acts as surely in inorganic evolution as in organic evolution. The essence of that principle is that bodies which are suited to the conditions of their environment are selected from bodies which are unsuited to the conditions of their environment. In organic evolution the selecting agency is the struggle for life ; in inorganic evolution the selecting agency is heat. There is this difference, however: in organic evolution, a body which is unsuited to hold its own in the fierce battle for existence, *disappears* : in inorganic evolution, a body unsuited to the conditions of temperature, *cannot appear* at all. In the former case, equilibration is gradual ; in the latter, it is instantaneous.

How this inorganic evolution conforms to the laws of evolution in general, need not be pointed out in detail. It suffices to notice that there is an integration of matter and a dissipation of motion: and that there is a passage from the indefinite to the definite, from the incoherent to the coherent, from the homogeneous to the heterogeneous.

Summarizing, now, for the last time, we find that matter consists of molecules, which under the play of physical forces act as units, and the nature of which determines the nature of the substances they compose; that these molecules are themselves compounded of atoms, which have hitherto been generally regarded as elementary; and that these atoms *may*, at very high temperatures, be resolved into yet more elementary constituents, or a yet more elementary constituent, the true nature of which is not known.

And so we find that the chemists of to-day realise in thought that transmutation of metals which the alchemists, their half acknowledged intellectual fathers, spent their lives in endeavouring to realise in fact. The aim of the alchemist was to convert poor lead into rich gold: the aim of the chemist is to extract from an elementary metal a metal yet more elementary: the alchemist failed: the chemist by the slow distillation of the volatile metal, sodium in a vacuum obtains a "metal which even when red-hot, olatalizes with great difficulty" (Lockyer).

And so too we find that the philosophers of to-day are striving to solve that old riddle of the true constitution of matter, which the philosophers of old, with minds perhaps not less acute, but with fingers not so well armed, strove to solve. That we are nearer the truth than they, who can deny? That we possess the truth, who dare affirm? It is sufficient that in our struggles after the truth —truth in life and truth in thought—we find our intellectual life. There are not a few to-day who echo the thought of the philosopher, who exclaimed that "If God, holding truth in His right hand, and in His left the ever-living desire of it, although on condition of perpetual error, left him the choice of the two, he would, considering that truth belongs to God alone, humbly seize His left hand and beg its contents for himself."

Rondebosch. C. Lloyd Morgan.

The Blue-book on Native Affairs for 1878.

Of the various Blue-books which are annually laid before the Parliament of the Colony of the Cape of Good Hope, there is none that in general and lasting interest can be compared with that on Native Affairs. Other Blue-books may surpass it in bulk, they may be written in a more pleasing style, they may contain more certain evidence of thought and research, of power of brain and extent of learning, but at best their value can only be local and temporary. The reports on roads and bridges, the returns of house duty and excise and quitrents, even the reports on schools and education, necessary and valuable as they all are, a dozen years hence will be very little better than waste paper, except to statisticians, and even now will hardly find their way into a single library in Europe or America. All the subjects treated of in these varied and carefully compiled returns can be studied to greater advantage elsewhere. But the Blue-book on Native Affairs is interesting to the students of mankind in every part of the globe. To South Africans, it treats of what always has been, and what must continue to be, the most important political subject of the country ; to Europeans it is an index of the ground gained year after year by civilization in its struggle with barbarism.

Nowhere else is this struggle carried on in the same manner and to the same extent as in South Africa. The European race here does not seek alone to rule, it is striving to make its customs, its laws, and its creed as triumphant as its arms ; in other words, it is endeavouring to civilize the African as well as to govern him. This is no contest against the black man, though it is a contest against the black man's natural ignorance and vice and superstition. The moment these disappear the man ceases to be a native in the sense in which that word is used in the Blue-book, and takes his place among the civilized inhabitants of the colony. In many of the western districts and villages there are more coloured people than whites, but in the Blue-book these are never once referred to. To learn anything about them, it is necessary to refer to returns in which they and their European neighbours are all ranked and classed together. They may be blacker than the duskiest Fingo, but that is never taken into consideration. They conform to our customs and submit to our magistrates, in many cases they send their children to schools and attend churches themselves and that is all we want. The witch doctor is not known among them, and the word chief has no longer a political meaning.

Thus they have passed away from the care of the Secretary for Native Affairs, and their names and their deeds are no longer noticed by his officers. It matters not where their place of residence may be. Remove a thousand of the coloured inhabitants of the Paarl or Cape Town to East London or Peddie, and the Native Department would have no more control over them than it has now. Bring a thousand half-naked Tambookies from Queen's Town to Worcester, and the eye of the Secretary for Native Affairs would still be upon them.

Hence the Blue-book does not deal with the native races with which we are in contact, as a whole. It is merely a history for the previous year of that portion of these races which is still barbarous, or if on the road leading to civilization, which has not yet got beyond the first stage. It is a series of descriptions of a splendid race of barbarians, and of the efforts which are being made to lead them to a nobler and better mode of life than that of their ancestors. It is filled with remarks on the art of dealing with uncivilized tribes, from which much useful information may be gathered. Such are these Blue-books on Native Affairs, which have been issued for several years past.

The volume of 1879, or the one in which the events of the year 1878 are recorded, has recently been issued. It is of the size of ordinary foolscap paper, and contains two hundred pages of printed matter and a very excellent map of Griqualand East.

BASUTOLAND.

The first section of the book refers to Basutoland, and contains reports from the Governor's Agent, six magistrates, two district surgeons, a number of missionaries of various denominations, and the head master of the model school. If any one fancies that the Basutos are not making reasonable progress, it would be well for him to compare these statements with the earliest authentic account of their country that we have, the narrative of the French missionary explorers Arbousset and Daumas. The land was then almost a wilderness, plundered and laid waste by savage foes. Its few remaining people were hiding in secluded recesses among the lofty and rugged Malutis, or were perched upon those great rocks which stand out in isolation in the valleys and form the strongest natural fortresses in the world. A hurricane of war and murder and rapine swept over them almost as often as the appalling electric storms which shook their hills. Whole clans had become cannibals, for milk and corn had

disappeared, and other food there was none. Such were the Basutos and Basutoland in 1836. Then the greatest of all the chiefs of the House of Monaheng arose, and the scattered clans rallied around him. Peace and war, prosperity and adversity, plenty and distress, alternated rapidly until 1868, when Moshesh and his people, being on the very verge of ruin, sought and obtained the protection of the English.

And now, in 1878, the Basutos raise with ease a revenue of over twenty thousand pounds sterling. After paying all the expenses of their government and spending a couple of thousand pounds on public works, there is a surplus of nearly £5,000 to the good for educational and other purposes. The sum total may seem small as the revenue of a great district, but it is more than the value of all the movable property of the Basuto people when they came under our protection only eleven years ago. Surely here is an index of immense progress in wealth, security, and comfort.

The government of Basutoland is a complex piece of machinery. At the head is a gentleman who is styled the Governor's Agent, and under his direction are several subordinate officers. But the native chiefs still retain their rank and a large portion of their ancient power. Thus we are informed that when Doda, the son of Morosi, set the authorities at defiance, Mr. Bowker, who was then Governor's Agent, requested the paramount chief Letsie to call out an armed body of Basutos to aid in bringing the insurgents to submission. Letsie, who is the son of Moshesh, did as he was requested, and he and his son Lerothodi are commended for their loyalty. The chiefs hear and decide in judicial cases, but any suitor may go to an English magistrate if he chooses to do so, and in every case there is an appeal from the court of the chief to that of the magistrate. This system is spoken of as having worked well hitherto, and the number of suitors who take their cases directly to the magistrates is reported to be increasing. It would seem as if this is the best form of government possible at the present. The Basutos are not a conquered people, they placed themselves under our protection, and are allowed to retain many customs that in course of time it is to be hoped they will voluntarily relinquish.

The success of such a system depends so entirely upon the character and abilities of the English magistrates, that a single mistake might at any time bring about a collision. It is therefore fortunate that the old and faulty plan of selection of officers for service in the Native Department has been set aside. Under that old plan almost the only

qualifications required were the ability to converse in one of the native languages and a disposition to be content with the smallest of salaries. Men so qualified could maintain order, it is true, but it was only by allowing the natives to rule themselves. Under them, native laws and native customs were perpetuated and advance was impossible. The Bantu races of South Africa are easily governed. They are obedient to law, and look to a superior for direction in everything. A collection of half a dozen huts has a headman over it, and that headman is again constantly receiving orders from his chief. Government is visible everywhere. The people have a keen appreciation of what is right and what is wrong, and thoroughly understand how to look after their own dues. Naturally they reverence and obey the hereditary heads of their own race. Put an Englishman among them who will fraternise with them and live pretty much as they do themselves, and give him a great tract of country to look after, and the result is that he can only be a white chief. In point of fact, the black chief will remain the real ruler, and the white man will have no actual influence. He will be upheld by the people among whom he is living as a convenient screen between them and the government, but he can accomplish no useful end.

The magistrates who can wean the natives from their own faulty laws and debasing customs are men of a widely different stamp. They must be men of education, and have special talents for their work. They must be men to whom the natives—common people and chiefs alike—will look up as their superiors in knowledge of every kind. They must be careful to administer absolute justice, to use no language that is capable of two constructions, to promise nothing without fulfilling it to the letter. They must study the people they are sent to improve as well as to govern, and this, without going down to their level in anything. The time may be close at hand when the requirements of the Native Department will necessitate the establishment of a special training-school for young men selected from the first classes in our colleges, to whom the service will be able to offer the noblest employment in the land. This would be a digression if it were not for the fact that the Blue-book bears evidence that the officers now selected to fill the most responsible situations are men of whom any service would have reason to be proud In Basutoland, Mr. Griffith has acquired immense influence over the people, and he bears unqualified testimony to the zeal and ability of his assistants.

The rebellion of the Baphuti has taken place since the Blue-book was

prepared, but Morosi was even then regarded as disloyal. Mr. Surmon, the Resident Magistrate of Thaba Bosigo District, states that the most important event in 1878 was the disturbance created by Doda, the son of Morosi. That was settled at the time without an appeal to arms, but it was soon followed by the rebellion of the clan. The Baphuti are but distantly related to the other members of the tribe, and in the course which they have adopted they have had no support from the other sections.

Education and Christianity are making fair progress. This is seen in other ways than in the reports of the different clergymen and of the Principal of the Model School at Maseru. Listen to the language of George Moshesh, in a speech at the Pitso, or great annual gathering of chiefs and people to discuss matters of public interest :—"God disposes and appoints all things. Who can stay His will? * * We will be tried like Abraham, but our guns are not so precious as Isaac was." And Abraham Ramatseatsane : "The hearts of kings are in the hands of God." These were not the only speakers who used phrases of this kind. It does not follow that because such language was used by a few speakers who are probably educated and Christian men, that all of those present admitted the truth of what was said. But as natives, whether educated or not, never throw illustrations needlessly away, we may be pretty certain that the majority of that assembly were prepared to admit a good deal of Bible teaching.

We read of a hospital having been established, and of three hundred and fifty natives paying fees, trifling it must be said, but still something, for medical attendance. We read further of respectable voluntary contributions for the maintenance of churches and schools, and of a commencement in planting trees, all very satisfactory proofs of progress.

Two questions were agitated during the past year, both of which are of interest. The first had reference to the surrender of their guns by the people to the government for a money payment the second was the continual disputes concerning land. There can be no doubt that the natives of South Africa, including the Basutos, would find it to their advantage to give up their implements of war and devote themselves to the arts of peace. But, unfortunately, they do not all see the matter in the same light. For years it has been a passion with them to procure guns men who would toil for nothing else worked cheerfully for means to purchase these cherished objects, and it comes hard now to part with them. A gun is of no real use in Basutoland, for there is no longer game

there to shoot, but it is prized just as much as if its owner depended upon it for his food. If George Moshesh could compare his being called upon to give up his gun to the call made upon Abraham as a trial of his faith, what would the untaught Mosuto compare it to? Every writer in this part of the Blue-book who refers to the matter feels that it is beset with difficulty. It is well that they see it in this light, for the admission is a guarantee that nothing will be done rashly or thoughtlessly. They are of opinion that the majority of the Basutos will submit rather than rebel, and if this be the case the measure can be successfully carried out by acting with caution.

The land disputes are of themselves a proof of the prosperity generally enjoyed by the people. They arise in the following manner. In the prolonged peace which the tribe has enjoyed since it came under English rule, the people have greatly increased in number, and as wheat and maize always find a ready market beyond the border, agriculture has been continually advancing. What was once pasture land has been so encroached upon by the plough, that in some parts there is not sufficient grazing ground left for the cattle. It is hardly necessary to say that individual tenure of the soil is unknown. Inde d, it seems that the tribal tenure is so fully recognized that the various clans have no distinct boundaries. Disputes have thus arisen between the clans, one depasturing its cattle upon ground which another would like to convert into gardens. Here is certainly an opportunity to induce the people to take the firs step towards individual tenure, or that form of holding fixed property which is best calculated to make loyal and peaceable citizens. The tribe is composed of a number of clans. Let the boundaries of each clan be laid down, so that one may not trespass upon another. The clan in its turn is composed of a number of groups of families. The next step is to apportion the common estate among these groups And so the division can be carried on, gradually becoming narrower and narrower, until finally individual tenure is reached. This looks sufficiently simple on paper, but there are difficulties in the way of carrying it out, which the officers in Basutoland have to meet and overcome. First, the great chiefs are fully alive to the fact that such a division of property would tend to reduce their power. Hence comes a strong undercurrent of passive resistance on the part of the conservative element, and no people on the face of the earth know better how to employ such opposition. Then no division can be made that will satisfy all parties, and it would be unwise to introduce any more disturbing elements just now

Upon the whole, the reports concerning Basutoland must be taken to represent a very satisfactory condition of affairs. Some of the writers express themselves in less hopeful language than others, but all bear witness to the growing civilization of the people. Of course, there are many interesting matters that none of them refer to, possibly because they may have thought it unnecessary to speak again of subjects that have been well ventilated before. Thus we have no statistics of trade, no reference to improvements in buildings, not a word about the subject of European clothing except a remark from a medical man which has been frequently made and as frequently explained before. But when we take up a book, we do not need to be told that there are manufacturers of paper and of ink, that there are type-setters and paper-folders and printing machines. The book itself is evidence of all that. So when we are told of the revenue of Basutoland and of all the other matters to which reference has here been made, we may safely conclude that the domestic habits of the people are improving equally with their general wealth.

GRIQUALAND EAST.

Griqualand East follows Basutoland in the Blue-book, and concerning this territory there are reports from the Chief Magistrate, seven subordinate magistrates, and several clergymen, postmasters, and a district surgeon. There are also elaborate tables showing the items of revenue and expenditure.

This great tract of country has only recently come under our direct government, one tribe, in fact, having been received as British subjects only a few months ago. It is reported to be one of the most fertile districts in South Africa, but the climate is not the same throughout, for while in 1878 one portion was blessed with abundant crops, in another the people were in great distress on account of drought. The inhabitants of Griqualand East are a strange mixture of clans and remnants of broken tribes. There are locations of Basutos, of Fingoes from the Colony and people from the north of kindred blood with the Fingoes, of a dozen different Kafir clans, each with a title unpronounceable by English tongue, and of Griquas and emancipated slaves from the south-west. There are hardly two sections of them that are not hostile at heart to all the rest. Most of them have been accustomed from time immemorial to live in a chronic state of feud with their neighbours. Some of these people have not yet emerged from the thickest darkness of

barbarism and superstition, others have made a good start in the race of progress. An illustration of what superstition can lead barbarians to do is given in the Blue-book. Mr. Garner, the magistrate with Makaula, relates that a man who was suffering from a very painful disease was impressed with the belief that his only son was causing his agony by means of witchcraft. Accordingly he employed two young men to murder his son. Crimes equal to this in horror have not been altogether unknown in a civilized state of society, but if the veil which hides the life of barbarian communities were wholly raised, it would be found that they are of frequent occurrence. This case is typical of one extreme of society in Griqualand East, the other is reached by the Fingo or Mosuto who has embraced Christianity and is experimenting in European habits of life.

The head of the government of this dependency of the Native Department is styled the Chief Magistrate, and the officer who now fills that important situation is the Hon. Charles Brownlee, late Secretary for Native Affairs. As before stated, the territory is divided into seven magisterial districts. The revenue falls short of the necessary expenditure by three or four thousand pounds, but this is unavoidable under the present circumstances of the people. There seems to be good hope that before long it will be ample to cover the outlay. The greatest need of the country, according to the reports, is better means of communication between its different districts. Barbarians make no roads, they are content with footpaths over high mountains and through deep ravines. Hence, as in Griqualand East in 1878, people may starve in one place when there is abundance of food in another not a hundred miles away. Commerce is one of the chief agents in civilizing a people, and commerce cannot flourish without roads. If the people are to be raised to a higher condition, highways are needed right into the thickly peopled locations, into which they will bring improvement, just as opening a window brings the light of heaven into a darkened room. Good roads leading to the mouth of the Umzimvubu would bring a trade through that port which would soon pay for all the expense incurred. So says the Blue-book, and the correctness of the statement cannot be doubted. Upon this necessary work of road making, a very creditable sum of money was expended in 1878, and large amounts have been placed upon the estimates for the present year.

A complaint is made by one of the writers that there is no uniform or recognised code of laws for the territory, and that each magistrate acts

therefore as seems best to himself. This arises, it may be presumed, from our recent occupation, and from the extreme difficulty of framing a* code of laws or regulations adapted to such a condition of society, and at the same time admitting of growth. In Basutoland, Tembuland, and elsewhere, such a code is comparatively easy of construction, because the inhabitants are all of one race, but in Griqualand East, with its mixed population, a great amount of skill as well as knowledge of the tribes and their peculiarities will be needed in the compilation of any regulations that are to be in force throughout the territory.

It is satisfactory to read that a district surgeon has been appointed, and that a hospital is in contemplation. In olden times the conversion of the blacks from the errors of their ideas was left to missionaries alone, but other agents are now with reason considered equally necessary. Among such agents medical men hold an important place, for they know how to employ the most powerful lever that can be used in overturning native superstition. The belief in witchcraft is the root of evil and suffering incalculable, and to expel this belief is the task of the medical man. It will not seem of much importance to the cursory reader, that in a year three hundred and twenty-seven Griquas and Kafirs applied to the district surgeon for treatment, but it will be accepted as a cheering statement by those who are intimately acquainted with the Kafir race. A small sum of money has been expended by government in providing medical chests at some of the seats of magistracy, and an extension of this outlay is recommended. To persons at a distance, it would seem doubtful if much good can result from this experiment. It cannot be expected that the magistrates should have a knowledge of medicine in addition to their other requirements, and a mistake might do an enormous amount of harm.† More medical men, however, are needed, and as soon as the revenue will warrant it, they will doubtless be provided.

The people are spoken of generally as being loyal to the new government. One magistrate indeed expresses his opinion that it is unadvisable to employ native contingents in war, but it is not because he doubts their

* A code of laws for Griqualand East is now being framed.

† But the medicine chests above alluded to, are not intended to tempt the magistrate to try his 'prentice hand as an amateur physician or quack doctor. The district surgeon makes frequent and periodical visits to the districts where these chests form his local dispensaries and under his advice and guidance, the magistrate may continue to furnish in his absence, whatever medicines the experienced practitioner may prescribe for cases which require a regular course of treatment.

fidelity. He would prefer not to inflame their passions, but to encourage them in peaceful pursuits. Trade was brisk, considering all things, and European clothing was becoming much more common than in former years. The plough has taken the place of the native pick, and this means that a revolution in social customs has commenced. Woman will be less a drudge than before, and polygamy has lost to the native a powerful argument in its favour. A couple of Europeans have opened a wagon-making establishment at Mount Frere, a native carpenter trained at Lovedale and a native blacksmith from the same excellent institution have also commenced business in that locality. Schools are already numerous, and are rapidly becoming more so. Arboriculture has been commenced on a small scale, and we are told that some of the most advanced natives are anxious to procure choice fruit and ornamental trees. In one district the people contributed £350 towards the construction of a bridge.

The Griqua rebellion is only referred to casually, and of the Griquas themselves very little is said. A supplementary report from the Chief Magistrate contains some references to the excitement caused by the Zulu war, and mentions with satisfaction that all cause for anxiety passed away when it became evident to the natives that the ultimate victory would be with the English.

TEMBULAND.

The third section of the Blue-book refers to Tembuland, and concerning this territory there are reports from the Chief Magistrate, eight subordinate magistrates, and a missionary. The evidence of these documents is to the effect that the condition of affairs in Tembuland in 1878 was very far from being satisfactory. The wave of war which rolled over so large a portion of South Africa greatly disturbed the Tembus. Umfanta and Stokwe Tyali, two of the petty chiefs, took up arms against the government, while Gangelizwe on the other hand did good service on our side. The Tembus secured large herds of cattle as spoil, but with the booty they brought lung-sickness into the country. Then their own herds commenced to die off, and now they are poorer than before. In the early part of the year they had a long and severe drought to contend with. Then, to add to their trouble, great numbers of destitute Galeka refugees flocked into their country, and a general system of plunder was initiated.

The Tembus have always been considered the least progressive people on the immediate border of the Cape Colony. One of the magistrates

calls attention to the fact that there are very few teachers, catechists, or evangelists of this tribe, and the statistics of the great training institutions on the frontier would confirm his statement. They have no desire to know more than their fathers, or to differ from them in any respect. Yet that these people can be improved under the direction and influence of earnest, high-minded Europeans, is unquestionable. The Blue-book bears testimony to the fact, in its statements concerning the pupils of the late Mr. Warner, who are living in square houses and have their grounds enclosed, who have planted orchards and have laid their fields under irrigation. There is good work and plenty of it to be done by our officers in Tembuland, and it is therefore gratifying to read the statement of Major Elliot, C.M.G., the Chief Magistrate, that they are without exception well qualified for the posts they hold. They will need all the energy and watchfulness and devotion to duty which men can have, to enable them to perform successfully that which is expected of them. The people of Tembuland are governed through their chiefs, and that statement alone means that the magistrates, or agents as some of them are termed, have peculiar difficulties to overcome.

At the Umtata, in the centre of Tembuland, there is a village which already contains about fifty European families. The Blue-book advocates the construction of a good wagon road from this village to the mouth of the Umzimvubu, which Major Elliot believes to be the best harbour on the south-east coast of Africa, Delagoa Bay excepted. The village would then become a centre of trade, and the people would be brought more directly into contact with civilization. An excellent suggestion is made by Mr. C. J. Levey, an officer of experience in the Native Department. He thinks it would be a good measure to form native townships at each seat of magistracy, where irrigation works could be carried out without much difficulty. He also recommends that plots of ground, ten acres in extent and situated in the most fertile parts of the country, should be offered to such native men as are able and willing to erect suitable houses upon them.

The most favourable portions of the report have reference to the large extent of ground placed under cultivation, to a slightly increasing use of European clothing, and to the growth of wheat by many natives.

THE TRANSKEI.

The reports concerning Tembuland are not very cheering, but the next section that we open upon is the brightest chapter in the Blue-book. It

refers to the territory now known as the "Transkei," or the tract of country between the Kei and Bashee rivers. It includes the districts of Fingoland, the Idutywa Reserve, and Galekaland, and is under the supervision of Captain Blyth, C.M.G., who has the title of Chief Magistrate. The reports are six in number.

The year 1878 will always be a memorable era in the history of this territory. It opened in war and confusion, and long before it closed a large and formidable tribe was dispersed and such order was established as had never been known before. The Fingoes in this territory have long been known as the most prosperous and advanced native community on the border. It is unnecessary here to enter more deeply into their history than to state that they had the singular good fortune to lose in war all their chiefs of any authority, and that for a long series of years they were brought into close contact with European civilization. They are naturally not one whit more intelligent or more tractable than the Gaikas, some of those who know both races intimately maintain that they are even less so. But in losing their chiefs they were like Sinbad when relieved of the Old Man of the Sea. Progress was not only possible but pleasant and profitable. And so they made a vigorous dash forward.

The system under which the Fingoes were governed after their location in the Transkeian territory had one grave fault. Headmen were set up, and had power given to them to hear and decide cases. One of the most satisfactory statements in the Blue-book is that this system has ended. In the whole of the Transkeian territory, including the three departments of Fingoland, there is now no court of law except that of the English magistrates. No words that could be written could convey more hope than these for the future of the natives. They mean peace, progress, security, happiness. There is a court of appeal in which the Chief Magistrate sits as judge. All fines go to the government. A paid constabulary is employed. The fees of court are fixed and constant. The public celebration of such demoralizing customs as those connected with *intonjane* and the circumcision of youths is no longer permitted. In short, order is completely triumphant.

There is other cheering information concerning the Fingoes. They are thoroughly loyal. They gave up their arms without demur when called upon to do so. They have subscribed considerable amounts of money for schools and churches and even a sum of £150 towards the Memorial Fund. They pay taxes readily, and raise a revenue ample for

the needs of the district. The government has several improvements in view for these people. They are to have individual titles to land. Two or three medical officers are to be appointed in the territory, and a small hospital in each district surgeoncy is recommended by the Chief Magistrate. Altogether there seems to be a most cheerful prospect in Fingoland.

The Idutywa Reserve has a very mixed population, numbering all told about sixteen thousand souls. It forms one of the magistracies into which the Transkeian territory is now divided. During the early part of 1878 its people, in common with their neighbours, suffered from the effects of war and famine, but at the close of the year they had a prospect of harvesting abundant crops When called upon to surrender their arms they gave up over seven hundred guns, without showing openly any disinclination to the measure.

The report concerning Galekaland, or the districts of the Transkeian territory which border upon the sea, possesses unusual interest. This is the tract of land which was occupied by the people of Kreli before they raised the war cry in 1877. Their dispersion left it vacant, and the government then resolved to allot a portion of the ground to Gaikas who had taken no part in the rebellion, and to plant a body of European farmers between them and the Fingoes. In pursuance of this plan, during the months of August and September 1878, between seven and eight thousand men, women, and children, who formerly belonged to the clans of Sandilli and Anta, were removed to their new locations. The report contains an account of this removal, and of the humane measures which were adopted to prevent the abandonment of old and infirm persons by the emigrants On the march the people gave very little trouble, and upon reaching their destination they were located without any difficulty. Shortly after their settlement the Chief Magistrate visited them, and on behalf oft he government formally installed the officer under whose immediate supervision they are placed. They were then made acquainted with the new regulations by which they would be governed, which are those already referred to. Galekaland is divided into three magisterial districts, comprising ten locations. No. 1, or Kentani Division, in which these Gaikas are settled, consists of four locations, each containing from two hundred and fifty to three hundred families. The people are reported to be perfectly satisfied with their new home, and to regard the exchange of country as beneficial to themselves. They took with them a fair supply of cattle, and as soon as they were settled they commenced to

plough extensively. The season was favourable, and at the close of the year they had a prospect of very abundant crops. Missionaries were then already in the field, and were planning the establishment of schools on an extensive scale and even the formation of an industrial institution. Traders were there also, and no less than five shops had been opened. In the native districts the sale of strong drink is very wisely prohibited, but traffic is encouraged in all articles excepting spirits and munitions of war. On the 31st December there were nine thousand and forty-five people in the four locations, with every prospect before them of an ample food supply. They were placed under circumstances which promise a far more prosperous future than they could possibly have enjoyed had they been permitted to remain on their old ground and under the government of chiefs of their own race.

Of the two remaining districts, very little mention is made in the Blue-book, because they were still unoccupied. There are to be six native locations in them, and two hundred farms are to be sold to Europeans. The proportion of white men to natives will be small, but their influence in maintaining order and supporting the government should be very considerable.

PONDOLAND.

In addition to the Transkeian Territory, Tembuland, and Griqualand East, there is still another district between the Cape Colony and Natal. It differs from these in its relationship to the Colonial Government, as it is less subject to direct control. Pondoland is stated in the Blue-book to comprise an area of about three thousand three hundred square miles of well wooded and watered land, and to contain a population of over seventy thousand souls. These people are governed by their own chiefs, and very few of them have made any advance towards civilization. In 1878, there was but one European missionary in the country. There were five elementary schools conducted by native agents, and thirty trading stations. Each trader paid £5 a year to the principal chief for the privilege of exchanging his goods for cattle, hides, and grain.

The history of this country has been an eventful one. Its people were almost destroyed by the Zulus under Tshaka and Dingaan. After the establishment of the English power in Natal, Faku, the head of the Pondos, was raised by our government to the position of paramount chief of all the clans between the Umtata and Umzimkulu rivers, and a treaty was entered into with him, in which certain rights were reserved to the

other clans. During Faku's lifetime, the treaty was faithfully observed but his successor has not acted in accordance with its obligations. He endeavoured to deprive the smaller tribes of their privileges, which led to their claiming the protection of the English Government a few years ago. During 1876-7 and 8, the conduct of the Pondo chief was decidedly unfriendly, so much so that the writer of the report is of opinion that the Griqua rebellion would not have taken place if he had not promised the insurgents to support them. It became necessary at length to enquire into Pondo affairs, and in April 1878 a commission was appointed by government for that purpose. After a patient enquiry, the thirteen chiefs and headmen who represented the tribe admitted their infraction of the treaty of 1844. Thereupon, the paramount chief was called upon to agree to the following conditions :—

"To surrender the control of the navigation of the St. John's River. To cede such land on the banks of the said river as might be required for landing-places, custom-house, and other commercial purposes. To cede a right of way and wagon road on both sides of the river to the main road to Natal. (All the land required to be paid for at a fair valuation). To receive a Resident. To abstain from aggression upon Nquiliso, Jojo, and others. To accord a fair open trial before the chief and his councillors to all persons accused of crime. To cease from 'eating up' and putting to death people on any charge of witchcraft."

With reference to the Umzimvubu, or St. John's River, it was a matter of necessity that its mouth should be in possession of the government, as it had often been used for the importation of guns into Kafirland. It is the only seaport on a long line of coast, and if the possession of a sheet of water of which they can make no use whatever is admitted to be a right of a barbarous tribe living in its neighbourhood, those clans which have called for our protection and placed themselves under our rule might fairly claim at least some share in the river. The chief declined to comply with the conditions, and on the 31st of August, Lord Chelmsford with a detachment of the 24th Regiment took possession of the port. A slip of land on each bank of the river was declared to be British territory, Mr. Oxland was appointed British Resident, Faku's son was deposed from his position as paramount chief, and the English Government was declared to be the supreme authority. Mr. Oxland states in the report that the people acquiesced in the change, and that

as far as he could judge matters promised to settle peaceably down in the new order.

A table is given of the clans which make up what is called the Pondo tribe, and of the strength of each in fighting men. Many of these clans are not Pondos at all. A large proportion of them are Abambo, the tribe from which most of our colonial Fingoes sprang. It is supposed that there are also a thousand fugitive Galeka warriors among them.

DAMARALAND.

From the fertile and pleasant land of the Kafirs, with its grassy hills and forest-clad dells and hundred streams, the Blue-book transports its readers at once to the wild waste of country stretching northward along the Atlantic seaboard from the Orange River. The land has changed for the worse, and so has the people. Over that immense tract one word can be written which will explain its condition, and that word is Chaos. Within the memory of living man, there has been no such thing as order there. The inhabitants of the southern portion, or Great Namaqualand, are of a race who will do no manner of work, who live almost entirely by the chase and plunder. As different from the Bantu peoples as night is from day, they abide by no law, and hardly recognize a head. Each little band of marauders is independent of all the rest, and the ties that keep it together are exceedingly frail. They are sunk in the lowest depths of poverty and wretchedness, but as they are well armed and can move about very rapidly, they are capable of causing an immense amount of trouble.

Next to the north come the Herero, a degenerate offshoot of the Bantu race. These have been from time immemorial a purely pastoral people. Their history in former days was little more than a record of the stronger clans *eating up* the weaker, and of feuds perpetually waged. A generation back, the Namaquas enslaved them all, and, to quote one of their own expressions, sucked them as dry as a calf does a cow. At length the Herero, who vastly outnumbered their oppressors, combined and threw off the galling yoke. After effecting this, they were breaking up into little parties again and so preparing the way for their subjugation once more, when some of the wisest of their chiefs requested assistance from the Colonial Government. In Damaraland, as the country of the Herero is called, there were several missionaries and a considerable number of European traders and hunters. There was a harbour on the coast, through which merchandize of all kinds could be thrown into the

country. Thousands of guns were imported through Walwich Bay and bartered away for ivory and ostrich feathers. For these reasons, the Colonial Government was obliged to send a commission to try and preserve peace in the country, and Walwich Bay and a little slip of the desert around it were taken possession of.

The reports of Mr. Palgrave, the Special Commissioner to the tribes north of the Orange River, occupy one-fifth of the whole Blue-book. In them the lawless condition of affairs in Great Namaqualand is vividly described, but it is with Damaraland that he chiefly deals. An arrangement for the protection and government of the country was proposed three years ago by the Damara chiefs to the Commissioner, but the details were not discussed until last year, and it has not yet been carried out on the part of the Colonial Government. According to this plan, there is to be a Resident at Okahandja, with a court having jurisdiction over all strangers in the country. The Resident is to direct the foreign policy of the Herero, and is to advise them in domestic matters. The Herero are to contribute two hundred oxen and four hundred sheep yearly towards the expense of the Resident's establishment, and a sum of £700 for the same purpose is to be raised by a tax upon traders and hunters. A large tract of land has been ceded to the government, with the understanding that it is to be allotted to people who shall serve as a protection to the Herero from their enemies.

There is in Damaraland a numerous race of people, who occupied the country long before the Herero came into it. They are said by Mr. Palgrave to be of industrious habits, but they are so timid in disposition that they allow themselves to be hunted like hares without offering any resistance. These Berg Damaras, as they are termed, have been cruelly oppressed by both Namaquas and Herero, and one of the Commissioner's objects was to improve their condition. There is a settlement of half-breeds from this colony and Griqualand at a place called Rehoboth, and the Namaquas have nearly ruined them. There are numbers of Bushmen scattered about, and, finally, a party of about a thousand nomad Boers, with two hundred fighting men, has encamped on the western border of Damaraland. With so many elements of strife existing, a great deal of caution is necessary before the government commits itself to any plan for the establishment of order in these countries, and at the close of 1878 nothing appears to have been definitely decided upon. But a good deal of information concerning the people has been acquired, and these documents in the Blue-book form a valuable supplement to Mr. Palgrave's very interesting report of his first mission to Damaraland.

EASTERN FRONTIER DISTRICTS.

The remaining twenty-six pages of the Blue-book are taken up with reports concerning the natives in the districts within the eastern colonial border. There are documents from the Civil Commissioners of King William's Town, Queen's Town, Fort Beaufort, Victoria East, and Stockenstrom, the Resident Magistrates of Herschel and Jansenville, the Special Magistrate of the Tembookie Location, the Superintendent of Fingo Locations at Kamastone and Oxkraal, the Superintendent of Healdtown Location, several missionaries, and the head master of the Healdtown Training Institution.

The Civil Commissioner of King William's Town gives an account of the murder of Messrs. Tainton and Brown, and refers briefly to other events which ushered in the Gaika rebellion. He then enters into the reasons for the registration of the loyal natives, and quotes the testimony of several missionaries in confirmation of the benefits derived from that measure. Further than this he does not allude to the rebellion, and, indeed, to give even an outline of its occurrences would require half the space of the Blue-book. Towards the close of the year, the loyal Gaikas of the Division of King William's Town were removed across the Kei, and the land they formerly held was laid out in farms, which are to be offered at public sale. The natives generally have been disarmed, and they made no opposition when called upon to give up their weapons. In the Division of King William's Town, there are to be in future eight native locations, some of them containing two or three villages. These are to be under efficient supervision, and the ground in them is to be held by individual tenure. The natives are now exceedingly poor, but there is abundance of employment for those who choose to work, and under the proposed system of dealing with them, industrious individuals will have a much better chance of attaining a good position than they ever had before.

The Civil Commissioner of Queen's Town gives an outline account of the Tshatshu clan of the Tembus, from the death of Mapassa in the war of 1851-2, and the confiscation of his country by Sir George Cathcart, to the surrender of Gungubele on the 14th of April 1878. The rebellion of Umfanta is also briefly alluded to. The people of these two clans who remained loyal have been located on the ground from which Umfanta fled, and the country formerly occupied by the adherents of Gungubele is to be sold to assist in defraying the cost of the war. It

will be divided into twenty farms. A thousand guns and four thousand assegais have been voluntarily surrendered. The crops were poor, and much distress was the result. Thefts of stock were prevalent. The Special Magistrate of the Tembookie Location and the Superintendent of the Locations at Kamastone and Oxkraal have not much information to give beyond this, but the latter mentions some small signs of progress among the Fingoes.

In Fort Beaufort two hundred and sixteen guns and about the same number of assegais have been voluntarily surrendered, and stock thefts have nearly ceased, as every native moving about is required to have a special pass. Owing to the protracted drought there were some cases of positive destitution, and government was obliged to relieve those who were physically incapable of labouring for their food, still there was great difficulty in inducing a few of the young men to earn two shillings a day on the East London railway works.

The Acting Civil Commissioner of Victoria East enters fully into the necessity of compelling natives who move about to be furnished with special passes. When he took over the duties on the 30th April, there were only six or seven hundred Kafirs actually resident in the district, two or three thousand of Oba's people having been previously dispersed westwards, but he states that he found the village swamped with red-blanketted natives, chiefly from Kama's location, and the district overrun with marauders under protection of certificates of citizenship. By causing all those to be arrested who were not provided with special passes or who entered the village without being dressed in European clothing, he put an end to stock-lifting and cut off supplies from the rebels. The Fingoes in the Division give no trouble whatever. They are comparatively wealthy, and their prospects are good. They raised no difficulties when called upon to deliver their arms. Mr. Fleischer condemns emphatically the system of ruling these people through headmen, and all real friends of the natives will endorse every word he says on the subject. The Civil Commissioner of Stockenstrom is also of opinion that certificates of citizenship, or free passes, should be done away with altogether. Like the others, he lays stress on the necessity of maintaining an active and vigilant police force, in order to compel the observance of the laws. The disarming of the natives in this Division was effected without the least trouble. Mr. Borcherds believed that native affairs were never in a better condition, thieving had ceased, and the crops promised large returns.

The Resident Magistrate of Herschel reports that the year 1878 was one of depression and want in his district, but that the prospects towards its close were better. The war did not affect the people under his charge. The Resident Magistrate of Jansenville says but little, except that stock-lifting was prevalent.

Looking at the Blue-book as a whole, it brings before us a year in which native society was convulsed along and far beyond the border. It was a year of war and famine and suffering that cannot be told. To Galeka and rebel Gaika it was a year of death and destruction. They raised themselves up and in frantic fury measured their strength with the white man, but only to be crushed as they never were crushed before. This was not a year of progress in industrial arts, in education, or in wealth. There rests no halo on any of its occurrences as connected with the missionary and his work. And yet to those who look below the surface of events and who have faith in that All-wise and Beneficent Providence which out of apparent evil brings forth lasting blessings, the year 1878 was a year of hope. It saw the end of much that was bad, and the beginning, let us trust, of much that is good. It saw the greatest barrier to the progress of the native people—the institution of chieftainship—broken completely down along our borders, and the punishment of a great crime will be our due if through indolence or apathy we allow it to be built up again. A writer in the Blue-book remarks truly that the natives must be governed not let alone. For their own good and for ours, they must be governed strictly but kindly, justly but mercifully, with vigilance but with patience. The events of 1878 have placed great opportunities of improving these people in our way, the government has initiated a system under which progress will be easy, fruitful seasons have returned, and to the native the future is full of hope.

Modern Philosophy.

I. Victoria Institute or Philosophical Society of Great Britain. Journals of Transactions.

II. Modern Philosophic Scepticism examined (Address to the Victoria Institute), by Robert Main, M.A., F.R.S., &c., &c.

PERHAPS it is even yet premature to try to gauge the extent and depth to which the teachings of positive and materialistic philosophers have permeated the minds of thinking men. The most enthusiastic of physicists tells us that we are now in a position to establish scientifically the groundwork of a "non-miraculous history of the development of the human race." We are taught that the purpose in nature, or teleological view of animated nature, as well as such optimist theories as those of the beneficence of the Creator and the moral order of the world, exist only for those persons who observe the phenomena of the universe in the most superficial manner.

By the Theory of Descent, as reformed by Darwin, says Professor Haeckel, we are enabled to conceive of the unity of nature in such a manner that a mechanico-causal explanation of even the most intricate organic phenomena, *e.g.*, the origin and structure of the organs of sense, is no more difficult, in a general way, than is the mechanical explanation of any physical process; as, for example, earthquakes, the courses of the wind, or the currents of the ocean. We are to infer that the course of a projectile or the formation of a crystal, is neither more nor less a mechanical manifestation of life than the perception or formation of thought in man. (History of Creation I. pp. 1-23).

This scientific materialism, when interpreted into the language of every-day life, would cut away the whole basis of Revelation, Tradition, and Mythology; the aspirations for Heaven, the shuddering recoil from the Hell of Theology, the incentives to a life of virtue and self-denial, as influenced by belief in a system of future rewards and punishments; the intense longings of the weary soul for the repose of a life to come, the gleams of hope that penetrate through the chinks of the squalid abodes of physical and moral degradation and disease—all these, and more, would be swept away by the fiat of the modern philosopher. A new era is to be ushered

in; the perfection of humanity is yet to be realized on earth. Under the teachings of the Religion of Nature, the development of mankind is to reach a degree transcending the dreams of a Golden Age: an "existence worthy of man" is to be the outcome of the direction and regulation of man's life, politics, morals, of all that makes up the social organization of human life, "in accordance with natural laws only." If we lay bare the words written by the representatives of the most advanced school of materialists and disregard the flights of poetic enthusiasm which some have taken, when looking through the long vista of ages yet unborn, we are startled to find that during the few years such philosophers as Tyndall, Huxley, Clifford, Helmholtz, Haeckel, and others have been in possession of the press-pulpit, their preaching has not only arrested the erect attention of educated men, but has silently and surely undermined many anthropomorphic views which had grown around the Christian verities; the heaven of oriental imagery, and the Echenna of the Hebrew, as also the Hell of Dante and Milton, appear to have passed away from the active belief of the majority of those who read the signs of the times; and amongst many the restlessness of change is betokened by the cry, Who will tell us what to believe? As one of our deepest thinkers puts it: Let those who are most capable of forming a sound opinion, after reviewing the whole relations of Science, History, and what is now received as Revelation, tell us fairly how much of the doctrines popularly taught they conceive to be adequately established, how much to be uncertain, and how much, if anything, to be mistaken.

When we consider that to the majority of those whose lives are spent from dawn to dark in winning bread for their households, the consolations of Christianity are their only mental and moral food, and that Christianity is to them not so much a development of supernatural revelation, as the plain expression of their dutiful obedience to their Creator; and that beyond this they are not concerned about critical difficulties of texts or the objections of the opponents of the supernatural, we can understand how few men, even of advanced views, are willing to disturb this harmony of religious and moral dependence. What is noticeable among most thinking religious men is this, that they acknowledge with gratitude the immense debt which the world

owes to Christanity, for the relative amount of domestic and social happiness, which has been its fruit: and when in their critical and philosophical studies, they are led to acquiesce in the difficulties which bar the way to a confiding faith in the literal inspiration of Scriptural records or in the miraculous interpositions of Almighty power as set forth both in the Hebrew and in the Christian writings, they nurse their honest doubts in the innermost recesses of their own minds, rather than disturb the happy child-like faith of others who, unconscious of such doubts or difficulties, are going steadily and happily on their way, rejoicing in simple endeavours to do their duty in the state in which they believe God to have placed them. The truest basis is that laid down by the distinguished author of "Short Studies on Great Subjects"—so long as the fruits of the Spirit continue to be visible in charity, in self-sacrifice, in those graces which raise human creatures above themselves, and invest them with that beauty of holiness which only Religion confers, thoughtful persons will remain convinced that with them in some form or other is the secret of Truth.

But in putting what concerns the region and fruits of faith thus pointedly before our readers, we are far from advocating the *subjective* view in which the Victoria Institute or Philosophical Society of Great Britain has proposed to investigate questions of Philosophy and Science. That society, now embracing a large body of men of note, has been founded "to investigate fully and impartially the most important questions of Philosophy and Science, with the view of reconciling any apparent discrepancies between Christianity and Science."

The stand-point is insecure, deceptive, and contrary to all scientific principles. Is a physicist, who has been taught Dalton's atomic theory, or who has pinned his faith to the kinetic theory of molecules and atoms as more recently developed by Sir William Thomson, to conduct all his researches into the physical phenomena which lie before him, with the fixed pre-judgment that all his conclusions must be made to fit in with the theory which he had adopted previous to investigation? The position assumed by that learned Society is equally absurd.

We are glad to find in Mr. Main's address such testimony as the

following, quoted among the transactions of the Society:—I feel profoundly convinced, that the argument of design has been greatly too much lost sight of . . . Overwhelmingly strong proof of intelligent and benevolent design lie all around us (Sir Wm. Thomson's address at Edinburgh, 1871). No theory of evolution can be formed to account for the similarity of molecules, for evolution necessarily implies continuous change, and the molecule is incapable of growth or decay, of generation or destruction. . . . None of the processes of nature, since the time when nature began, have produced the slightest difference in the proportions of any molecule. . . . . Science is incompetent to reason upon the creation of matter itself out of nothing. We have reached the utmost limit of our thinking faculties when we have admitted that because matter cannot be eternal and self-existent, it must have been created. . . . . (Professor Clerk-Maxwell's address at Bradford, 1873). But neither the Society nor any thinking man would attach the least value to these conclusions of the two eminent physicists, if it were supposed that they carried on their researches with the sole object of arriving at such conclusions as would be agreeable to the Victoria Philosophical Society of Great Britain.

We regret that those who are most anxious to guard their Religion should suppose that any good can result from the attempt to fetter the course of scientific inquiry. The most unrestrained freedom of thought and research will give the victory to truth and the death-blow to error.

No one who has studied the history of the world can doubt that there is a progressive development in Religion as well as in Science: of the first Christians who met by stealth in upper rooms or in each others' houses, how few would recognize the Christianity, then practically resulting in a recognition of the great personal representative of Divine Truth, as identical with the later development of it as found in Creeds, Articles, and Confessions of Faith, and in the overlayer of an ornate and sensuous ritual of dress, posture, and sound! On the other hand, the ethical elements of Christanity, which by some schools of divines are thought to be an inadequate representation of the Christian Religion, are what must be regarded as the very essence of the Religion of the future. Even if "the

thoughts of men are widen'd with the process of the suns," it is inconceivable that any higher ideal of moral character could be presented to the world than that of the Founder of Christianity.

Whilst deprecating the intentions of earnest Christians to investigate the phenomena of nature with a foregone conclusion, we are equally averse to the flippant satires of the day that appear to be as inimical to true Religion as to Science. Those who have read "The new Paul and Virginia," by Mr. W. H. Mallock, may be amused indeed with his burlesque on the leaders of advanced opinions in Science, but when the *Professor* (Paul) is, after a long absence, brought again face to face with the green gown and grey cork screw curls of his shrewish wife, and is made in despair to exclaim, "I do now indeed believe in Hell," as much sarcasm is levelled at Christianity as when the superb Virginia, with exquisite toilette and melting eyes, rushes into the arms of her bishop, saying, "I once more believe in heaven." The maxim of Horace may be true:—

Ridiculum acri
Fortius et melius magnas plerumque secat res:

but ridicule cuts both ways, and whilst the writer is interweaving the words of Mr. Frederic Harrison, Huxley, Tindall, and others into a narrative of silly burlesque, he does not injure the cause of true Science, but saps the moral foundations of the Religion which he professes to befriend.

It is now an acknowledged fact that the old basis of the relation of miracles to Faith has been seriously shaken; that belief in miracles is no necessary antecedent to Faith; and though the destruction of certain aspects or phases of religious belief may result from the modern theories of philosophy, such as Evolution, yet there is no reason to fear that the acknowledgment of the processes of Evolution involves the absolute denial of cause and design in nature, or the rejection of what constitutes the *essence* of Christianity, apart from its aftergrowth of theological dogmas, anthropomorphisms, and ceremonial observances.

Δ.

Local Government.

The valuable time of the Legislature in both Houses of Parliament is annually largely encroached upon, by the introduction of Bills having for their object the government of Municipalities. Not only is the more important public business thus delayed, but the expense of getting a private Bill through both Houses is so great that it deters many localities from applying for the powers of Local Government.

The sanitary condition of Cape Town has more than once been commented upon in the public press; and not long since His Excellency the Governor referred to it. It is terrible to contemplate what would be the effects of an outbreak of cholera, small-pox, or typhoid fever in a town where, even in the better parts of it, the most ordinary sanitary provisions for the sake of decency and health are not merely neglected, but are utterly disregarded. And yet men of influence and intelligence, who are aware of the dangerous condition of the neighbourhood in which they live, are content with slumbering on a volcano, without an effort to remedy the evils of which they often loudly complain. Those evils are not confined to Cape Town, as a walk through the suburbs of Claremont, Newlands, and Rondebosch, will easily demonstrate. The population in these favourite localities is daily increasing, but numerous houses are springing up without having attached to them any of those conveniences, without which a proper sanitary condition cannot be preserved.

To afford a cheap and effective remedy for such a state of things in England, the Local Government Act 21st and 22nd Vic., Cap. 98, was passed. It is a general Act which may be adopted in localities by petition of the owners and ratepayers. A meeting may be called, on the requisition of any twenty ratepayers or owners, by the Mayor, or in places not being corporate boroughs, by Churchwardens or other persons therein named. In this Colony the Civil Commissioner would seem to be the person through whom the wishes of the owners and ratepayers could best be ascertained, as to whether they would adopt the provisions of a similar statute in this country, if it should become law a glance at the statute referred to will show how simple and yet how comprehensive are its provisions.

If such a law were passed here, we should not require any more Municipal Acts. The largest as well as the smallest area would, by a petition to the Colonial Secretary, or other member of the Government appointed for the purpose, be brought under the provisions of the statute, which might be made to embrace every branch of Local Government: water supply, public health, police, &c., and would be much more satisfactory than the numerous statutes now applying to different localities, the provisions of which scarcely agree in any two instances; thus often creating much difficulty in their interpretation and application.

The recent and almost unaccountable mortality in a favourite watering place, has called public attention to the deficiency of our sanitary regulations. No question is more deserving of the immediate attention of the Legislature. If people will not for their own sakes take the subject into earnest consideration, the Government should not lose sight of the necessity of at once adopting measures to prevent what some day or other may spread pestilence and death throughout every district in the Colony.

Notes and News.

DEPARTMENT OF PUBLIC EDUCATION.

A MEMORANDUM on the administration of the department of public education, drawn up by the Superintendent-General, has been presented to both Houses of Parliament. Dr. Dale suggests that his department should be remodelled. "If the general superintendence of the public education of the Colony and adjacent territories," he remarks, "were transferred to a council of education, the duties of the education office should be directed by a chief secretary; and in lieu of a Superintendent-General of Education there should be an Inspector-General of Schools, who would have to keep himself acquainted with the state of each college or school connected with the department, either by personal visits or the reports of deputy inspectors, and who should be charged with the examinations of teachers, which is now a laborious duty, and one which lies outside the range of the ordinary correspondence and financial work of an office. A council of education should consist of a minister of education, ex-officio president, five unofficial members distinguished for their interest in and acquaintance with educational matters, some of whom would probably have seats in the Legislature, and the chief secretary of the education office. The functions of such a council would be mainly consultative, dealing with principles rather than details, and shaping out such necessary modifications and additions as experience suggests, from time to time. The use of such a body would consist mainly in its being a safe-guard against the practical inconveniences and fluctuations of policy which may result from the periodical changes of the ministry. The minister of education might be charged with the oversight of the indirect means of education, such as libraries, museums, botanic gardens, science and art classes, so far as they are subsidized by state grants. The foregoing suggestions involve the substitution of a council of education with a chief secretary, in the place of the Superintendent-General of Education; the appointment of a minister of education; and the creation of a new office, that of Inspector-General of Schools."

In drawing attention to these suggestions we wish particularly to notice the last paragraph but one, in which it is proposed that the minister of education might be charged with the oversight of the indirect means of education, such as those mentioned, so far as they are subsidized by state

grants. In a former number of the *Magazine*, attention was drawn to the claims of the Fine Arts Association to some support from the public revenues. In Canada the Art Museum, as it is called, is under the direct control of the Superintendent-General of Education. It is well known that in Cape Town, attached to the offices of the education department, is a collection of books and apparatus used for teaching, and that an annual amount is expended upon this educational museum. The Fine Arts Association own a large and suitable building in New-street, only one-half of which is required for the Art Gallery. These two institutions might be re-arranged and consolidated. A new science and art museum might be formed and placed under a director responsible to the minister of education. Arrangements might be made for the promotion of instruction in elementary drawing as part of national education, and in fine art as applied to industry. There would be a central repository for objects of science and art, which, as far as practicable, could be circulated throughout the Colony. In short, the foundation might be laid of a science and art department which would prove of great advantage to the colony, and that, as accommodation is already to be had in the Art Gallery, at a very small cost to commence with.

Zulu Superstitions.

A correspondent requests information as to the frequent allusions to "the snake" made in the Zulu Romance, published in the July number. The following we gather from Mr. Leslie's writings :—The Zulus believe that after death their spirits turn into a snake, which they call "Ehlosé," nd that every living man has two of these familiar spirits—a good and a bad. When their undertakings do not succeed, they say that it is their enemies who are annoying them, and that they are only to be appeased by sacrificing an animal ; but when everything prospers, they ascribe it to their good "Ehlosé" being in the ascendant. When two men are fighting, their snakes are poetically said to be twisting and biting each other overhead. One "softens" and goes down, and the man, whose attendant it is, goes down with it. But the snake of the victorious man stands straight up.

THE CAPE

MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

The Beginning of the European Occupation in South Africa.

FROM DOCUMENTS IN THE CAPE ARCHIVES.

(Continued.)

AT DAYBREAK on the morning of the 7th, Skipper Coninck landed for the purpose of looking for letters and to get some herbs and fresh fish. It was usual for the masters of ships that called at Table Bay to leave journals of events and other documents concealed in secure places, and to mark on prominent stones directions for finding them. This had been the practice for nearly half a century, so that a fleet arriving from home always expected to get here the latest news from the East. In time of war great caution had to be taken, so as to leave no information that could be made use of by an enemy, but otherwise the practice was found to be very convenient. The skipper took with him six armed soldiers and a boat's crew with a seine. A box containing three letters was discovered, and a good haul of fish was made.

The letters had been written by Jan van Teylingen, Admiral of the last return fleet, who had left Table Bay on the 26th of February with three ships out of the eleven under his flag. The others had been lost sight of soon after passing the Strait of Sunda. The Admiral had waited here eleven days, and had then gone on to St. Helena, in hope of finding the missing ships there. But in case they should still be behind and should arrive in Table Bay after his departure, he had left a letter addressed to their Commanders, informing them of his movements. In it he stated that he had only been able to procure one bullock and one sheep from the natives, though many cattle were seen inland. There were on board the missing ships some

horses intended for the use of the people who were coming to form a victualling station, and he directed that these should be landed and placed in charge of a certain Hottentot who could speak English. The other two letters were addressed to the Governor-General and Councillors of India, and were left here to be taken on by any ship that might call.

In the evening Mr. Van Riebeek and some others went ashore to examine the valley and select a site for the fort. It was towards the close of the dry season, and the land was everywhere parched with drought. The sources of the little streamlets which in winter ran into the fresh river were all dried up, and their channels were gaping to the sun. The wild flowers of many hues, which at other seasons of the year delighted the eyes of visitors, were now to be sought in vain. The summer heat was past, but no rains had yet fallen to clothe the ground with a mantle of beauty, and make it what Janssen and Proot had seen. In many of the minor outlines of the vale the hand of man has effected a striking change since that day. The stream of sweet water, which the early voyagers called the Fresh River, then ran down its centre from the mountain to the sea. A map of the valley was carefully constructed soon after the arrival of the party of occupation, and is referred to in documents of a later date, but it is not now to be found. From casual observations, however, it may be ascertained that somewhere about the site of the present government offices there was a great swamp in winter, in which hippopotami disported themselves, and even in the driest season there was in that neighbourhood a deep pool like a reservoir. It was fed by the river, which appears to have had a double channel for some distance, so as to form an island, and to have united again below the swamp. All vestiges of these features have long since disappeared. In other parts of the valley, hollows have been filled up and hillocks levelled down, and especially along the flank of the Lion's Rump a slight alteration in the contour has been made. The grand features of Table Mountain in the background, the Devil's Peak on one hand and the Lion Mount on the other, are all unchangeable save by untold ages of time. As Antonio de Saldanha, first of Europeans to enter the bay, saw them in 1503, and as they are under our eyes to-day, so were they seen by Commander Van

Riebeek on that Sunday in April two hundred and twenty-seven years ago.

When the boat returned, two natives of the Cape Peninsula went on board the *Dromedaris*. One of them was a man who was closely connected with the Europeans for the remainder of his life, and was the same in whose charge the horses were to have been left, if the missing ships of Van Teylingen's fleet had put into Table Bay instead of passing on to St. Helena. His native name was Autshumao, but he was better known afterwards as Harry, or Herry as Mr. Van Riebeek wrote it. He had spent some time on board an English ship, in which he had visited Bantam, and had acquired a smattering of the language of those among whom he had lived. This knowledge, very imperfect though it was, made him useful as an interpreter between the Europeans and his countrymen. The few families,—fifty or sixty souls all told,—forming the little clan of which Harry was the leading member, were then the only permanent inhabitants of the Cape Peninsula. They had no cattle, and maintained a wretched existence by fishing and gathering wild roots. They called themselves Goringhaiquas, but were usually entitled Beach-rangers by the Dutch. An impoverished, famine stricken, half naked band of savages, hardly any conceivable mode of existence could be more miserable than theirs.

There were two large clans, which were possessed of herds of cattle and sheep, and which visited Table Valley and its neighbourhood periodically when the pasturage was good. One of these clans, known to natives as the Goringhaikonas and to the Dutch first as the Saldanhars and afterwards as the Kaapmans, had a fighting force of five or six hundred men. They were under a chief named Gogosoa, who had attained a very great age and was so stout that he was commonly called the Fat Captain. The other clan was the Gorachouqua, nicknamed the Tobacco Thieves by the Dutch. They had a force of three or four hundred fighting men. The Goringhaikonas and the Gorachouquas wandered about with their flocks and herds, sometimes pitching their mat huts beside Table Mountain, sometimes at the foot of Riebeek's Kasteel, or in the vale now known as Fransche Hoek. The smoke of their fires might at times be seen rising anywhere within the furthest mountains visible on the north

and the east. The Goringhaikonas, being the most numerous and wealthy, were looked upon by Mr. Van Riebeek and his successors as better entitled than the others to be called the owners of this part of the country. They were feeding their herds on the other side of the bay when the party of occupation arrived.

On the 8th the Council, consisting of the Commander and the three skippers, met on board the *Dromedaris* to arrange for commencing the work on shore. It was resolved that they should land at once and mark out a site for the fortress. Exclusive of officers, there were one hundred and eighty-one men on board the three vessels, and of these, one hundred were to be set to work in raising the walls. The carpenters were to put up a wooden dwelling house and a store shed for temporary use. The men left on board the ships were to be employed in discharging the goods and in catching fish.

This custom of bringing all matters of importance before a Council for decision was the usual method of procedure in the Company's service. Every ship had its Council, nominated by the authorities before she left port. When several ships sailed in company, the principal men in each formed a Broad Council for the squadron. A settlement such as that in South Africa was regarded as similar to a single ship in a fleet. It had its own Council, which for a long course of years was a very elastic body, adapted to meet the circumstances of the times. It consisted of the presiding officer, who was called the Commander until 1672 and the Governor after that date, and a number of officers of inferior rank, who were usually appointed by some Commissioner on his way to or from India. When there were ships belonging to the Company lying in the bay, their principal officers and those of the Cape settlement formed a Broad Council, which was presided over by the highest in rank, who might be the Commander here or a stranger to the place. These Broad Councils passed resolutions concerning the most important matters in South Africa as well as concerning the affairs of fleets.

The gradation of authority in the Company's service was very clearly defined. The Chamber of Seventeen was supreme. Next came the Governor-General and Council of India, whose orders and instructions were issued from the Castle of Batavia. Then its authority was spread out among a vast number of Admirals and

Governors and Commanders, each with his Council, but wherever these came in contact, the lower in rank gave way to the higher. The Company's servants scattered over the eastern world were like a single regiment. The Chamber of Seventeen was the Commander-in-Chief. The Governor-General and Council of India was the Colonel. The Admirals and Governors and Commanders were the Captains and Lieutenants and Ensigns, and wherever a Captain appeared the Lieutenants without question submitted to him. If the officers of a regiment were stationed in many different posts, and were in the habit of assembling councils of war on all occasions, the parallel would be complete. This circumstance must be borne in mind, as it gives a clear insight into the mode of government under which the occupation took place.

Mr. Van Riebeek and the three skippers, having made an inspection of Table Valley, selected a site for the fort near to, if not actually upon, the ground where the Railway Station and the Commercial Exchange now stand. It is impossible to fix the exact site, but from measurements given when the present castle was built, and from various observations made, it cannot have been far from the spot indicated. The ground was then marked out, and the labourers commenced the work without delay. The fort was in the form of a square, with bastions at its angles. The length of each of its faces was two hundred and fifty-two Rhynland feet. The walls were constructed of earth, twenty feet in thickness at the base and tapering to sixteen feet at the top. They were twelve feet in height, and were surmounted by a parapet. Round the whole structure there was a moat, into which the water of the fresh river could be conducted. Within, there were some wooden buildings, and in the centre stood a square stone tower barely rising above the walls. The tower had a flat roof, from which its defenders could fire down upon an enemy who should attempt to scramble over the banks of earth. The plan was altered several times during the course of construction, in such respects as the thickness and height of the walls, but the general design remained as it was laid out on the 9th of April. The dimensions here given are those of the original fort Good Hope, as it was when completed.

As soon as the tents were pitched ashore, the Goringhaiquas or

beachrangers brought their families to the encampment, where they afterwards remained pretty constantly. Occasionally they would wander along the beach seeking shell-fish, but as far as food was concerned they were now better off than they had ever been before. Mr. Van Riebeek had instructions to conciliate the natives, and in everything he did his utmost to carry out the orders of his superiors in authority. He believed that Harry especially would be of great service in communicating with the inland hordes, and therefore he tried to gain his attachment by liberal presents of food and clothing. The others were supplied at meal times with such provisions as were given to the labourers, but Harry had a share of whatever was on the Commander's own table This indulgence proved his ruin in the end. Undue familiarity with a savage is often mistaken for kindness, but all experience goes to show that it leads to a total loss of respect on his part.

About noon on the 10th, as some of the workmen were busy with their spades and wheelbarrows, and others were beating down bushes and earth in the walls, nine or ten of the Goringhaikonas made their appearance. To the surprise of the Dutch, Harry's people immediately seized their assegais and bows, and attacked the strangers with great fury. Skipper Hoochsaet with a corporal and a party of armed soldiers ran in between them, but had some difficulty in separating the combatants and restoring peace. It was not four days since the expedition had arrived, and already the Europeans had learned of the bitter hostility existing between the different Hottentot clans. At no distant date they were to discover that the scene they had witnessed was typical of the ordinary existence of the savage tribes of Africa.

On the 15th, the *Salmander*, one of the missing ships of Van Teylingen's fleet, came into the bay. She reported that the horses and various Indian plants and seeds which had been sent from Batavia were on board the other vessels, and must have passed the Cape before this date. It was afterwards ascertained that the ships had gone on to St. Helena, which was then an uninhabited island, and that the horses had been turned loose there. The *Salmander* left here a clerk, named Frederick Verburg, and two workmen, and sailed on the 20th for the Fatherland.

On the 24th, Mr. Van Riebeek and his family left the *Dromedaris* and took up their residence on land, in a building roughly constructed of planks and standing close to the beach. One of the walls of the fort was already in such a condition that the cannon had been mounted upon it. Yet the Commander frequently complained of the slowness with which the work was being carried on. The labourers were enfeebled by the sea voyage, and they had been disappointed in the expectation of being able to procure fresh food. The pastoral clans were encamped at a distance, and hitherto they had sent only one cow and a calf to be exchanged for copper bars. The wild herbs and mustard leaves and scurvy grass, for which they were longing so much, had almost disappeared in the drought. The earth was like iron under their picks, so that they were not digging but quarrying it. And to add to their troubles, the south-east wind blew frequently with such violence that they were nearly blinded with dust, and could hardly stand upon the walls.

Their principal relief came from the sea. The bay was swarming with fish, and they had only to go as far as Salt River to cast their seines. So weary were their palates of the ship's meat that they believed some kinds of Cape fish were the most delicious in the world. There was nothing to approach them in flavour, they said, even in the waters of the Fatherland. On the night before Mr. Van Riebeek's family landed, they killed a great hippopotamus, as heavy as two fat oxen, with a monstrous head and teeth five-eighths of an ell in length. Its hide was an inch in thickness and so tough that their musket balls would not penetrate it. They fired in vain behind its ears, but at last killed it with shots in the forehead. To the people its flesh tasted as a delicacy, and they rejoiced accordingly.

On the 7th of May, the ships *Walvisch* and *Olifant* dropped their anchors in the bay, having left the Texel on the 3rd of January. They had lost one hundred and thirty men on the passage, and their crews were in a dreadful condition from scurvy when they reached this port. On the 11th, the Broad Council met on board the *Dromedaris*, and resolved that the fifty weakest invalids belonging to these two ships should be brought ashore and left here. Provisions sufficient to last for three months were to be left for their use, and

all who should recover were to be sent on to Batavia with the first opportunity. The names of the four ships in the bay were given to the bastions of the still unfinished fort. That to the south was called the Dromedaris, to the north the Reiger, to the east the Walvisch, and to the west the Olifant. The little yacht had the same name as the whole fort. As there were no refreshments except water and fish to be had here, the ships sailed again as soon as possible, and with them the *Reiger* left for Batavia.

On the 25th there arrived the ship *Hof van Zeeland*, which sailed from home on the 31st January, and had lost thirty-seven men by death on the passage. She took in water, and sailed again in a few days.

On the 28th the *Dromedaris* sailed, and the party of occupation was left to its own resources. The cold stormy weather of winter was beginning to set in, and the misery of Mr. Van Riebeek and his people was daily increasing. The rain could not be kept out of the tents and the wooden buildings which they had run up for temporary use, and it was with difficulty that they could preserve their bread and perishable stores. With the change of weather came sickness, which they were too weak to resist, and now almost every day there was a death from dysentery or fever. On the 3rd of June, out of one hundred and sixteen men, only sixty were able to perform any labour. Fresh meat and vegetables and proper shelter would have saved them, but these things were not to be obtained. They had killed a second hippopotamus, and its flesh was so much to their liking that they described it as tasting like veal, but what was one even of these huge beasts among so many mouths. There was no other game in Table Valley, though four men who went out with guns saw many antelopes beyond Wynberg and on the borders of the forest that clothed the mountain sides above Newlands.

They were almost as solitary as if they had been frozen up in the Arctic sea. For weeks together they saw none of the natives of the land but Harry's miserable followers, from whom no assistance of any kind was to be had. The encampment was like a great hospital in which the attendants staggered about among the sick and the dying. The work on the walls of the fort almos ceased, for they had enough to do to take care of themselves.

But the rains, which had brought on the dysentery, in an incredibly short time brought them also relief. The grass sprang into existence as if by magic, and with it sprang up various plants of a nutritious kind. They were all correctives of scurvy, and that was mainly what was needed. The sick and feeble went about gathering wild herbs and roots and declaring there was nothing in the world half so palatable. God had looked down in compassion upon them and relieved them in their sore distress. With the grass appeared game, great and small, but as yet they had not learned to be successful as hunters. As soon as the first showers fell a piece of ground was dug over, in which Hendrik Boom, the gardener, planted seeds, and soon the sick were enjoying such delicacies as radishes, lettuce, and cress. Then they found good reeds for thatch, and when the buildings were covered in with these instead of boards and torn sails, they could almost bid defiance to the heavy rains.

Those were days in which the observances ordinarily connected with a profession of religion were very strictly adhered to. No one was permitted to be absent from public prayers without good and sufficient reasons, but no one was allowed to worship God in any other manner than that the government approved of. Religious phrases were constantly in people's mouths, and their correspondence was charged with quotations from scripture and ejaculatory prayers. A great deal of this was as much mere form as the words "God save the Queen" at the foot of a proclamation against evading the customs are at the present day, but it is certain that matters connected with public worship then occupied more of the people's attention than they do now.

In these, its most prosperous days, the Netherlands East India Company provided for the religious needs of its servants in a very liberal manner. Its largest ships and its most important possessions were all furnished with chaplains paid from its funds. Its smaller vessels and such stations as the Cape for some years after its formation were provided with men of lower ecclesiastical rank. They were called Comforters of the Sick or Sick Visitors, and held offices similar to those of Catechists in the English Church and Evangelists in various Presbyterian bodies. They instructed the children

and conducted religious services, but did not administer the sacraments.

A Sick Visitor, Willem Barents Wylant by name, came to South Africa in the *Dromedaris* with Mr. Van Riebeek. His family was the first to whom quarters were assigned within the walls of the fort where on the 6th of June his wife gave birth to a son, the first child of European blood born in this colony. The chaplains of ships that called conducted services during their stay, and usually administered the sacraments. Mr. Backerius, chaplain of the *Walvisch*, was the first who is recorded to have done so in South Africa, but it is possible that the *Haarlem* had a clergyman on board, in which case the rites of the church would certainly have been attended to during the time the crew of that vessel remained in Table Valley.

The duties of the Sick Visitors were strictly defined, and in the Company's service no one was permitted to go beyond his assigned sphere of labour. Every one had his place, knew it, and was kept to it. During the time of greatest trouble, the Sick Visitor took upon himself to address the people in his own words, instead of reading a printed sermon as he was bound to do. In the following year information of this was carried to Batavia, and reached the ears of the clergy there. No fault was found with the doctrines which he preached, but that an unordained man should venture to address a congregation was considered a scandal to the Christian church. The Ecclesiastical Court of Batavia addressed the Governor-General and Council of India on the subject, and forthwith a despatch was sent to Mr. Van Riebeek requiring him to prohibit such irregular proceedings. A letter from the Ecclesiastical Court was also sent to the Commander to the same effect, in which it is stated that the Sick Visitor should have known better than to put his sickle into another's harvest and take to himself honour which did not belong to him. This incident shows how necessary the Netherland clergy then considered a strict adherence to the established order of things to be, and how they objected to anything like innovation.

During the winter there were many heavy storms, and so much rain fell that on several occasions the valley was quite flooded. The ground that was prepared for gardens was twice washed away. But as soon as a storm was over, the people set to work again and laid

fresh plots under cultivation. The land was now swarming with elands and hartebeests and steenbucks, but they would not be approached so closely as to be within range of the clumsy firelocks in use. Mr. Van Riebeek caused pitfalls to be made and snares to be set, but all this labour was in vain, for during the whole season only one young hartebeest was secured, and that was run down by dogs. As soon as the workmen regained a little strength, the fort and the buildings it enclosed were taken in hand again, so that by the 3rd of August the whole party managed to get shelter within the walls. The heavy rains were found not to damage the earthworks in the least, for the whole had been faced with sods as soon as the ground was soft enough to dig them.

At times the bay seemed to be filled with whales. They came spouting in front of the Commander's quarters nearly every day, and caused him to reflect with regret upon the loss which the Company was sustaining by his inability to secure their oil. He had no men to spare to follow them up nor casks to preserve the oil in. On the 13th of August he summoned his Council, principally to take this matter into consideration, and endeavour to devise and arrange some plan for getting possession of the wealth before their eyes. There were present at the Council board the Commander himself, Simon Pieter Turver and Gerrit Abelsen, master and mate of the yacht *Goede Hoop*, and the corporal Joost van der Laeck. Pieter van der Helm kept a record of the proceedings. They discussed the situation of affairs generally, and expressed their hope that assistance to finish the fort would soon be furnished by the crews of the ships expected from Europe. They then decided to represent to the Admiral of the outward bound fleet as soon as he should arrive in Table Bay, that in their opinion a good profit could be made out of oil by the Company, and to request assistance to establish a whale fishery. Without help they could do nothing, as even if they had all the requisite materials at hand the labourers were still so feeble and sickly that anything beyond the necessary work in the gardens and on the buildings could not be undertaken.

In the second week of September the *Goede Hoop* was sent to Robben Island on a cruise of observation. She returned with more than a hundred sea birds and three thousand eggs, a supply of food

which was very welcome as a change. The Commander immediately resolved to visit the island in person. He found that the gulls had destroyed all the eggs which had been left in the nests disturbed by the *Goede Hoop's* crew. The seals, from which the island has its name, were not seen in very great numbers. The sailors drove a flock of penguins like so many sheep to the water's edge, where they were secured and put on board the yacht.

Soon after his return from Robben Island, the Commander proceeded to inspect the country back of the Devil's Peak. He was fairly enraptured with the beauty and fertility of the land there, and drew a bright mental picture of what it might become if an industrious Chinese population were introduced and located upon it. In such a case, there would be an unlimited supply of fresh provisions always to be obtained. The Chinese seem to have been favourites of Mr. Van Riebeek, for he often wrote of them as the most suitable people to carry out the Company's designs in South Africa. He addressed the Governor-General and Council of India on the subject, and represented his views to the Chamber of Seventeen, but fortunately for this country, there were no Chinese emigrants then to be got hold of. If there had been a hundred convicts of that race in the Company's eastern possessions in 1653 or 1654, the whole future of the Cape Colony would have been changed.

During this inspection of the country, the Commander and his party visited the forests then to be found along the base of the mountains and extending into all the kloofs. There were trees of great size in them, and some so straight that they seemed well adapted for ships' masts. The variety of timber was considerable. Mr. Van Riebeek observed that these forests had been visited long before, as on some of the trees the dates 1604, 1620, and 1622, were found carved, but no names or initials were seen.

Towards the close of September, a party of four men set out from the fort with the intention of making their way overland to Mozambique, from which place they hoped to be able to obtain a passage to Europe. So little knowledge had they of the distance of the Portuguese possessions and of the dangers of such a journey, or so utterly reckless had their past sufferings made them, that they left provided with no other food than four biscuits and a few fish.

Following the Dutch custom in every voyage or journey, the leader of the little band of fugitives kept a diary of occurrences, which he wrote with red chalk. It commences "In the name of the Lord Jesus Christ," and tells of adventures with wild animals and how God preserved them, until at last Willem Huytjens, Gerrit Dircksen, and Jan Verdonck could go no further. Then the leader, Jan Blanx, not being able to continue the journey alone, was obliged to abandon his hope of success, and they all returned to the fort and gave themselves up, praying for mercy. They had been absent eight days. During this time the Commander discovered that a spirit of disaffection was widely spread among the workmen. They had been looking forward to the arrival of the outward bound fleet of 1652 for some relief, but it was now almost certain that the ships had passed by, and they were beginning to entertain feelings of despair. Mr. Van Riebeek believed that severity was necessary to meet such difficulties, and he therefore caused some individuals who had uttered hasty expressions to be arrested and tried for sedition. Under such circumstances, the return of the fugitives and their admission that escape by land was impossible gave him great satisfaction. When brought to trial, they all pleaded guilty and asked for mercy, but they were condemned to two years hard labour in chains and their leader to suffer severe corporal punishment. The last part of this sentence was carried out, but on the following New Year's Day the culprits were released upon promise of future good behaviour.

The fort was yet far from being completed, but it was considered by the Commander to be capable of defence, and he was therefore turning his attention to other matters. A party of men was told off daily to assist Hendrik Boom in the gardens. Preparations were made for forming a whaling establishment near the mouth of Salt River as soon as men and materials for the purpose could be obtained. The country for a few miles around was well explored. The fine forests at Hout Bay were inspected, and the facility with which fuel could be procured there was noted down. Then the yacht *Goede Hoop*, which had been lying idle all the winter and on several occasions had narrowly escaped being driven on shore in the gales, was made ready for a short voyage to the northward.

So little was then known of the south-west coast of Africa, that the Commander discussed the likelihood of gold, ambergris, musk, and ivory being obtainable in trade at Saldanha Bay. Admiral Joris Spilbergen,—the same navigator who gave Table Bay its present name,—in November 1601 saw many fires inland, so that Mr. Van Riebeek and the Council considered it certain at any rate that people would be found there. He had also seen great numbers of seals and coneys on an islet which he named Elizabeth, but which owing to those coneys has since 1652 been usually called Dassen Island. And Simon Pieter Turver himself, when last he was at St. Helena with a return fleet from the Indies, had heard a French skipper who arrived there at the same time boast that his cargo of seal skins and oil, which he had obtained on this coast, was worth a hundred thousand guldens.

(To be continued.)

The documents upon which this article is based are the following, all in the Colonial Archives:—

Letters. From Commander Van Riebeek to the Chamber of Amsterdam, 18th April 1652. From Commander Van Riebeek to the Governor-General and Councillors of India, of dates 13th May, 16th May, 25th May, and 30th May 1652. From the Governor-General and Council of India to Commander Van Riebeek, 8th March 1654. From the Ecclesiastical Council of Batavia to Commander Van Riebeek, 10th March 1654.

Instructions for the officers of the yacht *Goede Hoop*, 14th October 1652.

Journals. Kept by Commander Van Riebeek, daily entries of wind, weather, and occurrences, from 6th April to 20th October 1652. Kept by Jan Blanx from 25th September to 3rd October 1652.

Resolutions and Debates of the Council, of dates 8th April, 19th April, 11th May, 13th August, 4th September, 24th September, 2nd October, 9th October, 10th October, and 15th October 1652.

G. M. T.

Cape Town, September 1879.

Our School-System.

"The Canada Educational Monthly and School Chronicle." March and April, 1879.

THE recent spasmodic discussions in the Parliament on the subject of Education which disclosed an average amount of ignorance of educational facts, and the intention of the Government to issue a Commission of Inquiry into the working of the present Educational system of the Colony, are stirring up the long dormant advocates of Denominationalism as well as those who, pretending to fear that the ministers of religion exercise too much influence over the education of youth, would revert to a State system, with State-paid teachers It is to be regretted that the unruffled course which the progress of Schools in this Colony has moved in for the last twenty years, is now to be interrupted by a struggle which will introduce elements of discord; and religious animosities will be roused that threaten a long farewell to the halcyon days of the past.

From the publications just received from Canada, it seems that since the initiation of a political Minister of Education, a series of changes has taken place there which are likened to the "crashing transformation effects in some realistic play on the stage;" and teachers sigh for the good old days of the venerable Chief of the Educational Department, Dr. Ryerson. Educational matters are there represented to be brought now "within the malign influence of politics," and political influences shape from time to time the reiterated changes in the School Code. It is alleged that the working branch of the profession under the new system is ignored; the wise degree of discretion allowed to masters of the high schools in the internal regulation of their schools and choice of text books is superseded, and thus professional skill and experience are sacrificed to a mere mechanical routine prescribed by authority. The *amour propre* of the genuine educator is thus eclipsed. The bond of sympathy between the teachers and their professional and enthusiastic chief is severed: and the dry rigid dictum of the political Minister freezes the energy and handicaps the zeal of the teaching staff; and many a word of advice is given to the new Minister of Education to guard against the craving for innovation and experiment, and

to weigh the advantages, so favourably apprehended in the experience of daily life, of letting well alone. Party by-play is felt to injure *bonâ fide* legislation for the welfare of the schools; and the siren voice of personal political friends defeats the spirit of uniform tolerance and of strictly colourless neutrality, which the head of a public educational system is bound in honour and honesty to observe.

In putting before those who are interested in these matters (and who is not?) the views of our Canadian friends, we merely enter a *caveat* against raw, ill-considered, schemes and hasty legislation. We have no pet theories to advocate; if the inhabitants of the Colony find the present system suited to their requirements, if they prefer to retain the management of their public schools in their own hands with Government aid, co-operation, and inspection, let them say so plainly, and ask the Government to *let well alone;* but if they prefer to forego their privileges as a free people, with self-government, and to hand over their children, body and soul, to be taught by State-appointed teachers over whom they have no control, let them first look the position fairly in the face before they rivet their fetters, and inflict on freemen a bondage which carries with it a stigma of unfitness for the management of their own affairs.

The fact is that no scheme of education, however nicely balanced, neatly fitted, and prettily sketched, can stand any chance of success unless it harmonizes with the feelings and characteristics, hereditary or acquired, and the genius of the people. No compulsion can educate a people; the desire for education may be evoked, trained, and guided by judicious and persevering efforts. God forbid that any colonist should live to see the day when his children shall be dragged into a State-school by policemen or truant officers. It is among the highest and holiest of the duties of parents to give their sons and daughters the best education within their reach; and it is the plain duty of the State to co-operate with its subjects in bringing the best means of education within the reach of all without distinction of colour, creed, or social gradations; and writing with the experience of thirty years spent in the educational institutions of the Colony, we unhesitatingly say that the aided-school system, if not the best in theory, is the only one practicable, and that it is of the highest

importance to our welfare as a community to enlist the sympathy and energy of our people in managing and advancing their own schools, and thus cultivating that spirit of self-reliance which is the basis both of intellectual and material growth.

But whilst we regard it as a legitimate function of the Government to co-operate with and encourage local efforts, we do not exclude the exceptional cases where the Government, as guardian of our peace and security, is bound to step in, and by aggressive and remedial measures to reclaim the waifs and strays, and all neglected children, from ignorance and vice: for our own happiness and protection, where parents wilfully let their children grovel in our back streets, untaught and a nuisance to society, the State must act for itself and for the negligent parents, and prevent these ill-conditioned outcasts from growing up as thieves and profligates.

But now that the religious bearings of the Educational system have been so unfortunately imported into the question, it is well to see what Educators in Canada have to say on these points. The argument is put thus, on the part of the State-Education advocates.

Secular instruction of the masses is a state necessity, especially in a country ruled by popular will.

The State should therefore establish and support schools.

But the State, as such, has no religion, and therefore has no concern with religious teaching; hence

State Schools should provide no religious instruction, but confine the course of studies to subjects about which all citizens of all religions or of none are practically agreed.

The whole position of the various phases of the State-education policy may be roughly sketched as follows:—

Because education is a national good, the nation must educate its children.

The will of the majority must be, as in all other cases, the law for the individual citizen.

The children must be dealt with not through their natural guardians, the parents, but by the State.

Now let any intelligent citizen and parent weigh well what can and ought to be put forward on the other side; and, for convenience,

we may put the case concisely in the following propositions, which are, in effect, the basis of our colonial system :—

To clothe, feed, and educate his child is the natural duty of the parent.

The State, for the general good, should see that this duty is performed.

The State may fairly be called upon to co-operate with the parent in providing the best and cheapest means of educating his child, or in extreme cases of neglect and inability may, for the sake of the community, stand *in loco parentis*. For the State to deprive the parent of the right to educate his child is to set aside the highest duty and privilege which the law of nature imposes upon the parent.

The irreconcileable difference between the sets of arguments is at once seen, when a Christian parent insists upon his duty and right to secure a Christian religious education for his child, and the State, on the other hand, assumes the right to found schools on a purely secular basis, with the negation and exclusion of religion in any form, and also to compel attendance in such schools.

As far as can be gathered from the Canadian publications, no direct legislation has interdicted religious teaching in the common or public schools, but they say that the Bible has been *quietly* excluded "by the consensus of enlightened opinion" of the school boards, and that it was hoped thereby to secure the adhesion equally of the Roman Catholic and of the Protestant to the public-school system ; whereas, the cry was soon raised against a system thus bereft of religious teaching, which resulted in the abnormal offshoot of *separate* schools, specially assisted by general grants and school taxes for the Roman Catholics. In the province of Ontario (Annual Report 1877) there were 185 *separate* schools recognised by the State as distinguished from the public and county high and model schools, under the ordinary school boards.

The warning to be deduced from this is sufficiently obvious ; where local school boards, practically independent of control, work the public schools on a purely secular basis, there will be a large residum of the population, whether Roman Catholic or Anglican or other in their type of religion, which will agitate for and ultimately gain the recognition of their separate schools.

How has harmony so long been maintained in the Cape Colony? How is it that the Roman Catholics, Anglicans, Dutch Reformed, Wesleyans, and other Christians acquiesce in the colonial system? Because in the public schools, the law recognises fully the rights of the people to make their own arrangements for the amount and character of religious teaching which shall be given in the schools, provided only that the conscientious scruples of all who object are not violated.

To the managers, who represent the inhabitants, is entrusted the sole responsibility of providing religious teaching; whilst the managers and the Government jointly share the general responsibility of directing the ordinary instruction.

In the other class of Schools, which are specially aided for the benefit of the poorer population of mixed descent or of aboriginal race, who cannot be reached by the agency of the Public Schools, the religious bodies, who found and help largely to maintain the schools, are recognised as solely responsible for the religious instruction which they think fit to give, provided only that the restrictive religious clause "that no scholars shall be compelled to attend for religious instruction without the consent of their parents or guardians" is honestly observed.

In this way, simple and unobjectionable, the clash of religious strife has been avoided; impartiality is pretty generally admitted to have guided the appropriation of grants among the religious and missionary agencies; and whatever improvements may be projected in future, we shall hail their advent with much pleasure, if they can be carried into effect without putting the various educational and missionary agencies in antagonism with one another and with the Government.

We have a long lee-way to fetch up before the Cape Colony can take its place among the educated communities of the world; our rural population is impatient of change, conservative equally in religion and politics; you may lead them but you cannot drive them, you may win them gradually to see the value of an English education for their children, but a compulsory enactment would make the old Teutonic blood boil, and kindle anew the slumbering fires of animosity, both national and religious. The present arrangements

for education, although but partially developed, have to a remarkably large extent secured the favour and support of the Dutch-speaking population; the Public Schools at Stellenbosch, Wellington, Worcester, and elsewhere, are filled with sons and daughters from the inland districts, and from the far north-east. *Quieta non movere* is a maxim that finds its equivalent in most languages; and whatever theorists and philosophers may propound as the ideal of an educational system, we, as a practical people, are bound to take a common-sense view of popular education; and by a judicious compromise between what is theoretically perfect and what is in harmony with the wishes and, it may be, the idiosyncrasies of our colonists, to carry on and improve from time to time all the means available for so great an end, taking care to import into our work what the experience of other countries proves to be useful and practicable, and to avoid the shoals on which so many empirics have wrecked the hopes and expectations both of teachers and of parents.

In the foregoing remarks, no reference has been made to many matters of detail, which, as every one conversant with the working of the Elementary Education Act knows, require more accurate definition; nor to the important question of providing superannuation allowances for decayed Teachers, which is purely a departmental matter; what has been said applies rather to the question whether the basis of the System should be changed, whether the fabric should be pulled down and a new one erected on other foundations; and we confidently await the verdict of those who are at the pains to make themselves acquainted with the educational machinery now in active operation throughout the Cape Colony and Basutoland, as well as in the adjacent territories of Fingoland, Tembuland, and East Griqualand.

A

"England and America."

I HAVE travelled a great deal, not only in England and America, but in all parts of the world, and may be able to interest your readers, in discussing the pros and cons, for and against, the two great countries, whose names appear at the head of this article, the latter our only successful rival in the world. I am an Englishman, not only by birth and education, but in thought, word, and deed; but, nevertheless, I must, out of all the countries I have travelled in, give that enterprising, energetic, and go-ahead nation her dues. She is out-doing us in science, art, education, and general progress without a doubt; and nobody who has travelled from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean, or from her Eastern to her Western Coast, by her grand chain of railways, the Great Western, Chicago, Milwaukee, Union and Central Pacific Railroad, as I have done, in the short space of five days and six hours, including the crossing of that great chain of mountains which runs down her western coast, the Rocky Mountains, can differ from my opinion. But I am straying from my path, so will make a start and begin about the trite subject discussed when people have nothing else to chatter about I mean the climate and weather.

The differences in climate between England and America are very remarkable. You leave New York in winter, when the streets are blocked with snow, the side-walks slippery with ice, and all vegetation destroyed by the almost Arctic cold. In a few days, say eight, you reach England, when it is also winter, but flowers are growing in the open air, and verdure covers the fields. Of course stronger contrasts than this may be obtained by going direct to Havana, or to France, or Italy; but then the difference does not strike an American so impressively. In southern countries you expect the winter to be mild, and are sometimes disappointed, as at Nice; and the manners and dresses of the natives are so strange that you take the climate with the other foreign notions and without surprise. But in England an American is apparently among his own people. They dress as he does; they are evidently under the impression that the weather is very severe, so they wrap their overcoats about them

and get as close to the fire as possible, and yet there are the green fields and the flowers blooming through the snow, and the trees not altogether destitute of life in the frigid month of December. The relative coldness of the two countries may be estimated from the fact that in New York we say, "The thermometer stands at so many degrees below zero;" in London we say "So many degrees below freezing point." There is the same distinction in regard to heat. The warmest summer day in London is coolness itself compared with an August day in New York. In America everything, including climate, is extreme; in England everything is medium. Many Americans whom I have conversed with imagine that England, like Newfoundland, is constantly enveloped in fogs; but they are wrong (and I took pains to tell them so) concerning both islands. I have seen at Newfoundland sunshine as bright and skies as blue as an Oregon or Italian sky, while the fog which is commonly supposed to envelope the island, lay, like a great bank, miles out to sea. In England, outside of London, there is most perfect weather, as balmy as that of spring in our own Colony here, as charming as that of winter in Florida. That London is foggy enough must be admitted without a doubt. From the thick fogs of the consistency of pea soup, which in November, make midday like midnight, to the light haze which closes the perspective of the streets in more favoured months, the great metropolis is never without its misty curtain; but one soon learns to love the mists and fogs as characteristics of London, and would as soon see the city deprived of the dome and grand old building of St. Paul's, as of these peculiarities. The fact is, that you pay no more attention to bad weather in London than to the noise of the vehicles. It is a thing to be anticipated, and to miss if you are deprived of it. In London, you thank Heaven when the sun shines, and say nothing when it does not. The reason why so many Americans prefer Paris to London so decidedly is, that they never give the latter a fair chance. They land from the steamer at Liverpool, hurry up to the Metropolis, drive to the hotel, and look out upon a fine display of chimney pots, or upon a muddy street crowded with busy people pushing on briskly through a driving rain. Nobody calls upon them; there are no great social centres where strangers are sure to meet everybody;

there is no single thoroughfare, like the world-wide known one, Broadway, where you are sure to encounter all your friends and acquaintances sometime during the day. If the newly arrived Americans have letters of introduction, they are at the bottom of their trunks, or else the season is over, or else it is too much trouble to present them; so a day is devoted to bothering the banker and boring the American Minister, and another day to inspecting Westminster Abbey and the Queen's Mews; and all the while it keeps on raining, and becomes more dreary and uncomfortable. Then one says, "I can't stand this: let's go to Paris;" and off go the party and detest London ever afterwards. At Paris they are astonished to find they can get along without speaking French (I am almost ashamed to admit, in my long travels I never entered Paris, but they tell me it is not requisite to speak the second most popular of modern languages to enjoy one's self there), and are immensely proud of the achievement.

At the principal hotels, from time to time, they come across all the Americans who are in Europe. They can trot about the streets to see and be seen; they can buy what they mistake for the latest fashions; in fact, they live in a New York on a larger scale. This explains why Paris is said to be the place where good Americans expect to go when they die—in other words an American Paradise. Barring the money making, which Americans have no necessity to do when they travel, Paris is simply a grand New York, and New York is a little Paris. But London is *sui generis*, and must be studied to be appreciated. Study takes time and patience, and the active and restless, though energetic, American, will bestow neither on the greatest of all capitals in the world—London.

Yet it would seem that those Americans who travel ought to feel most interested in England and Englishmen. Surely one sees enough of Mr. and Mrs. Smith, and Mr. and Mrs. Jones, and Mr. and Mrs. Brown at home, without wanting to run against them eternally in the regular routine of a continental tour. I will back the average American tourist to spend a year in Europe, see all the regulation shows, and learn less of the ways and customs of the countries and their people, than if he had remained by his own fireside and read Harper's handbook or Murray's library of Guides. As a rule,

the Americans know nothing of modern languages; they cannot get out of the ordinary ruts; and they mix only with persons in their own condition of life. If Americans were forced to know anything about the French, they would never care for Paris; for it is not, I think, in Anglo-Saxon nature that they should like the French houses, which are not homes—the French dishes which only tantalize the appetite without satisfying it—the French women, who appear to them heartless and artificial—or the Frenchmen, whom they believe to be polite but insincere. But as they sojourn in a Paris of their own, associating with their own people, living in hotels built expressly for them, and fed with food and drink modified to suit their tastes, they declare that the French capital is Elysium, and London a dull stupid city. But London has at least these advantages: first, that Americans are not obliged to herd together, and follow each other like sheep; and, second, that they can mingle with the natives and learn something new, either to imitate or avoid, if they will stay long enough to study English customs. In Paris, on the other hand, the natives are regarded merely as curiosities in a museum or supernumeraries in a play; and for all that the New Yorker learns of their real life sentiments and habits, he might as well have spent his money in his own city, riding in the Central Park, the most beautiful park in the world; shopping on Broadway, the king of thoroughfares; living at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, which is, barring the Grand Pacific Hotel of Chicago, the most luxurious and comfortable of all hotels, and going to the "Bowery" to witness the Black Crook.

The fact that the climate is one of the things which first disgusts an American with London, has led me into this digression; and so now I will return to my original subject. I remark that, after a somewhat varied experience, I can think of no place which, for a healthy man, has better weather all the year round, excepting this Colony, than England. There is just enough winter to make the summer pleasant, and just enough summer to render the winter enjoyable; of course I do not mean a wet damp winter, but the ordinary run of winters. Once understand that London is a country by itself, and quite distinct from the rest of England in weather as in everything else, and you will appreciate the beauties of the English climate. The

Spring is lovely; the Autumn very delightful, although not comparable with the October and November of the United States. In winter as a rule our frost and snow would be considered very moderate in the Northern States. There are some memorable snow storms, when the traffic is actually impeded, and cabs and omnibuses have to toil along drawn by double spans of horses; but these occasions are so rare, that special mention will be made of it in the chronicles of the year, and cockneys will talk about it for the remainder of the same year, when there is nothing better to talk about.

Now in the Northern States of America, such nights and such days are among the incidents of every winter. The schoolboys skate along the side walks; sleighs and sleds, which are almost unknown in England, take the place of wheeled conveyances; and when the weather becomes milder, the streets are knee-deep in slush. That tremendous snow storm in London, which stopped trains and traffic, and before which vestries and street-cleaners were powerless in spite of the terrible thunders of the three great "dailies," *Times Standard*, and *Telegraph*, would have been thought nothing of in America. The shop-boys would have swept it away before it had fairly fallen, and the newspapers would not have thought it worthy a paragraph, much less a leading article.

But enough of climate. The next thing which an American notices in England is the antiquity of the surroundings. Coming from a country in which everything is of yesterday, or very modern at any rate, he is at once struck with the apparent age of the houses even before he sets out to visit those edifices which are remarkable on account of being old. Suppose him to be looking out of the window of a railway carriage on his way to the great city. He observes that the scenery is not very different from that of Central New Jersey, except that the fields are divided by hedges instead of fences, and that there is even less woodland. But every now and then he flies by modest villages and secluded hamlets, the dwellings overgrown with moss, the churches seeming so venerable that he thinks they must have been built very soon after the Deluge. Happy will it be for him if he can be content to take his antiquity in this form. But now from Shakspeare's

birth-place in Stratford-on-Avon to St. Patrick's Cathedral, Dublin, almost all the old places have been restored by modern hands. You go to see the work of your ancestors, and are shown the result of the labours of carpenters and masons of the present day. People have even taken the hint of the Irishman, who wondered why a person couldn't build ruins for himself instead of going far away to inspect other folks' tumble-down shanties. But in the English scenery there is an air of genuine antiquity—the very hedges seem old, and are old; in such cottages as you pass by the roadside you can easily imagine that the old poets were born. The American Republic is only one hundred and four years old this month; there are very few edifices more than three-quarters of a century old; one-half of the nation has sprung into existence within the last thirty years; but in England these periods are as nothing. What is a century to a country like England, which owes its main roads to the Romans, and its castles to the Normans? The American who comes to England has all his reading realised. It is for him to thrill with delight as he steps upon the land which so many generations of his race have trod, and to gaze with something more than curiosity at the dwellings which were erected long before his own country had a name among the nations, although it ranks now with the first in science, art, and education. Show-places like the Tower and Windsor Castle do not impress him so strongly; he knows all about them, and therefore expects them to be ancient. But the age of the ordinary out of the way houses, which have neither a pecuniary nor a historical interest in being antiquated, is a constant and undiminished surprise and pleasure. All considerations of rank, wealth, and position apart, it must be an unrivalled gratification to feel that you are living in a residence which has been in the possession of your family for hundreds of years. That sense of home which is the highest of all comforts must be intensified from generation to generation by this lineal occupancy, until it pervades every plank and stone. None can respect this feeling so well as those strangers who come from a new country, where the people change their dwellings with the years, are born here, live there, and die here there and everywhere, and are in many cases unable to point out the locality of their own birth-places or their fathers' graves, so rapidly do land-

marks disappear. Scattered among the New England States and the Dutch settlements of New York and Pennsylvania, and even more frequent among the older more southern states, are old homesteads and families who love them and cling to them; but in the majority of instances the continual metamorphoses of American life have destroyed all such local settlements and attachments. The son emigrates to a section of the country which his father never saw; the father dies, and the family estates pass into strange hands, never to be reclaimed. A vast proportion of the population of America, also, has come from distant lands, and can have no hereditary home in the United States. The restless migratory habits which are so great a benefit in developing and enriching a new country, have their disadvantages in preventing anything like a well organised and cultivated society, except among the literary notabilities of Boston, the Knickerbockers of New York, and the Quakers of Philadelphia, and thus deprive the nation of those standards of taste, of art, and of culture, in which England is unquestionably superior.

But when he comes to balance advantages and disadvantages, it is not singular that the American should prefer his own country after all. He rents his house by the year, because he hopes to move into a better one soon; the Englishman leases his for a lifetime, because he knows he will never rise above a certain station. When everybody stays where he is, nobody has a chance to get ahead; but when all are in motion, the strongest and cleverest soon pushes himself into leadership. An Englishman can say, "My great-grandfather lived in this house; my grandfather succeeded him; in due course the property came to my father; and now it belongs to me;" which is a very pleasant state of things, provided the house be habitable and the property worth owning. But an American can say, "I don't know who my grandfather was; I never heard of my great grandfather; but my father I know lived in the poor-house, and I was born there, and to-day I am the President of the United States." Ah! my dear readers, there is no country in the world like America for a pushing, energetic, straightforward man who wants to make a position for himself. England is a capital place for those whose forefathers have left them a name and a fortune;

but the colonies are the lands for those who have to work their own way and make a name and fortune for themselves. America is the country in which to make money the easiest, and England is the country in which to spend it and enjoy it the most. Perhaps it is because Americans have no ancestral homes of their own, that so many of them regard England with the home feeling. One of the first journeys in England which an American of English origin makes is to the place from which his ancestors emigrated ; one of his first acts is to enquire for his crest or coat-of-arms, if his family be lucky enough to have one, and poor indeed must be the family which Culleton or any other London stationer will not accommodate on demand with a lion rampant over a crown, or a goose straddling a coronet. Indeed there are some curious yarns I have heard relative to the same which would occupy too much time and space to narrate. But there is no excuse for any American who feels so inclined to remain without some connection with nobility, for, besides the complaisance of English heraldry offices, I have heard there is an Italian company which is making a road near Florence, willing to sell valid titles with genealogies complete to all customers, for three hundred dollars in gold—a very small sum, £60, considering the amount of falsehood involved in the transaction. The tastes for crests and titles has been very obviously increasing in America during the last fifteen or twenty years, and was, to a certain extent, gratified during the civil war some seventeen or eighteen years ago, by the creation of thousands of generals, colonels, and captains, not only from among the actual combatants, but from among those who never saw any other than a political campaign, nor heard an explosion more terrific than the popping of a champagne cork. Some of these gentlemen, with a democratic independence of official heraldry, have invented coats of arms for themselves ; which causes many families from England who have titles legitimately not to care about them. One of the most influential London journals, about ten years ago, asserted that Lord Stanley and Lord Cranbourne, then two of the most distinguished members of the House of Commons, would gladly part with one-third of their heritages to get rid of the hereditary embarrassments of rank ; and it is a fact well known in England, that you cannot render an English

nobleman more uncomfortable than by repeatedly "my lording" him. To an American, although the sight of a lord is no longer unusual in the United States, it never seems precisely right that noblemen should go about in England just like other people, without even bits of ribbon in their button holes to mark their nobility; and I believe myself quite justified in saying that the spectacle of a titled person in plain clothes thus undistinguished is never unaccompanied with a sense of depressing disappointment in the American mind.

Perhaps it would be unkind to state that the men of America, but more especially the women, expect to behold noblemen always in court suits—silk stockings, knee-breeches, and gold lace coats complete; still it is certain that, while the appearance of footmen in livery, particularly when powdered, is a mitigation and a relief, a real republican in America feels almost swindled when he sees men of rank in ordinary attire. And this reminds me that the distinctions of caste among Englishmen strike an American visitor very quickly and unpleasantly. In the United States you may see many different races of people, but the native Americans all belong to the same caste. One may be richer than another; some may be better educated than others; the social positions of the persons you meet may vary; but there is something about every man which shows that he is as good as any other man, and that he is fully aware of the fact.

The Irishmen and Germans, who form so large a proportion of the population, you can identify at once; or, if they have become undistinguishable from the mass of Americans, it is because they have lost their native peculiarities and adopted the national tone and manner. No American would think of travelling in any other than a first-class car, the other classes are for the immigrants. No American would think of occupying a menial situation; such positions are reserved for those immigrants who have not yet had time to better themselves, and for that coloured race, the negroes, who are in great demand as servants, or were so two or three years ago, when I was travelling there. Select the poorest American you can find, and open conversation with him, and you will soon discover that he is fully informed upon political affairs, and has received sufficient education to express his ideas clearly, and to support them by logical arguments; while in the perfect equality with which he treats

you, and in the unconscious independence which pervades everything he does and says, you will notice that undefinable assertion of manhood which is the key to the American character. In England, you find people of practically a single race—as if America were inhabited by native-born Americans alone—and yet the distinctions of classes are as broad as the gulf described by Abraham to the unhappy Dives. All are Englishmen, but how different in quality! Many, you are pained to observe, are apparently endeavouring to cease to be men, and are regarded by their superiors as creatures of another species. There are classes of Englishmen whose natural instinct it is to cringe. There are other classes, born like maggots, to grow fat in corrupt corners. You can divide the population into sections; you can number them in classes, like the children of a school; you can see that each man knows himself to be in a groove from which there is no escape, unless he leave the country. With military discipline, one caste marches into the prisons, another into the streets, another into menial places, another into the trades, another into the shops, another into the wholesale business, another into banking, another into the professions, and another into the aristocracy. Nobody attempts to leave his company to reach a higher position, and everybody suits his manners to his station. Money makes very little difference in these castes; cash cannot give a man social position in England.

The people pride themselves upon their solidity; they admire their own inertia. If a shopkeeper is conducting the same business in the same place as his grandfather, he announces the fact to the world as a matter of congratulation, not seeing that, with his superior advantages, he ought to feel it a disgrace that he has advanced no farther than his ancestors. High and low are all alike in this. Great names instead of inspiring their possessors to great deeds weigh them down like lumps of lead. Call the roll of the House of Peers, and you will hear the brightest titles in history; but attend a sitting of the same house and you will see three or four sleepy old gentlemen presided over by a new Irish lord, whom they secretly despise, because he is young and his title so very recent, and respect because he has more talent than all the rest of them put together. Disraeli broke through routine some years ago by becoming

Premier without a family claim; but this is only one of the exceptions that prove the rule. So far as I can see, the genuine life of England is now distributed among the lower aristocratic classes and the upper middle classes, and is mainly concentrated on the public press, with which these classes are more or less intimately connected, and through which they speak. The hope, the heart of England, is its free Press, more powerful, more independent than that of any other country—the United States not excepted—and gaining greater strength and influence every year. But above and below the classes I have mentioned all is stagnation. The older aristocracy very naturally think that a title and recognized rank elevate them above their fellows socially; the inferior classes are apparently content to become thieves, servants, costermongers, shopkeepers, or tradespeople, because their fathers were before them. The hereditary principle affects both the highest and lowest castes; the struggles and upheavals come from the middle rank. It is with these that Americans who visit England must associate; for although they may be tradesmen themselves, they will instinctively refuse to mingle with the classes there who follow precisely the same occupations, but with incomparably less intelligence and education, and with an incomprehensible vulgarity and servility. It is at once an insult and a lesson to Englishmen of the lower classes that British aristocrats should receive American democrats as equals; and without inquiry as to their ancestry or antecedents accept the sons of American mechanics as their honoured guests, while the same noblemen will refuse to recognise their own countrymen of similar social position. Nay, more; a poor English couple, to whom all parts of an English mansion, except the servants' hall, are for ever shut, may emigrate to America, and live to see their sons cross the Atlantic and enter the same mansion on terms of perfect equality with its noble proprietor. These truths have their pregnant moral for those at home, and thousands of sturdy workers and thinkers have learned that moral well in long and bitter years of painful experiences, but they are made by me frankly, openly, and plainly, without any party feeling whatever.

G. C. P. G. Richmond.

Letters on Irrigation.

By Sir James Hudson, G.C.B.

Letter III.

Florence,

My Dear * * *,—We now turn to the economical part of the general question of Irrigation.

Lord Ebrington enquires, "What are the rates paid for? What is the general expense per acre of forming surface of the earth for irrigation?"

To answer this requires two suppositions, one that the water is already generally distributed throughout the country, and that the person desiring to use it for irrigation has merely to buy it. The other that irrigation has to be introduced altogether as a novelty.

We will begin with the first. The capital sum for the use in perpetuity of one oncia of water = to about 3,600 tons per diem, is from £500 to £720 and sometimes more, according to the necessities of him who buys and of him who sells; it varies like all other marketable commodities, and is influenced, moreover, to a certain degree by the quality of the water; because if it receives city drainage it enriches; if it is mountain water or water from land springs or rivers it may be clear, limpid, and hold no fattening matter in solution.

In the case of a proprietor being unwilling to pay a lump sum down for the perpetual use of the water, he can contract for a perpetual annual rent calculated at five per cent. But if he hires it only for a few years he pays less in proportion, say four per cent.

Water is not much used for irrigation in the winter, except in the cases of permanent water meadows; and another reason is to be found in the diminished quantity of water during frost which affects the supply from the glaciers, &c.

Again, it is necessary to maintain a sufficient quantity of water in the main canals for the purposes of navigation, and therefore irrigation is suspended in some parts of the Addo from the 30th of September.

The price of winter irrigation is therefore diminished as compared with summer irrigation to one-tenth, *i.e.*, that which costs five hundred in summer costs fifty in winter. In the neighbourhood of Milan it costs about eighty.

In some districts the rule is to charge for water, not according to the measure of the discharge pipe but to the superficies irrigated, say from forty to eighty francs for two and a half acres arable, watered from two to three times a month at regular intervals. In other districts the farmers pay in kind, to the amount of one-third or one-half of the rice crop, but this is rare. And here you will ask, "To whom do you pay the price of the water? Who is the proprietor of the water?" The answer is that near Milan the great navigable canal belongs to the Crown. The other canals are for the most part private property. That is to say, some belong to cities, some to communes, like the civic canal of Cremona and the Fusa canal which belongs to the town of Rovato; some belong to hospitals and pious foundations, some to companies of private persons who are associated under the usual public law paying Government taxes, as in the case of the Muzza canal, which pays a quit-rent to Government of about £1,600 per annum, which is laid out in the repair and conservation of the canal. The canals of the second and third class bear the names of the constructors such as the Pallavicino, and Belgiojoso canals, &c.

At Mantua and in the Venetian province, the water belongs to the State Domain or Crown, which lets it, but never in perpetuity; it has been found that by this system the distribution of the water is better regulated than by any other, but it is not so profitable to the agriculturist, because the farmer is always in some doubt as to quantity, and therefore is unwilling to incur any serious expense in canals if he is not sure of being able to secure a constant supply.

It would therefore seem to be advisable that in a new country desirous of establishing irrigation, the Government should undertake the construction of the main canals, should sell the water in perpetuity, and should leave to each proprietor the formation of such canals and water courses as he may deem necessary.

We will now consider the second supposition—that irrigation is to be introduced into a new country. We must attempt to calculate

what sum must be invested either by Government or by individuals in order to establish a condition of things with regard to irrigation, such as obtain in the plain between Milan, Lodi, and Pavia, where we find about eight-tenths of the superficies irrigated = to 500,000 acres.

We find that in that region there are about two hundred chilometres of canals of the first rank, which calculated at present rates may have cost in construction about £800,000, adapted not only for irrigation but for navigation.

We find that the canals of the second order, which are private property, may have cost over two millions sterling. This calculation is based upon what is known to have been spent on the four canals Lorini, Belgiojoso, Taverna, and Borromeo, which supply about four hundred and fifty oncie of water, and cost from £200,000 to £240,000, and as we know that the irrigation between the Ticino and the Addo is ten times greater, we arrive at the cost price of over two millions sterling.

This outlay is about equal to the value in perpetuity of the water say £480 to £500 per oncia. At the same time there are differences arising from local and other circumstances in the value of the water at different places, in some it is as low as £400, in others as high as £3 000 per oncia.

The aqueducts and courses of the third and fourth order are those which serve particular farms, either for distribution over each field, or for carrying off a superabundant supply, which is effected at their junction with roads by syphons.

The reconstruction of one of the main feeders of the Muzza canal cost £6,000. If we estimate all the works per square kilometer at £4,000, we see that the expense has been eight millions sterling.

This capital outlay involves a proportionate expense for repair and general conservation, not only for the canals but for cleaning them, for bridges, syphons, locks, reservoirs, the pay of engineers, law expenses, actuaries, water bailiff, or turncocks and others connected with the administration.

This total annual expense which is perpetual may be taken to represent so much capital, and we have already seen that the expenses of maintenance of the Muzza canal cost £1,600 per annum, which

may be taken to represent a capital of £40,000. The cost of levels in order to adapt the land for irrigation, which comprises filling up hollows by carting into them the hillocks, giving the fields their regular slope by successive gradual descents, will be more or less according to the condition of the land, and this again will have to be modified according to the intentions of the proprietor as to his selection of ground for permanent water meadows or rice, where the cost is greater.

But the expense of levelling to attain this gradual slope may be taken at twice the cost of the canals.

In Lombardy, they calculate the movement of soil in preparation for irrigation at an average of four inches. Taking a superficies of 2,000 square kilometres, each of which is equal to one million of square metres, you have one milliard of cubic metres, without taking count of the alteration and charges which will possibly be necessary after the first trial of irrigation.

Your next expense is in planting the banks of your canals with trees, in order to consolidate the earth-works, and shade the water, to prevent evaporation. These trees, willows and poplars, supply fuel and fencing.

The next expense is in barns, stables, and mills, especially for husking your rice, the cost of which may be estimated at £4,000 per square kilometre. Collateral expenses may be caused by your being obliged to erect dams in the bed of the river from which you derive your main supply, by embankments and supplementary canals to carry off your surplus water.

Neither must you forget that provision must be made for roads, both main and branch, which are calculated in Lombardy to be equal to one kilometre in length for each kilometre of superficies; add to this, that the more canals you have the more bridges you require.

At one point between Genivolta and Casal-Morano called the Tredici Ponte (or thirteen bridges), there are actually thirteen bridges in a space of 200 yards; and remember that you must have for the service of your farm a considerable number of bridges (I do not say in masonry), for the passage of your carts, servants, and produce.

If, therefore, you take the whole of these preparatory concurrent expenses together, and apply them, as has been done in Lombardy,

over a space of half a million of acres, you will find them amount to about forty millions sterling, and this is only about one-half of the irrigated portion of Lombardy, which will be equal to one-fortieth of the superficies of Ireland, which measures 18½ millions of acres.

We have not taken any count of the capital in seeds, implements, and stock—horses, cattle, cows, and pigs.

The main difficulty will, I fear, be found to be in the want of a population laborious and intelligent, accustomed to irrigation in some shape or another. I am aware that such a population might be supplied from China (where the works in irrigation may compare with that of Lombardy), who would also bring with them one of the chiefest sources of modern wealth, namely, the mulberry and the silk-worm; and were I a resident at the Cape, I should not hesitate to recommend the introduction of Chinese and their silkworms, Lombard Hydraulic Engineers, and Canals, certain that in the course of one generation, your magnificent Colony with its genial climate, furnished as it already is with great wealth in cattle, horses, and sheep, the very staples of agriculture, would soon rival either Bengal, China, or Carolina.

It will not be uninteresting here to turn to the records of past ages to trace back to the probable period of the introduction of irrigation in Lombardy.

If we turn to Virgil we find him singing to his swains,—

Claudite jam rivos, pueri; sat prata biberunt.

And if we convert this into modern Tuscan, see how close the ancient and the present tongue can run together,—

Claudite jam rivos
Chiudete gia i ripi
Sat prata biberunt,
Bastanza i prati han bevuto.

And the action of the modern farmer is merely the repetition of that of his ancestor in the days of Virgil—he shuts his sluices, his meadows have drunk enough. Strabo speaks of the abundance of corn (miglio) in Upper Italy on account of the "abundances of water." Lucan describes the rush of water through the broken dams as I have seen it myself on the Po.

The very aqueducts still bear Roman names, Muzza is Mutia

Fusa, Fusia : Pompeia is villa Pompeiana ; Cornelia is Corneliano ; Albutia, Albuzzano ; Terentia, Terenzano ; Balbo, Balbiano : all names of Roman families. The invasions of barbarians, if they harried the towns seem not to have greatly affected the old tradition of farming and irrigation, for the reason that they looked for their supplies to these principal means of raising both them and taxes.

The first in the middle ages to return to their ancient practice, both in Government and agriculture, were the Milanese. They attacked the principle of feudalism along the whole line from Cuneo in Piedmont, to Belluno.

This law limiting the pretensions of the great feudatories is well known. The Judge will find it in the "Libri de Feudis" as an annex to the *corpus juris*, drawn by the Milanese Consuls (Consoli) Dall 'Orto, and Negro. One of these first operations in irrigation, after the defeat of the Emperor Frederick the 1st was to re-open the old Roman works from the Addo and the Ticino by the Muzza and Ticinello Canals.

Cattaneo, however, warns Lord Ebrington against the conclusion that because a Government opens a canal the difficulties of irrigation are at once overcome. He appears to think that in a country where irrigation is unknown, many difficulties would be occasioned by the opposition of some proprietors, the indifference of others, and more than all by the want of that "laborious and intelligent" population of which I have already spoken, and of the difficulty of finding sufficient capital for works on such a scale as would be remunerative.

But as Cattaneo's thoughts were directed to Ireland, and not to a young and unencumbered State, such as the Cape, we must make the necessary allowance for the difference.

He then enters into the following calculation. He says if you divide £40,000,000 over a superficies of 500,000 acres, it gives about £200 the hectare (say £80 the acre), which corresponds approximately to the gross produce of the surface ; and as a result that the natural value of wild land being nil, the value of that land cultivated corresponds approximately to the capital invested in it in the shape of labour, seed, tools, stock, and the usual farming gear. Cattaneo remarks that human industry may vary its operations and conse-

quently their product, but that they must ever remain and constitute part and parcel of capital. By irrigation or by drainage you give to, or take from, the soil one of its ingredients, namely, water. But irrigation by itself is not, as many think, a work of greater utility than drainage, or manuring, or marling, or any other of the various methods employed to improve rude nature. In the lowlands of Lombardy the principal value of the soil is derived from the application of capital, in other words of labour, and the result is rich meadow and permanent water meadows. On the uplands and on the borders of the lakes, which is rolling country, the chief value again is due to capital, in other words to labour, and the result is corn, wine, and oil. In the first case, the capital or labour gives water to the thirsty plain ; in the second, it created humus or mould where before were stock and stones ; but the fecundating principle is labour, always labour, the water and the earth are mere instruments.

To benefit a new country, therefore, the first process should be the encouragement of labour, no matter under what form. He doubts whether a mere imitation of mechanical ingenuity will be a real benefit.

He has a higher opinion of the moral principle which has sustained his countrymen throughout foreign occupations, wars and invasions, than of any material arts for measuring and distributing water, and levelling and preparing the soil to receive it. What he admires in the Lombards is their constant, unwearied, uninterrupted determination to apply capital, in the shape of labour, to their lands, no matter how often they became the battlefields of the hostile armies of the great European powers, no matter how unstable the form of the Government of the day.

The education and consequent happiness of the people do not depend so much on the showy spectacle of great political change as on the perennial action of certain principles which are transmitted, unobserved, in an inferior order of institutions. In those obscure regions lie hidden the secret causes by which agriculture in the valley of the Po developed that system of rotation of crops claimed now-a-days by Britain, but which in Lombardy has produced from time immemorial the fruits and grains of all countries— Rice and olive, Indian corn and flax, their cheese superior to the

Dutch, their silk superior to the Chinese. The want of this great social principle in India and in Ireland is shown in exhausting and perpetual crops, a squalid earth, and a squalid population, whilst in Lombardy the industry of the inhabitants has built a greater number of handsome cities, adorned with an original architecture, enriched by universities schools and museums, greater in number than can be shown in any equal part of the earth's surface, and this, in spite of the occupation by foreign armed bands of their entire country. This passion for labour, and its results, a hardy and intelligent population, kept alive the hope of some day being a free and united people. The love of labour was shewn not only in agriculture, but in every branch of science—and that which the learned professor taught was received by scholars, who in every branch of industry, trade, commerce, and agriculture, were ready to apply his maxims.

These, says Cattaneo, are the key to our history. This was the Lombard tree of good and evil.

In the next letter will be set forth those customs and institutions which he believes may be grafted upon any people willing to receive them.

Yours, &c.,

* * *

Sir Thomas Maclear.

It was thought that a short notice of Sir Thomas Maclear might be interesting to Cape readers, as the greater part of his life was spent in the Colony, and his name is connected with its progress in various ways.

He was born in 1794, and among his early associations were the events of the European war that followed the French Revolution.

His childhood was distinguished by unusual talent, and his school progress rapid. He was educated for the medical profession, studied at Guy's and St. Thomas' Hospitals, passed successful examinations in 1815, and was at once elected house-surgeon to the Bedford Infirmary.

In 1823 he entered into partnership with his uncle, then in large private practice at Biggleswade, in Bedfordshire, and in 1825 married Mary, third daughter of Theed Pearse, Esq., of Bedford. On his marriage Mr. Maclear had intended strictly to confine himself to his profession, in which his skill and bright kindly nature made him a great favourite, but in spite of all resolves, the strong natural scientific bent would assert itself. He had many an amusing reminiscence in after life of this time, from the old woman who pronounced herself "*ma*nured to pain," and the thrifty one who insisted on her husband swallowing all the contents of the old physic bottles in her store cupboard before proceeding to the extravagance of getting that prescribed by the doctor; while sanitary reform appeared almost as difficult as further south, and just as repugnant to the feelings of the proprietors. In this case, however, energy and persuasion at last were crowned with success. There appears to have been much amusement at his finally succeeding in bringing over one specially tough opponent, a great character, whose property was known as "Palace Yard," and that when she succumbed there was nothing more to be said. His endeavours in this case were not confined to persuasion and remonstrance, for he also took levels and designed the reforms, which in 1859 he had the pleasure of still finding in good working order, only a little worn by time. Another anecdote which might appear in the "Pursuit of Science under Difficulties," is taken

from one of his letters :—"Some fifty years ago, and before I erected a small observatory, I nailed a piece of *tin* to the window-frame of my dressing-room, which commanded a chimney some hundred yards off, and through a small hole in the tin noted the instant of certain stars disappearing behind the chimney, thus obtaining the rate of my watch on sidereal time, readily converted into mean solar time, and without the need of knowing the correct place of the star in the heavens. For the absolute error of the watch I used sextant observations."

Among the Bedford residents at this time, was the late Admiral W. H. Smyth, "a gentleman of rare abilities as a practical astronomer, hydrographer, and historian," the author of several works, both astronomical and literary. His private observatory at Bedford was well-known, and under his hospitable roof, Mr. Maclear met many of the distinguished men of the day in the scientific world, especially Sir Francis Beaufort, late hydrographer to the Admiralty, who became one of his kindest and firmest supporters through life.

It was "iron sharpening iron;" before long a small observatory was erected in Mr. Maclear's garden at Biggleswade, which contained a thirty-inch transit instrument, and the Wollaston telescope, lent to him by the Astronomical Society, with which occultation and eclipses of Jupiter's satellites were observed; he also assisted his friend, Mr. Stratford, in the computations for the Nautical Almanac. In 1823 he became a member of the Astronomical Society, and in 1831 a Fellow of the Royal Society; and in 1833, the proposal that he should succeed Mr. Henderson at the Cape Royal Observatory was made to him. It was a difficult decision, for there could be no doubt that with his rapidly increasing professional practice, he resigned the prospect of ease and wealth, which every year seemed to be bringing nearer, besides disappointing his uncle, who had looked forward to a brilliant professional career for this favourite nephew, and offered him £1,500 a year if he would remain in England. Furthermore, the Cape was represented as a place of thorough banishment, with no companionship but that of savages and wild beasts, and to which no wife or family should be taken; but the wife herself had perceived how entirely her husband's heart was in his scientific pursuits, and prized his happiness above all other considerations; and so thoroughly

was her unselfish influence recognised, that when the appointment was finally made, it was arranged that her hands should place it in those of her husband. They sailed on the 25th October, 1833, and arrived at the Cape January 5th, 1834. A brother astronomer, Sir J. Herschel, arrived ten days afterwards, whose object in visiting the Cape was to make a survey of the southern skies on the plan which had been pursued by himself and his father in the Northern Hemisphere. Sir John took up his residence at Feldhausen, now "the Grove," which he purchased from the owner, Mr. Schönnberg, who requested permission to retain a small portion of the southernmost land, on which to erect a cottage for himself and Mrs. Schönnberg, the latter begging to be allowed to call it after Sir John's family name, which may possibly in these days lead to a mistake as to the actual residence of Sir John Herschel. Here Sir John erected his great twenty foot reflector, the site of which is still marked by a block of granite ; and here four years of much enjoyment to both were passed. It is, perhaps, unnecessary to remark that Sir John's labours were a private undertaking, entirely unconnected with the Cape Observatory work. In 1838, Sir John Herschel returned to England, but the close and brotherly intimacy lasted undiminished through life. About this time preparations commenced for the verification of La Caille's "arc of the Meridian," a work of extreme importance in a scientific point of view, the necessity for which had long been felt. Perhaps no better condensed account can be given of the object and mode of carrying out the operation than that to be found in Professor Grant's valuable work, History of Physical Astronomy, from which the following extract is made :—

"The arc of the meridian measured by La Caille at the Cape of Good Hope presented an unaccountable anomaly when compared with similar measurements executed on the opposite side of the equator. It would appear from the result at which he arrived, that the earth's surface is less curved in the Southern than it is in the Northern Hemisphere. This conclusion excited the surprise of astronomers, being totally at variance with the theory of gravitation, which assigns the ellipticity to both hemispheres. On the other hand, the high celebrity of the astronomer, upon whose authority it rested, served only to render the question more perplexing. When

Col. Everest visited the Cape of Good Hope in 1821, he carefully inspected the tract of country in which the arc was measured, and drew up the result of his observations in a letter addressed to Col. Lambton, which appears in the first volume of the 'Memoirs of the Astronomical Society.' The southern extremity of the arc was situated at La Caille's Observatory, in Cape Town, and the northern extremity at Klip Fonteyn. The celestial amplitude was $1^\circ\ 12'\ 1''{\cdot}55$, and the latitude of the middle point was $33^\circ\ 18'\ 30''$. La Caille found the terrestrial length of the arc to be 68,469 toises, whence 1° was equal in length to 57,037 toises. Now if we assume the earth to be an oblate spheroid, having an ellipticity equal to $\frac{1}{300}$, a supposition which agrees very well with the result of a comparison of the meridional arcs in the Northern Hemisphere, the amplitude of an arc whose terrestrial length and mean latitude is the same as that of La Caille's will be found to be $1^\circ\ 12'\ 10''{\cdot}54$. This result exceeds by $8''{\cdot}99$ the amplitude of the arc as determined by La Caille. Colonel Everest strongly suspected that the discordance arose from the disturbing influence occasioned by the attraction of the mountains in the neighbourhood of the two terminal stations. He remarked that the mountains at Cape Town would so affect the plumb line, as to make the zenith appear a little to the south of its true place, while on the other hand, those at Klip Fonteyn would cause the zenith of that station to deviate a little to the north of its true place; hence the apparent amplitude of the arc as derived from the zenith distances of the stars at its two extremities would be less than the true amplitude by the sum of both zenith errors. Col. Everest therefore concluded that La Caille's measurement might be reconciled with the usual value of the ellipticity, by assuming that the zenith of the two extreme stations were disturbed by local attraction to the extent of $8''{\cdot}99$. After alluding to the inexpediency of remeasuring the arc, in consequence of the practical difficulty of observing the angles from La Caille's station, this distinguished officer then proceeds in the following terms:—'It might be interesting, no doubt, to ascertain the exact latitude of both extremes of the arc, by a series of triangles connecting them with the Observatory about to be erected in the neighbourhood, and this,

which will doubtless be hereafter done, may, in able hands, furnish a new datum respecting the attraction of mountains ; but as to the arc itself, it seems to me to be too small to be of any weight, even were all other objections removed, and the labour of correcting the old result, except for the mere curiosity of the matter, would therefore be much better expended upon a new series of triangles. Such a series instead of terminating at Klip Fonteyn, might very easily be carried through the country of the Namaquas to the northern boundary of the Colony, which would furnish a very pretty arc of nearly 4° in amplitude, and I doubt not, set for ever at rest the anomalous hypothesis of the different forms of the two opposite hemispheres of the globe.'

"We have cited these remarks, not only because they reflect the highest credit on the sagacity of Col. Everest, but also on account of the interesting confirmation which they have recently derived from the labours of Mr. Maclear, the Astronomer-Royal at the Cape of Good Hope. In the year 1837, the latter determined the latitude of La Caille's Observatory, by means of a triangulation connecting it with the Royal Observatory. The result when compared with that derived by La Caille from direct observation seemed to indicate the existence of local attraction, but the discordance was not sufficiently great to account for the whole anomaly of La Caille's arc. Mr. Maclear resolved, therefore, to verify the entire operations of that astronomer, by a careful remeasurement of the arc. The latitude at the extreme station, as determined by means of the Zenith Sector, were found to agree with the values assigned by La Caille, but the computation of the triangles had the effect of shortening the arc by two hundred feet, and thereby reducing the anomaly in the length to about half its previous magnitude. Suspecting that the remaining part of the error arose from the ill-conditioned character of La Caille's triangles, he chose another set of stations, and then repeated the whole operation ; but to his great disappointment, he obtained a result which agreed almost exactly with that at which he had previously arrived. He now resolved to measure an arc of three or four degrees, and to select the two extreme stations, so as to be beyond the reach of local disturbance. This object he successfully effected, notwithstanding many hardships he had to encounter in

consequence of the inclemency of the weather, and the impassable nature of the country in which his operations were conducted. The triangulation was carried southward to Cape Point, and northwards as far as Kamiesberg. The distance between these two extremes comprehended an arc of nearly 4° 2′; but as Mr. Maclear suspected that the station at Cape Point was subject to local disturbance, he fixed the southern limit of the arc at the Royal Observatory. The distance between this station and Kamiesberg included an arc of 3° 34′. Two intermediate stations were selected, one at Klip Fonteyn the other to the north of that station. The final result at which he arrived was of the most gratifying character. He found that the length of a degree was now almost exactly reconcileable with the ellipticity derived from a comparison of meridional arcs in the Northern Hemisphere. He also completely succeeded in tracing the various circumstances which conspired to vitiate La Caille's arc. We have already mentioned that the error was reduced to half its original magnitude by the remeasurement of the terrestrial arc. The remaining half was found by Mr. Maclear to arise from errors in the latitudes of the two extreme stations, occasioned by the attraction of the mountains in their neighbourhood. When the latitudes were determined at stations removed from the influence of local attraction, and then connected trigonometrically with the arc, they were found to be very nearly reconcileable with the usually received value of the ellipticity. A slight deviation of the plumb-line took place at the southern station, but a much greater deviation was occasioned by the attraction of the mountain at Klip Fonteyn. The errors at both stations, however, conspired together in reducing the amplitude of the arc, agreeably to the remark of Colonel Everest. Mr. Maclear has earned for himself a high place among living astronomers, by the ability with which he has executed this important geodetic operation. It is gratifying to reflect that his labours have removed a serious difficulty from the science of astronomy, since we are now assured that the actual measurement of meridional arcs on each side of the equator concurs with the theory of gravitation, and the experiments with the pendulum, in assigning the same ellipticity to both hemispheres."

It is much to be regretted that no pen was able to give at the time

an unscientific account of this scientific expedition, for there were many scenes, touches of life and character, in the wild and scantily-peopled country, well worth preserving. The reprehensible contrariness of the mountains, which, while allowing a view of one station, shut out another equally important, entailing fresh wanderings till the desired one could be obtained. One note records the wild magnificence of the thunder-storm raging below the spectators' feet; another describes the snowy station, when the intensity of the cold made the theodolite *burn* the fingers. Of other scenes, one or two might be given here. They have always stood out with peculiar vividness in the writer's mind. The first was when Mr. Maclear was in the Bushman Flat; he was alone, none of his party were in sight, when a Bushman suddenly appeared close to him: he seemed to have sprung from the ground. After looking at each other for a minute or two, Mr. Maclear put his hand in his pocket, and pulling out some tobacco, cut off a large piece, and gave it to the little being, who seemed much delighted, and then disappeared as suddenly as he came. Mr. Maclear was looking round to see if there were others in sight, but none appeared; but with the same elf-like unexpectedness, his former little friend was again before him, this time with two ostrich eggs in his hands, which, bending his head to the ground, he laid at Mr. Maclear's feet, and then once more disappeared, this time to return no more. On another occasion, when Mr. Mann, Mr. Maclear's first assistant, was looking for a station, he came to a lonely farmhouse. The men were absent, but the vrouw was full of compassion when she found the stranger would spend some days, perhaps, on the neighbouring mountain. She warned him that a fog often came over it, which would last at times over a week, and made it dangerous, and when she found he must go, pressed on him everything she could to make him more comfortable. He went up and spent the first day. The next morning he woke to find the threatened fog all around him, evidently with no immediate intention of clearing off. He had just established himself under a rock and bush to wait for better times, when he heard a voice calling through the mist, and answering, a farmer appeared with a led horse. He had heard from his wife of the traveller, and seeing the well-known fog covering the mountain, moved with compassion, had ridden fifteen miles with a led horse, to

bring the unknown Englishman to his house, where for the two days the fog lasted he showed him every kindness. They lived in primitive fashion, grinding the corn for their bread between two stones, in which operation the guest gave his assistance, besides amusing them with his sketch book. Finally, when at the first appearance of the fog clearing, work was resumed, the kindly Dutchman would receive no repayment, saying, "If all Englishmen were like you, we should get on." So much is often said of the feeling between the races, that it seems but justice to record this act of spontaneous kindness. Indeed it should in justice, be said that hospitality and kindness were a rule to which the exceptions were few. The hospitality of Mr. Van Ryneveld, the Civil Commissioner at Clanwilliam, of the German missionaries at Wupperthal, in the Cedar Mountains, and of many others, was always remembered with much pleasure. One last anecdote will illustrate another experience, when the lonely traveller at night, with a lame and weary horse, unable to move beyond a foot pace, found that he was being followed by two wolves, who, with the strange instinct of their race, had divined the state of affairs, and hoped to make their supper on the traveller's poor horse. For more than an hour they followed, kept off by a pistol-shot from time to time, till a dwelling being neared, they at last skulked off.

That the leader was a great doctor soon became known, and he had more patients brought to him than was always quite convenient. On one of the last of these occasions he had just climbed a mountain, and feeling weary and unwell was thankful for a spare five minutes, when a farmer appeared, and informed him that he had brought his wife for advice, and she was now at the foot of the mountain. Weary as he was, Mr. Maclear could not resist the appeal, and on going down, found that the patient had brought with her two wagon-loads of friends, all anxious also to be doctored.

The speculations among the inhabitants of the district in which the survey was carried on, as to the nature of their proceedings, were also very amusing. Some believed that the huge Zenith Sector cases contained stars which had been pulled down through the telescope, and were there stowed away, an idea which possibly arose from the

search made for the meteorolite which fell in the Bokkeveldt in October, 1837, and the heliostal signalling ; but others suspected the real object to be the secretly placing cannons on the different mountains.

Fatigue and exposure, with rapid alternation of temperature, perhaps within but a few hours from cold and snow on the mountains to heat on the plains, were beginning to make their effects felt, and in 1846 Mr. Maclear had, what in a work of this kind must always be a trial, to reorganise his staff. His first assistant, Mr., now Professor Piazzi Smyth, son of his old Bedfordshire friend, had been offered and accepted the professorship of astronomy at Edinburgh, and his second assistant, Mr. Mann, who while still suffering from the effects of an even more than usual rapid transition from severe cold to great heat, had unfortunately met with an accident, was most reluctantly invalided by the doctor's orders, and sent to England on sick leave. Their places were filled by Mr. George Montagu, second son of the late able Colonial Secretary, Mr. John Montagu, a young man of great talent, and Mr., now Admiral, Campion, C.B., a young naval officer, supplied by the Admiralty. Even the strong constitution of the leader began to show that there were limits to endurance. The work had now passed into the arid Bushman Flat, where the oxen had to be sent twenty miles every second day for what was called water, a thick dark fluid filled with every impurity. It was the only place where even the wild animals could procure drink. The days were fearfully hot, the nights intensely cold. They had a small flock of sheep, led by one Hans, a splendid old pet sheep from Wupperthal, possessing the old traditionary Cape sheep tail, and who when his travels were over ended his days a much loved favourite with all at the Observatory. When one of Hans's companions were wanted for dinner, it was *shot*, this being the only way in which it could be both caught and killed. At last, when the work was nearly completed, Mr. Maclear's health gave way so completely, that for some time after his return to the Observatory he doubted his ever recovering. However, in time he was restored; but some years after a severe attack of rheumatism set in which, after many months of intense suffering, left him crippled for life.

The calculations connected with this great work took years to complete. It was in recognition of its value that in 1867 the Lalande gold medal was awarded to him, and in 1869 the gold medal of the Royal Society.

Mr. Mann had now returned, and the ordinary work of the Observatory was resumed, the vacancy in the post of second assistant having been filled by Mr. Childe, late professor of mathematics at the South African College. About this time the discovery of Lake Ngami led to the acquaintance of the great traveller, Livingstone, and a firm friendship was formed, which lasted to the end of life. From that time all the great traveller's observations were sent to the Cape Observatory for reduction—often, from circumstances, no easy matter, but ever, both to Mr. Maclear and his first assistant, a labour of love.

Before entering on a fresh stage, it may be mentioned that the much-honoured old friend, Bradley's Zenith Sector, returned to England in 1850 in perfect preservation, notwithstanding its travels and vicissitudes. It was in its 110th year! With very different feelings and few benedictions was another old acquaintance dispatched, — a certain theodolite, which for some reasons had acquired the name of "Gotombo," never recalled but with a groan by those unhappy enough to have had the task of trying to make it perform its duties. Many years after one of its victims felt that for once fate had been just which deposited Gotombo at the bottom of the sea on a voyage to Australia. It seemed too absurd to hear that after all Gotombo was fished up again, and ultimately reached its destination; what eventually became of it is unknown.

In 1854, the transit circle was erected, superseding the old transit instrument and mural circle.

The singular importance of the lighthouses on this dangerous coast had always made Maclear feel a keen and painful interest in the subject, especially in the too well-known Agulhas Light. The faulty position of this light was a constant worry and distress to him; and who can wonder who recalls the sorrows and loss occasioned thereby? It does indeed seem strange that the strong opinion of two such men, both so well qualified, by profession and from personal knowledge of the locality, as Col. Michell and Sir T.

Maclear, should not have been allowed more weight in this important question.

In 1859, Mr. Maclear visited England, for the first time since he left it twenty-five years before. It was during this visit he was enabled to carry out two long-cherished desires, to visit Paris and the field of Waterloo. For a "man of peace," he had ever the greatest interest in the "broils and batteries," past and present, of our restless world. He returned in 1860, and, soon after, received the honour of knighthood. As often happens, the short bright holiday was followed by a time of great sorrow. Soon after their return, Lady Maclear's health began to fail, and she passed away on July 27th, 1861. "The beautiful and good," as an old friend writing after her death truly described one whose pure bright spirit seemed to shed a light around her. But though with a maimed life her husband went bravely on, busying himself as actively as ever. One great object at this time was the use of electricity for punctual time-signalling. He was much gratified by the final success, on August 26th, 1865, when "at the instant of one o'clock, the time-ball clock closed the circuit, when the Observatory ball, the Simon's Town ball, the Cape Town time-gun, and the Port Elizabeth ball, were discharged successfully, a feat perhaps without parallel in electric work, considering that Port Elizabeth is distant 500 miles from the Observatory."

The reduction of the stars for the southern catalogue had always been before his mind at the Observatory. It was now urged on strenuously while time and life permitted. Sir T. Maclear being zealously seconded by his first assistant, Mr. Mann, who had always felt a peculiar interest in this particular work. It has been ably carried on and finished by Mr. Stone.

In 1870, Sir T. Maclear retired from the Observatory, and resided at Mowbray, the death of his only brother, and the friend dear as a brother, Sir John Herschel, which occurred about this time, making him shrink from the blanks be encountered should he return to England. For some years there was need of brightness. The visit of the "Challenger" during its scientific voyage was a great pleasure, increased by its bringing a visit from his second son, who was second in command.

His sight gradually failed, and in 1875, he wrote that he was "nearly

blind," and in rather more than another year, the eyes that had seen and done so much, were closed to all he loved on earth, to the light of Heaven, to his books, and all his accustomed employment; no variation from day to day—the brightest sunlight, and the darkest night were all alike to him. But with the keen affliction came the strength to bear it, an equanimity that would have seemed even to himself impossible when life was so strong, his mental powers yet so clear, his talents still so bright, and the constant dependence so trying to one who, all through life, had been so independent.

But the blessing of hearing remained; he loved music; he loved being read to; his interest was undiminished in the world around; his kindly sympathy was still shown in the joys and sorrows of others. He loved the voices of his little grandchildren, and his cheerful spirit was the brightest in his dwelling.

Only a few months ago, almost imperceptibly, his physical strength declined, and on July 14th, 1879, the bright spirit passed away, and the loving heart was at rest.

A few Thoughts on Greek Culture.

From the earliest times there has proved to be some permanent and abiding quality about Greek life and literature which has communicated itself to succeeding generations, and has been powerful enough to rivet their attention, and call forth their deepest admiration. Around that well-known land situated in the midst of the Ægean waves, men have loved to linger in wonder and in thought, and "divine Salamis," "rocky Ithaca," the island of Pelops, and the mainland above, with the far-famed city of Athens—the light of the old world—have all been as familiar to them as places in their own native lands. Especially, too, have they striven to catch the breath of that enthusiasm, young, fresh, untainted in its early growth, which hurried along the first philosophers, historians, and above all, poets, for the "sacer vates" is of an immortal line, and is one of the truest and most inspired of the goodly company, whose business and vocation it is to hand on the torch of light from age to age. It is in the pages of a poet that we find the passions, thoughts, and aspirations of his nation most sympathetically illustrated. As we handle the ancient language, criticise, examine, and diligently compare it, the "dead bones" seem to live again, and the spirit is wooed back amongst them, with all the vigour and vitality which was formerly its own. How greatly men were struck with the power and reality of the ancients, we must feel as we read the history of certain culminating periods, when their thoughts have risen to a white heat, and have been especially plastic, imaginative, and creative. In the forefront of the battle are Greek ideals, Greek types, helping on and inspiring intellectual activity, and endowed, as it were, with the same superhuman power as that of the Homeric heroes leading on their respective heroes to battle. During the Renascence, especially, the buried fires of the ancient art rose up from the soil under which they had been so long neglected, as by a sudden and spontaneous movement, and sent a glow and illumination thrilling through unknown paths. These fires had never been utterly quenched, although at times hidden and concealed beneath the sombre mantle of prejudice and superstition, and barred by the edicts of an unsym-

pathetic creed. During a long period, the spirit of a stern monastic ritual had been exercised against the thoughts and ideas of the pagan world. Erasmus sums up the tendency of classical criticism up to his time, when he tells us that to be a poet, *i.e.*, a lover of classical literature, was looked upon as the deepest possible reproach, and the cry was "Beware! that man is a Poet; he is no Christian." Erasmus, however, remarks himself, in his telling fashion, that it was impossible to live a pure and upright life in monasteries, and so became an eloquent defender of classical learning in his "Anti-barbarians." We are reminded, too, of the story of the ancient Father of the church, who used secretly and covertly to indulge himself by reading the classics, and imbibing portions of the "attic honey," so great and overwhelming were the temptations. History goes on to say that the good Father had many qualms of conscience and divers misgivings afterwards, of so poignant a character as to cause him to inflict grievous self-penance, and sternly and rigorously can we imagine the "flagellum salutis" to have been administered. After all it was in his case but a natural craving after the life and light of an old world claiming a sympathy from him on account of its broad humanity and natural touches. Unfortunately, this sympathy could not be expressed well at that time, because circumstances were against it, and it ran counter to the notions which then passed current for piety.

In the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries men began to think differently about what was termed "paganism," and, however depreciated before, it sprang into favour, and became a chief element in the life and literature of the day. The exuberance and many-sidedness of the Elizabethan era was but a repetition, although under a somewhat altered condition, of the sudden and marvellous inspiration of the Greek period. As Mons. Taine remarks, "Men rose up in the time of the Renaissance as by a second birth, just as before in Greece, men had risen by a first birth; and now, as then, the temptation of the outer world came combined to raise his faculties from sloth and torpor." It is not necessary to discuss now how far these impulses were followed up and dwelt upon, or how far the ancient spirit was caught and treated, whether well or badly, in the days of Pope and Dryden, as this is a separate question by itself, but

will simply remark that in these later days we seem to have been more thorough in adhering to the original, and to have cultivated a truer pre-Raphaelite spirit, putting aside incidental influences, and grasping mainly at the true and permanent, both in the form and matter. Long since have we declined to study the Greeks, simply as a people who have bequeathed to us a series of interesting historical pictures—and nothing more—we have delved deeper, analysed further, tried to read between the lines, instituted investigations, set on foot comparative and historical methods. Like those in search of the ruins of ancient Troy or Mycenæ, we have endeavoured to realise these relics of art and song, and make them peculiarly and visibly our own, not in the temper of an antiquarian pure and simple, who would find such a science as that of numismatics sufficient for his wants, but in the temper of those who are sensible that they have before them great and engrossing pictures of human life and thought. A little reflection will tell us that it cannot be an antiquarian feeling only which prompts us to exhume the pots and pans, the legends and archaisms of a race long extinct, and merged in a wider nationality; the forms, the shell, the outer crust, are nothing except for what they contain in themselves, and long ago would they have decayed and crumbled away, were it not for the vivida vis, the eternal vesta-like glow which has proved itself powerful enough to shine through the ages, and impress upon spectators its original clearness and purity.

The thinking and feeling man of the nineteenth century is after all but the product of the thinking and feeling man of all antecedent time, and it is difficult to calculate with a mechanical precision how far he has been moulded and guided by any particular influences. His language, habits, and laws, have an ancestry reaching far back to the distant past. Speaking broadly, however, and in a general manner, we can classify tendencies, and we are conscious that to Rome in particular, we are indebted for an able code, and a wise and comprehensive view of the legal relations between man and man. From Greece we feel that we inherit something deeper, more subtle, and less easily definable. Whether we call it culture, intellectual light, or whatever you please, it has maintained its vitality by a virtue of its own, implicitly contained in the monuments

of all descriptions left behind. Hellenism stands among us like the "Grecian urn" which prompted Keats to say in his beautiful ode,

> O Attic shape! Fair attitude! with breed
> Of marble men and maidens overwrought,
> With forest branches and the trodden weed;
> Thou, silent form! dost tease us out of thought
> As doth eternity; cold Pastoral!
> When old age shall this generation waste,
> Thou shalt remain, in midst of other woe
> Than ours, a friend to man, to whom thou say'st,
> Beauty is truth, truth beauty!

Some perhaps may wish, in their anxiety to obliterate old landmarks as vague and obsolete, to cast over the world of "Paganism," its glorious infancy, vigorous manhood, and ripe old age, the pall of an ungrateful oblivion, but we cannot interrupt so lightly the continuity of our intellectual and artistic life, and sweep aside all recollection of it.

However in any attempt at comparison and analysis, we must not look for anything like a universal resemblance between ourselves and the Greeks. Between us rolls the flood of time and "*Styx novies interfusa coercet:* between us and them crawls the nine times twisted stream of death." Ancient Athens, the centre of Hellas, has long since passed away; her temples and shrines have been overthrown and destroyed; her statues robbed and broken. The pomp and visible glory of this ancient Republic have faded away, like the triumphant shouts of those who raised the pæan at Marathon and Salamis. Still the Greeks and all things Greek intimate something real to us, and the Athenians have outlived the Persians and all their oriental contemporaries, because it is not the proud acts of a despotic race which successfully endure and stamp themselves upon the minds and memories of men, but a subtle, leavening, transforming force of character, able to communicate itself to posterity, and command their respect and imitation on common subjects. It is certainly not upon religion or the platform of a common morality that we can meet the Greeks, neither, to proceed upon a method of exhausting our differences to find our

resemblances, can we agree with them, because we have similar political theories and ideals. The worship of the sun-god, Apollo, is not our worship, nor does the democracy of Athens as it actually existed, or that republic, as ideally sketched by Plato, fit in with our notions of a constitutional monarchy. Christianity has long since overthrown pagan cults, and given us altered views upon politics and morality and, generally, the best way to live.

Where we can meet the Greeks is upon all questions bearing upon intellectual progress and a general culture, and where mind and body are given a full play and power of expansion, and can achieve a kind of symmetrical union of their own. As we trace the Greek masters working out their ideals we shall find many noble men, in whom were displayed high-mindedness, generosity, naturalness, and vivacity—not marred by too much afterthought—devotion, heroism, tenderness, and strength. Their heroes are not perhaps stern martyrs, with the etherialising light of a spiritual religion in their eyes, ready for death and torture, and triumphing in the self-sacrifice, but glorified human beings with swift passions, noble forms, high-wrought sensibilities, and trained tastes, perfected by a cultivated Sophrosyne, or "temperance" in its broadest sense, rejoicing in the open light of heaven and all the fair forms of earth.

A Greek hero is such a one as the athlete of Lysippus, in the Braccio Nuovo of the Vatican, whose life "rises above us imaged in the sculptor's marble," and upon whose features "rests no shade of care or thought, but the delicious languor of momentary fatigue, and the serenity of a nature in harmony with itself." In their efforts to express their idea of beauty, the Greeks loved a concrete representation, such as a group of competitors in a chariot-race or foot-race, a hero striving in deadly conflict, a youth throwing a quoit, a maiden carrying a pitcher, a form or face to gaze upon of beautiful outline, and telling its own story and needing no interpreter. The attitudes are generally simple and natural, and the movements seem to have been arrested and immortalised at the most fitting and appropriate moment. A mediæval hero, when art was enthralled and held in durance by a bigoted creed, was a being with pinched features, shrunken form, and body emaciated by a long course of

penance and self-humiliation. We can hardly contrast the two ideals, because their times were so different and the objects for which they existed were so utterly unlike. We can sympathise with the anchorite who possesses a stern will and unbending faith, and a courage ready, if need be, to meet death for religion's sake, but there is no reason why we should not sympathise, on the other hand, with the broad humanity of the Greek, his common feelings and aspirations, his abandonment and revelling in the light of a common world. Pleasure arising from the contemplation of what is externally beautiful and fitting, is a pardonable feeling, and at their best time the charge of a gross and sensual pedonism could not with justice be brought against the Greeks. Let us endeavour to note more particularly the time when the "universality" of the Greek genius first forced itself upon men's notice. Now we know that when young we read our classics generally as if they were a hard and disagreeable and uncongenial task, to be got over as quickly and expeditiously as possible, in a sort of rule of thumb way, trusting to memoriæ technicæ or any method which will help us over the ground quickly. The thoughts, acts, and feelings of the persons portrayed in the text cannot, we think, have even a remote interest for us, and are as mythical as Baibus or Caius. The voice of a character in a Greek play speaks indistinctly to our untutored and irresponsive minds, and the most beautiful chorus is a night-mare. We are naturally unable, amidst engrossing studies of the outer form; to follow in the dramatis personæ, the alternations of fear and passion, the entrancing movements of love and devotion, as worked out by the tragedian; and all this is natural enough, for we have not ourselves passed through or even witnessed in others the strong excitement and deep emotion of life. Who, when young, can understand for instance any great Shakspearian character, as Hamlet, Othello, Lady Macbeth. For a long time the classics had been read in a child-like way, and had been regarded from the low stand-point of a vehicle—and nothing more—of old-world lore. True it is that for centuries men and women must have felt all that the classics could express, but they were debarred from everything excepting the mere form of the ancient languages, and could not feel the fire and warmth which were contained in them. To many, an access to even the bare form was impossible. In the Renascence all these

impediments were removed, and the pages of the classics have ever since been open, so that he "who runs may read." First the German scholars led the way to a truer criticism and interpretation of the old-world spirit, and Hegel says in his "History of Philosophy," "Winckelmann (1717), by contemplation of the vast ideal works of the ancients received a sort of inspiration through which he opened up a new sense for the study of art, and grasped the 'Heiterkeit' (repose) 'Allgemeinheit' (universality) of the old masters." To the wonderfully broad and sympathetic mind of Goëthe Winckelmann communicated his enthusiasm, gained chiefly through a study of the antique statues, and in some respects Winckelmann was to Goëthe as Virgil was to Dante. Goëthe could at once grasp the "Allgemeinheit" of the Greeks, for "poetry" as he views it, exists not in time or place, but in the spirit of man, and "art with nature is now to perform for the poet what nature alone performed of old. The divinities and demons, the witches and spectres, and fairies, are vanished from the world, never to be recalled, but the faculty which has created them still lives essentially the same, and will for ever live in man's soul." Carlyle sees in Goëthe's heroine an allegory, and he conjectures that in the course of her historical intrigue with Faust, she presents at the same time some "dim adumbration of Grecian art, and its flight to the northern nations, driven by stress of war from its own country." From a study of the antique models, stowed away in the galleries, from a careful sifting and examining of *both* the language and the spirit of the ancient writers, it came to be understood that "Hellenism" was only a previous page of a book which might still be used as a guide-book in all questions relating to the progress of the human intellect and the development of a refined life. In it the old writers had struck upon immortal types, and celebrated them mightily and artistically. The "lightly moving and all-conceiving spirit of the poet had stepped forth, and become a teacher, a prophet, a friend of gods and men." There is something particularly attractive about the freshness and the strength of Greek art, and, when we first catch sight of it, we find it blended in a curious and interesting manner with Greek religion, Now, this religion is in itself of a particularly open and rational sort, and the cult of the Dorian Apollo, if contrasted with other Pagan cults, is singularly free from cruelties, savageries, and gloomy and ascetic rites. The god was honoured,

not with torrents of human blood, drawn from helpless victims, nor by means of a superstitious and overhearing priesthood, but by a joyous and willing service of both mind and body.

> All day they sought the favour of the god,
> The glorious pæans chanting, and the praise
> Of Phœbus: he, well pleased, the strain received.

At Olympia, Nemea, and the Isthmus, the games and contests were part of their ritual, and reminded the true-born Hellenes there assembled in full concourse, of their divine origin, hidden away in a cloud of beautiful myths and legends, it is true, but nevertheless believed in by them, of their tutelary gods and deities, who watched over men from above, and guided their affairs, rewarding virtue, punishing vice. Throughout the Greek tragedians, and especially in Æschylus, there is the idea of Nemesis, which is justice asserting itself in the end, and teaching mankind a lesson not to be forgotten, that retribution follows on evil deeds, slowly, surely, and inevitably.

> Raro antecedentem scelestum,
> Deseruit pede pœna claudo.

Before the whole of assembled Hellas, coming from all quarters of the Ægean and elsewhere, where "Hellenes" had settled themselves, these beliefs and ideas were represented and illustrated by their poets. In the full light of heaven, and beneath the rays of their sun-god, Apollo, the poets sang their creed in beautiful language and metaphor. All the Hellenes were present to listen and criticise, and were at liberty to form their own opinions on the subject and on the manner in which it was treated by the poet, just as they were at liberty to compete in the foot-races, chariot-races, and quoit throwing and wrestling of the games, which were only another phase of their religion. We cannot be surprised, therefore, that under these free and liberal conditions, a magnificent panathenaic ritual should be attended by a host of poetical ideas and visions; for what the poet most desires is power of expansion and a sympathetic and believing audience. Thus that peculiar character of the Greek was developed: his religion and poetry intertwined, interlaced, and mutually inspiring; the one acting and re-acting upon the other, prompting thought and receiving it; religion giving enthusiasm, poetry expressing it, yet still one growth, one tree, as it

were, with religion as the centre growth, poetry its graceful parasite, mounting up to heaven with delicate tendrils and luxuriant leafage, and floating back to earth again, the mother from whence it was sprung.

Of all Greek poets, perhaps, Pindar expresses, as well as any, this close connection of Greek life and thought with its religion and festivals and ritual generally. He joins the present with the past by frequent reference to the early stories and traditions. In the famous sixth Olympian, in celebrating the victor's ancestry, he gives the history of the Iamidæ. In the third Pythian he introduces the mythology, by saying, "I wish I could restore Cheiron, the healer and tutor of Æsclypius to life." In the twelfth Pythian he begins by a panegyric of Girgenti, the hero's birth-place, and there he names Midas and tells his triumph, and so is led on to the story of Medusa:—

"To thee, fairest of earthly towns, I pray—
Thou splendour lover, throne of Proserpine,
Piled o'er Girgenti; slopes, that feed alway
Fat sheep!—with grace of gods and men incline,
Great Queen, to take this Pythian crown and own
Midas: for he of all the Greeks, thy son,
Hath triumphed in the arts which Pallas won,
Weaving of fierce Gorgonian threats the dolorous moan.

She from the snake-encircled hideous head
Of maidens heard the wailful dirges flow,
What time the third of these fell sisters bled
By Perseus' hand, who brought the destined woe
To vexed Seriphos. He on Phorkys' brood
Wrought ruin, and on Polydectes laid
Stern penance for his mother's servitude,
And for her forceful wedlock, when he slew the maid

Medusa. He by living gold, they say,
Was got on Danae: but Pallas bore
Her hero through these toils, and wrought the lay
Of full-voiced flutes to mock the ghastly roar
Of these strong jaws of grim Euryale:
A goddess made and gave to men the flute,
The fountain-head of many a strain to be,
That ne'er at game or nations' feast it might be mute,

Sounding through subtle brass and voiceful reeds,
Which near the city of the Graces spring
By fair Cephisus, faithful to the needs
Of dancers. Lo! there cometh no good thing
Apart from toil to mortals, though to-day
Heaven crown their deeds; yet shun we not the laws
Of fate: for times impend when chance withdraws
What most we hoped, and what we hoped not gives for aye."—SYMONDS.

In this ode Pindar dwells mostly on the associations connected with the hero, rather than upon a description of the hero himself. He simply mentions him and proceeds to link him and his birth-place with the legends of his nation. The hero of the moment seems to be a hero because he is the means whereby the poet is enabled to allude to sacred tradition and divine legend, common to poets and their hearers. He alludes to the heaven-sent gift of song itself, when he says,—

> "A goddess made and gave to men the flute,
> The fountain-head of many a strain to be."

We are reminded of the fine legend of Marsyas, whose contest with Apollo is so beautifully put by the writer of "The Epic of Hades," and which accounts for the divine afflatus of the poet, his divine ancestry falling short, however, of the great vision and ideal.

Himself a poet and a national poet to the core, how could Pindar fail to enshrine Hellenic legends in immortal verses, give warmth and colouring to their Hellenic faith, and link the Hellenes by every kind of association to the land and the cities on which they were born. More than any other nation, the Hellenes have appreciated the harmony of themselves with nature, and the poets, gauging their character, told them and reminded them how "conscious they were of their own recent birth from the bosom of the divine in nature, and how they loved instinctively all fair and fresh things of the earth fraternally." Recognising, therefore, no insuperable barrier between themselves and the divine, their religion became anthropomorphic and human. Seeing the perfection of beauty possible in a human body, they invested their gods with it, together with all the feelings and passions, evil as well as good. Their imagination,

however, inclined to what was blithe and joyous, not stern and forbidding, and the "lonely herdsman" if

> When his own breath was silent, chanced to hear
> A distant strain, far sweeter than the sounds
> Which his poor skill could make, his fancy fetch'd,
> Even from the blazing chariot of the sun,
> A beardless youth, who touch'd a golden lute,
> And filled the illumined groves with ravishment."

So the traveller drank from a fountain, and "thank'd the Naiad," and transformed sunbeams on distant hills—

> "Into fleet Dryads sporting visibly."

And again,

> In the low vale, or on steep mountain side;
> And sometimes, intermixed with stirring horns
> Of the live deer, or goat's depending beard—
> There were the lurking satyrs, a wild brood
> Of gamesome deities; or Pan himself,
> The simple shepherd's awe inspiring God."—EXCURSION BOOK IV.

Greek sculptors caught this blithe joyous feeling of intimate kinship with nature, and in the "Faun" of Praxiteles, standing in the galleries of the Capitol at Rome, the spirit of the Greek can be truly inferred, embodied as it is in everlasting Pentelic marble. About the statue itself is youth, vigour, and beauty; its pose, a simple one, young man leaning carelessly against the trunk of a tree, the apparel being only a lion's skin, hung lightly and gracefully, and revealing well-formed limbs. Upon the brow rests no care of brooding thought, for the Faun by reason of his recent birth from earth, has not the heritage of a mind intent upon introspection, nor can the spirit of "hungry generations tread it down." Blithe and joyous the figure stands in the plenitude of physical power, and glorying in its prowess. True it is, that there may be no severely heroic lines about its contour, and that martyrdom and self-abnegation are words and ideas unknown to it, but it is nevertheless a figure of what a human being was, when untrammelled, he attained to an unreasoning and unconscious happiness. How little removed it was in some of its aspects from a heightened animal instinct, is artistically illustrated by the presence of the ears in the Faun. Truly and faithfully has Praxitiles given us a cue to understanding the Pagan sentiment in the first unconscious blush of its existence.

But from a study of Greek art and poetry, as illustrated by Pindaric Odes, or by the sculptor's chisel, we must not conclude that their culture was confined simply to "form." A perfection of animal instincts is by no means an exhaustive account of their creed, and the statue of the Faun is after all a marble allegory but half-true. It can give us no clue to the inner graces of the soul, the workings of the nobler human feelings, the common sympathies of the heart, the refined appreciation of what is always beautiful, both within us and outside us, which their poets successfully reveal. It is on these latter grounds that great minds have been able to discern the "Allgemeinheit," or "Universality" of the Greek culture, and have not been misled by the prominence given to external symmetry. The products of Greek art are chiefly interesting to us, in so far as we are able to detect through them the inner and "informing spirit" which has struck upon immortal types, common sentiments, and aspirations. Let us turn for illustration of this point to Homer the first, and greatest of great poets, simple, melodious, natural, and the one to whom men of a later generation love most to recur, and from whom they most frequently illustrate. In him the human and divine are most strangely blended. Men seem to act and speak in the presence of gods and demi-gods, but they act and speak just as men always have done and always will. From the plot of a story we may be inclined to look upon as strange and imaginary, we are summoned by a sudden turn to contemplate a real breathing world. Hector of the glancing helm, goes forth, prepared to fight if need be, a god outside the walls of Troy, still he is human enough to take leave of his wife and child in a tender and gentle way. At such a moment he feels the anxiety of a husband for Andromache's sake, the solicitude of a father for his little son's sake, although presently his softer mood will be changed for the stern attitude of the warrior striking to kill. How true the moods and the transitions, even to the delicate shadings of detail. The warrior's armour and plume and grim visage, are painted to the life, whilst around him timid Andromache throws her loving arms, not knowing whether this may be or not the last embrace. The child, unconscious of the danger, shrinks in a natural way, from the grimness of his plumed and vizored sire, and Hector himself cannot but laugh at the child's dismay, in the midst of his own sorrow and forebodings.

Lord Derby thus finely renders the concluding passages of this affecting scene :—

Thus as he spoke, great Hector stretched his arms
To take his child : but back the infant shrank,
Crying, and sought his nurse's sheltering breast ;
Scared by the brazen helm and horse hair plume,
That nodded, fearful, on the warrior's crest.
Laughed the fond parents both, and from his brow
Hector the casque removed, and set it down,
All glittering on the ground : then kissed his child
And danced him in his arms ; then he to Jove,
And to the Immortals all addressed his prayer :
"Grant, Jove, and all ye gods, that this my son
May be, as I, the foremost man in Troy,
For valour famed, his country's guardian king ;
That men may say, 'This youth surpasses far,
His father,' when they see him from the fight,
From slaughtered foes, with bloody spoils of war
Returning, to rejoice his mother's heart!"
Thus saying, in his mother's arms he placed
His child : She to her fragrant bosom clasped,
Smiling through tears ; with eyes of pitying love
Hector beheld, and pressed her hand, and then
Addressed her—"Dearest wring not thus my heart,
For till my day of destiny is come,
No man may take my life ; and when it comes,
Nor brave, nor coward, can escape that day.
But go thou home, and ply thy household cares,
The loom and distaff, and appoint thy maids
Their several tasks ; and leave to men of Troy,
And, chief to me, the toils of war."
Great Hector spoke, and raised his plumed helm :
And homeward slow, with oft-reverted eyes,
Shedding hot tears, his sorrowing wife returned."—Il. VI.

How faithful such a scene as this is to the everlasting impulses of the human mind ! how well expressed the unavoidable conflict between love and duty ! Out of it the hero emerges nobly and strongly, subordinating private feeling to more lofty calls, and placing the issue of his acts in the hands of a high and controlling power. In spite of all these considerations, however, the wife must "shed hot tears," and follow her husband "with oft-reverted eye."

(*To be continued.*)

THE CAPE

MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

The Beginning of the European Occupation in South Africa.

From Documents in the Cape Archives.

(No. III.—1652-1654.)

The yacht was detained by contrary winds until the 21st of October 1652, when she stood out of Table Bay with a fair breeze, and in a few hours anchored off Ilha Elizabeth or Dassen Island. The skipper with a party of sailors and the clerk Frederick Verburg then went ashore. There was evidence that the island had been used very recently as a sealing station, for they saw some huts still standing, which had been constructed of seal skins and ribs of whales, and found some of the implements required in that pursuit. They killed twenty coneys, the flesh of which they described afterwards as the most delicious meat they had ever tasted. They saw a great many seals, and wild fowl innumerable, of whose eggs they took on board about twelve thousand, and then set sail for Saldanha Bay. The description which they have left on record of this splendid sheet of water is fairly accurate, though they believed that a great river emptied into its southern end. It extends so far into the land that they did not explore it thoroughly. A few wretched Hottentots, of the same stamp as Harry's beach-rangers, were found on its shores, but there were none possessed of cattle living there at the time. After they had been in the bay several days, however, a party of pastoral Hottentots arrived and brought a couple of sheep which they bartered to the strangers, but beyond these, a handful of ostrich feathers, and three antelopes shot with arrows, nothing whatever was to be obtained in trade.

Some fish were caught with a seine, and the advantages which the bay offered for this pursuit were duly noted.

Skipper Turver, having venison, fish, and abundance of eggs, deemed it prudent not to slaughter the two sheep, but to put them upon an islet where they could graze until needed. For this purpose he landed upon Schapen Island, where as they were roaming about some of the men came upon a great heap of dried seal skins. Upon examination, it was found that a few on the top had been partly destroyed by the action of the weather, but there were over two thousand seven hundred in excellent condition. Scattered about were various articles which explained the matter. A French vessel had been there the previous season, and having secured more than she could take away, had left the heap of skins behind. Some of the islands were then swarming with seals, so that Skipper Turver concluded the French ship would speedily return for another cargo. In his opinion the Netherlands East India Company, having built a fort at the Cape, was now entitled to the exclusive enjoyment of this source of profit. He therefore caused all the good skins to be removed to the hold of the yacht, and set up a mark of possession on behalf of the Company where the heap had been. After this, the *Goede Hoop* examined the coast round St. Helena Bay, visited Dassen Island again, and then returned to her old anchorage off the fort, where she arrived safely on the 14th of November.

About the 1st of October the fires of the Kaapmans began to be visible far away to the northward, and on the 9th of that month two of their scouts arrived at the fort with news that the whole clan with its flocks and herds was approaching, to which Mr. Van Riebeek responded heartily, "God grant it, Amen." The two strangers were much finer specimens of the Hottentot race than any of the famine-stunted beachrangers. They were naked, but each carried over his arm a kaross of prepared skins, just as a European dandy of those days would carry his mantle. As ornaments they wore solid ivory armlets and various decorations made of copper. The Commander had positive orders to conciliate the natives, and his own necessities at this moment were so great that apart from duty or inclination he would have been obliged to show

them every mark of friendship. The provisions which he had brought from the Fatherland were getting low, the outward bound fleet had evidently passed by, and it would be many months before the return fleet could be expected. The very existence of his party might depend upon obtaining a supply of cattle. The visitors were therefore treated with the utmost hospitality; they were shown the stores of copper plates, brass wire, and tobacco, which had been brought for trade, and when they left they carried presents and messages of friendship with them.

The Kaapmans were moving slowly with their cattle, as it was their custom to seek change of pasturage only when the grass in any place was eaten off. Their scouts and messengers after this came often to the fort, but it was not until the 20th that they brought anything for sale. On that day the trade of the season commenced by Mr. Van Riebeek obtaining in barter three head of horned cattle, four sheep, three tusks of ivory, and two young ostriches. Shortly after this, the main body of Gogosoa's people reached the peninsula, and thousands of cattle were grazing in sight of the fort and round back of the mountain, where the villages of Rondebosch and Claremont now stand. The Europeans and the natives met together openly on the best of terms, but there are evidences that they were suspicious of each other. The Commander caused the guards at the fort to be doubled during the time the Kaapmans remained in the neighbourhood, and often when a small party of Europeans approached the Hottentots, these would scamper away in fear. A brisk trade was, however, opened up, and soon Mr. Van Riebeek had the satisfaction of seeing a goodly herd in his possession.

All intercourse was prohibited between the workmen and the natives. The trade was carried on by the Commander himself, assisted by one of the clerks, Verburg or Van der Helm. It was arranged that flat copper bars and tobacco should be exchanged for horned cattle, and brass wire and tobacco for sheep, so that bartering consisted principally in fixing the quantities of these articles. The Hottentots brought ostrich eggs, tortoise shells, and occasionally an ostrich feather or two, which the workmen seemed desirous of obtaining in return for bits of tobacco, but the Commander

threatened to punish any of his people very severely who should attempt to infringe his regulations. He had no notion of permitting anything that might hamper the Company's trade, even in the slightest degree, and he feared also that the sailors and soldiers might lightly provoke a quarrel with those whom he wished to conciliate. He thought that large quantities of ivory and ostrich feathers might in time be obtained, if the Hottentots could be assured of a safe market, but very soon he found that they were too indolent to hunt elephants and ostriches expressly for this purpose, and only brought in what they picked up. It was not in his power to create among them new wants, for the gratification of which they would be willing to make any unusual exertion.

The Kaapmans, though they were very fond of European food and ate heartily anything that was given to them, were observed to be living in their own encampments almost entirely upon milk. This they kept in leather bags, just as the Kaffirs do at the present day, and they partook of it by dipping a little swab into the bag and then sucking it. Children sucked the ewes, which the mothers held fast for them. There was nothing which they coveted from the Europeans so much as tobacco, and without this no trade whatever could be done.

Harry, who had his meals at the Commander's own table and who was dressed as a European, was the interpreter between the two races. But whenever the cattle trade slackened or anything went wrong, Mr. Van Riebeek attributed it to the bad advice given by him to the other Hottentots. He gave offence also by frequently expressing a wish for the arrival of an English fleet, and boasting of the favours he had received from people of that nation. His services could not well be dispensed with, but Mr. Van Riebeek was already endeavouring to educate interpreters to take his place. When the *Goede Hoop* was sent to Saldanha Bay, a Hottentot boy was sent in her purposely that he might learn the Dutch language, and the Commander had taken into his own house one of Harry's nieces, a girl who was called Eva by the Europeans, and who was being trained to civilised habits.

In December the Kaapmans set fire to the dry grass everywhere except in the pastures which Mr. Van Riebeek requested them to

spare for his use, and they then moved away from Table Valley with their cattle. Before they left they made a proposal which shows forcibly the savage condition of the Hottentot clans. They asked the Commander to join them in an attack upon their enemies, offering to let him take all the spoil in return for his assistance. Mr. Van Riebeek replied that he had come to trade in friendship with all, and declined to take any part in their dissensions. But while thus preserving the appearance of dealing justly and amicably, his correspondence shows how ready he was to act in a different manner, if he had not been bound down by strict orders from the Directors. It would be so easy, he observed, to seize ten or twelve thousand head of cattle for the use of the Company, and to send their owners to India to be sold as slaves, that it was a pity he was prohibited from doing it. Parties of the Kaapmans remained in the neighbourhood for some time after the main body left, so that Mr. Van Riebeek was enabled to continue the trade with them, by sending out a few men furnished with such goods as were in demand. By the end of January 1653, when the last of the stragglers had moved inland, he had obtained altogether two hundred and thirty head of horned cattle and five hundred and eighty sheep.

The strong south-east winds had nearly destroyed the wheat and peas, but the cabbages, turnips, and carrots had thriven wonderfully well, and there was a good supply of these in readiness for the return fleet. Bread and other provisions brought from home were nearly exhausted. In order to spare the cattle for the use of the fleet, the resources of the islands and the sea were still drawn upon. Coneys, young seals, penguins and other sea birds, eggs, and fish formed a large portion of the diet of the labourers. Naturally they were constantly complaining, and some of them even carried on a system of plundering the gardens at night, stealing and killing sheep, pretending to be sick, and otherwise setting at naught the general articles by which they were governed. Very severe punishments were inflicted, but all to no purpose, for the disorder continued until the cause was removed.

For nearly eight months there had been no vessel but the little yacht in the bay, when on the 18th of January 1653 the galiot *Zwarte Vos*, Skipper Teunis Eyssen, arrived. She had sailed from

the Texel on the 4th of the preceding September, and was sent to convey intelligence that war had commenced between the Netherlands and the Commonwealth of England. Two other vessels, the yacht *Haas* and the galiot *Roode Vos*, had been dispatched on the same errand, but the *Zwarte Vos* had outstripped them both. The *Haas*, indeed, did not arrive in Table Bay until the 26th of March, and the *Roode Vos* made her first appearance on the 2nd of June.

The despatches brought by the *Zwarte Vos* are still in a perfect state of preservation in our archives. There are three documents dated on the 24th of July 1652, and five supplementary dated on the 20th and 21st of August. The first are addressed to the Governor-General and Councillors of India, to the officers of the Company's establishments at Gambroon and Surat, and to the Commander of the fort Good Hope. They all bear the original signatures of a committee of the Directors, as several copies of each document were made and signed at the same time. The purport of these despatches is that since the English had beheaded their king and adopted a new form of government, they had determined not to live in terms of friendship with their neighbours. The Netherland ambassadors in London had proposed every arrangement that was reasonable to maintain peace, but without any effect. It was plain that England was bent upon appropriating all trade to herself, upon acquiring the *dominium maris*, the sovereignty and property of the high seas, and this no nation, especially the Free Netherlands, could ever again submit to. The paths of the wide ocean must be open alike to every flag. For eighty years the States had fought for freedom, and had acquired renown not only for the generation then living but for posterity. They were at war with Portugal and the Almighty knew that they did not seek another enemy, but they could not submit to the pretensions of England, and depending upon God's blessing on their good cause they were resolved to oppose such claims with all their power.

It was believed that the English would send a fleet to St. Helena to lie in wait for the Company's vessels returning home with rich cargoes from India. Instructions were therefore given that the ships were to keep together and avoid that part of the Atlantic.

Their course was laid down around west and north of the British Islands to the coast of Norway, and then along the European shore to the havens of the Fatherland. The Commander of the fort Good Hope was directed to strengthen his garrison by detaining twenty-five or thirty soldiers from the first ships that should call, and he was to guard carefully against surprise by the enemy.

The Council at once resolved to detain the galiot here, and to send the *Goede Hoop*, as the better vessel of the two, to Batavia with the intelligence. The yacht had been for the second time to Saldanha Bay and Dassen Island, but was then at anchor off the fort. In five days she was ready for sea, and on the 23rd she sailed. Every exertion that was possible was now put forth to strengthen the fort, so that an attempt might be made to defend it in case of attack. There is no doubt that the Commander would have done all that a brave man and a faithful officer could do to protect the post under his charge, but it was well for him that no enemy appeared. His cannon, he states, were so light that they could not carry a ball more than half way to the anchorage. The fort was commanded by the flank of the Lion's Rump, so that if an enemy of any strength once landed, it must have surrendered. Several of the garrison were disaffected, and a few of them were ready to commit almost any crime. It is thus evident that Mr. Van Riebeek's means of defence against any force more formidable than a Hottentot horde were not at this time to be depended on.

On the 2nd of March five ships from India, under the flag of Admiral Gerard Demmer, arrived in the bay. That very morning the last ration of bread had been issued to the workmen, but there was then no fear of starvation, for Mr. Van Riebeek was able to supply abundance of fiesh meat and vegetables to the crews of all the ships that called during the next two months. On the 26th the *Haas* arrived from the Netherlands, and on the 14th of April the yacht *Windhond* followed her in. On the 17th of April the bay was clear again, for on that day Admiral Demmer's five ships sailed for the Fatherland and the two yachts proceeded on their voyage to Batavia. But next morning the *Muyden* arrived from the Texel with news up to the 26th December 1651, and within a few days three Indiamen from Batavia entered the bay, where

they remained until the 6th of the following month. From these various ships the Commander was enabled to replenish his stores with everything that he needed, except the material for carrying on a whale fishery, which project he was obliged to defer still longer.

A few weeks after the departure of the Goringhaikonas, some small parties of another clan living further inland arrived in Table Valley. They had heard that copper and tobacco were to be obtained in exchange for cattle, and they came therefore to trade. This was precisely what Mr. Van Riebeek most desired. From them he obtained seventy-five head of horned cattle and twenty-one sheep, besides a few tusks of ivory. These figures added to those previously given show the extent of trade here in the first year of the European occupation.

On the 2nd of June the galiot *Roode Vos*, which had long been given up for lost, made her appearance. Her skipper and mate had died at sea, and for three months and a half the galiot had been beating about off the Cape, looking for Table Bay. She was kept here, in order to bring shells from Robben Island to be burnt for lime, wood from Hout Bay for fuel, eggs, birds, and coneys from Dassen Island for provisions, and other such purposes. The *Zwarte Vos*, which had been employed in this service, was sent to Gambroon with despatches.

The second winter spent in South Africa was uneventful. There was plenty of food for all, and consequently not much sickness. Building was carried on in a satisfactory manner, oxen were trained to draw timber from the forest behind the Devil's Peak, and much new ground was broken up. Wild animals gave more trouble than anything else. The lions were so bold that they invaded the cattle kraal by night, though armed men were always watching it, and the leopards came down from the mountain in broad daylight and carried away sheep under the very eye of the herdsmen. One morning before daybreak there was a great noise in the poultry pens, and when the guards went to see what was the matter, they found that all the ducks and geese had been killed by wild cats. The country appeared to be swarming with ravenous beasts of different kinds.

In August the ships *Salmander*, *Phœnix*, and *Koning David*

arrived from home, and were provided with fresh provisions during their stay. On board the *Phœnix* was a young man named Jacob Ryniers, who held the rank of Junior Merchant, and whom the Commander was desirous of having for an assistant. He therefore convened a Broad Council, and represented that in case of his death or temporary absence from the fort there was no one of higher rank than a sergeant to perform his duties, in which event the Company's property would be exposed to much hazard. The Council thereupon agreed that Mr. Ryniers should remain at the Cape. He was the first who held the office of Secunde, or second in authority, in the settlement. Three months later he was married to Miss Elizabeth van Opdorp, niece and ward of Mr. Van Riebeek.

On the 2nd of September a small party of Hottentots came to the fort with a few cattle for sale, but as they were not followed by others, the Council resolved to send the *Roode Vos* to Saldanha Bay to ascertain if the Goringhaikonas were in that neighbourhood, and, if so, to try and open up a trade with them. The galiot was just about to sail when Harry informed the Commander that he had heard from two Hottentots that a large ship was lying in Saldanha Bay. Thereupon it was resolved to send Mr. Ryniers and six soldiers to ascertain particulars. After an absence of eight days, the party returned overland, with intelligence that the ship was under the French flag and that her crew had been engaged for more than six months killing seals on the islands. They had nearly completed their cargo of forty-eight thousand skins and a good many casks of oil. The skipper intended to sail shortly for Rochelle, and very politely offered to take any letters or despatches, which he promised to forward to Amsterdam.

The correspondence which is found concerning this event shows how lightly falsehood was viewed by Mr. Van Riebeek. We must remember, however, that duplicity was in that age generally practised by men in his position everywhere throughout Europe. He had the ideas of the seventeenth century, not of the nineteenth, and one of those ideas was that deceit was allowable in conducting public affairs. The Commander believed it to be to the interest of the East India Company to keep foreigners away from South Africa, and he did not

scruple to practice fraud towards them. Mr. Ryniers represented that many of the French seamen wished to desert, as they were provided with no other food than what could be collected on the islands. Mr. Van Riebeek thereupon called the Council together, and suggested a plan for damaging the Frenchman. It was resolved to send four men overland to Saldanha Bay with instructions to the officers of the galiot to entice as many as possible of the French seamen to desert, as by so doing the ship might be crippled and her owners discouraged from sending her back again.

Frederick Verburg, who understood the French language, was at the same time sent with a complimentary message to the master of the French ship. He was to say that Mr. Van Riebeek regretted very much that he had no conveyance by which to send a supply of fresh provisions to Saldanha Bay, but if Monsieur would do him the honour of coming to Table Bay he would be very happy to furnish him with abundance of everything, including geese, ducks, partridges, and salad, for his own table. A letter was sent for the Directors, but the most important paragraph in it was written in a strange language, which only two or three persons in Amsterdam were able to interpret.

There was nothing gained, however, by this double dealing, for the French skipper suspected that hostile designs were entertained against him, and he took such precautions that only four of his men managed to escape. With these the *Roode Vos* returned to Table Bay, having had no communication with any Hottentots from whom cattle were to be obtained. The parties who had travelled overland saw many rhinoceroses, and on two occasions were obliged to make a detour to avoid troops of elephants.

On the 18th of October the second child of European parentage was born in the fort Good Hope. The infant was a son of Commander Van Riebeek, and in after life he attained the rank of Governor-General of Netherlands India.

On the morning of Sunday the 19th of October the garrison was assembled in the great hall of the Commander's residence, where religious services were regularly held. The sentries were at their posts on the ramparts, and Hendrik Wilders and David Janssen, the two cattle herds, were tending the oxen and cows, but nearly every

one else was listening to a sermon which Dominie Wylant, the Sick Comforter, was reading. Ever since the Europeans landed, the beachranger Hottentots had been living mostly with them, the men idling about all day and the women and children carrying firewood and performing other trifling services in return for their food. They were now well clothed after their fashion, for the skins of the cattle that had been slaughtered were given to them to be made into karosses. As for Harry, the principal man among them, he lived in a hut not a pistol shot from the gate of the fort, but he had his food at the Commander's own table and was supplied with bread and other provisions for his family in return for his services as an interpreter. When the Europeans went to their devotions that morning, all was still and quiet as usual. There were no strangers in Table Valley, and no one was moving about, for a drizzling rain was drifting up from the Atlantic before a westerly breeze.

When the sermon was over, one of the guards reported to the Commander that Harry with his whole family carrying his household effects had left his hut during the time of service, but no notice was taken of this at the time. In a few minutes it was observed that Eva was missing, and then, just as the Commander was sitting down to dinner, came Hendrik Wilders, the herdsman, with information that his companion had been murdered and that the beachrangers had driven off forty-two of the cattle, leaving only two behind them. His story was that he had come to the fort for some food, leaving the youth David Janssen in charge of the cattle, which were grazing at the end of the Lion's Rump. Upon his return he found the corpse of the lad, who had been murdered with assegais, and saw the cattle being driven hastily round the mountain.

Mr. Van Riebeek had three Javanese horses, which had been sent from Batavia in the last ships that arrived here. Upon these, soldiers were mounted and sent round by Sea Point to follow up the robbers, while another party proceeded over the low neck between Table Mountain and the Lion's Head in hope of intercepting them. But the pursuit was a failure, though it was continued for several days. On one occasion Corporal Jan van Harwarden with his company of seventeen soldiers nearly overtook the fugitives at the

head of False Bay, but the sand was so heavy that the Europeans became exhausted, and though all the cattle were then in sight, only one cow was recovered. A thousand times since then, this scene has been repeated in South Africa, but it was new to Mr. Van Riebeek's experience. Its immediate effect was to incite an intense hatred of the Hottentots among the soldiers and other workmen. In consequence of this, the Commander was thereafter compelled to make the regulations prohibiting intercourse with them more stringent even than they were before.

For the next two months, however, very few Hottentots visited Table Valley. Harry's people made their peace with the Goringhaikonas, among whom they took refuge, and probably persuaded them not to go near the fort. The supply of flat copper bars, the only sort in demand, was exhausted, and without this article in stock very few cattle were to be had at any time. And so there was little trade done, and a great deal of suffering was the result. In place of beef, the labourers were obliged to eat penguins, and even salted seals' flesh. The theft of the oxen imposed additional toil upon them also. The fort was being enclosed with palisades, cut in the forest behind the Devil's Peak, and instead of being drawn on a wagon these had now to be carried on the shoulders of the men. Beside this work, a sealing establishment was formed at Dassen Island, and the redoubt Tranenburg or Duynhoop at the mouth of Salt River was commenced.

In December the ships *Naarden*, *Breda*, and *Lam* arrived from the Texel, and were supplied with vegetables in plenty, but only three oxen could be obtained for them. They were followed early in 1654 by the *Vrede*, *Kalf*, and *Draak*, these six ships forming the outward bound fleet of the season. The *Vrede* belied her name, for her officers were quarrelling so violently with each other that the Council considered it necessary to place some one in authority over them all. For this purpose the Secunde Jacob Ryniers was chosen, and to enable him to fill such a position, the rank of Merchant was given to him provisionally. After his departure, the office which he had held here remained vacant for some time.

When exploring along the base of the mountain, one day a stone was discovered which contained some glittering specks,

and on quarrying deeper it was found in large quantities. The Commander was nearly certain that the specks were silver, and to enable him to test the mineral, he sent a party of men to try and purchase some earthenware pots, which would stand exposure to intense heat, from a Hottentot horde then encamped near Wynberg. It is by casual references of this kind that a good deal of information is often conveyed. These naked Hottentots, it seems, understood how to make earthenware jars, and Mr. Van Riebeek had observed that the jars were so well tempered that they could be used as crucibles. Not one, however, was to be obtained. The Commander then caused several crucibles to be made by one of the workmen who knew something of that business, and had a small quantity of charcoal prepared. The experiments made here with the mineral proved nothing, but specimens were afterwards sent to Batavia and to the Netherlands, when it was ascertained not to contain silver.

The return fleet was now beginning to be anxiously looked for, as supplies were expected from Batavia, and various necessaries were almost exhausted. Of vegetables there was abundance, but of nothing else. The few sheep, which the Commander was reserving for the fleet, were placed upon Robben Island, where the pasturage was exceedingly good. Some European rabbits and a number of coneys were also turned loose there. A small party of men was stationed on the island to collect seal-skins and oil, and look after the sheep.

Repeated efforts were made to induce the Hottentots to re-open the cattle trade, but without success. One large horde had been plundered by Bushmen of nearly the whole of its stock, and therefore had nothing to spare. Others wanted flat copper, the supply of which was exhausted. Harry was said to be somewhere inland, but the remaining beachrangers were seen with Gogosoa's people, and the Company's cattle were recognised among herds grazing at Wynberg. The sailors and soldiers were eager to recover the stolen property and to take vengeance for the murder of the youth David Janssen, but the Commander would not permit any hostility whatever. He had received instructions to inspire confidence by kindness, and though he would gladly have seized a herd of cattle and made slaves of their owners, he would not disobey his orders. He states that it

was very hard for him to do so, but he allowed the very robbers to shake hands with him, and actually repurchased from them two or three of the cows which they had stolen. This kind of treatment dispelled the fears of the Goringhaikonas so completely that by midsummer they came about the fort as freely as before, but would not barter their cattle for anything in the magazine. Most of the beachrangers also returned, and finding that they were not to be punished, took up their residence near the fort again. Their principal service, as stated by the Commander, was to collect firewood, but as that was a great relief to the labourers, he was very glad to encourage them.

The 6th of April, being the second anniversary of the arrival of the party of occupation, was kept as a day of thanksgiving to God for the measure of success which had beeen attained. It was Mr. Van Riebeek's desire that this anniversary should be observed as a holiday in perpetuity, but it seems to have been forgotten as soon as prosperity returned. Probably the distress in which they were, owing to the scarcity of bread and meat, and the anxiety with which they were looking for the return fleet, caused them to keep this as a sacred day, for they had not so kept the 6th of April 1653. It was impossible for them to have a feast, but they abstained from labour and listened to a long sermon, and thus made the most they could of the occasion.

The following are the documents in the Archives, from which this article has been condensed :—

Letters. From the Governor-General and Council of India to Commander Van Riebeek, of dates 24th December 1652 and 31st January 1653. From the Chamber of Amsterdam or a Committee of the Directors to Commander Van Riebeek, of dates 20th April, 24th July, 20th and 21st August, 17th September, 21st October, and 19th December 1652, and 31st May 1653. From the Chamber of Seventeen to the Governor-General and Councillors of India, 24th July 1652. From the Chamber of Seventeen to the Officers at Gambroon or Surat, 24th Juiy 1652. From Commander Van Riebeek to the Chamber of Amsterdam, of dates 14th and 15th April, 4th May, and 13th October 1653, and 22nd April 1654. From Commander Van Riebeek to the Governor-General and Councillors of India, of dates 21st January, 9th, 15th, and 26th April, 13th and 22nd August, 5th September, and 31st December 1653, and 20th January and 9th March 1654. From Commander Van Riebeek to the Officers at Gambroon or Surat, 9th June 1653. Many of these are despatches of great length, and to some there are several annexures.

Instructions. For the guidance of the Return Fleet, from the Directors, 20th August 1652. For the officers of the yacht *Goede Hoop*, of dates 22nd November 1652 and 21st January 1653. For the officers of the galiot *Zwarte Vos*, of dates 3rd February, 13th May, and 9th June 1653. For the officers of the galiot *Roode Vos*, of dates 26th July, 4th August, 3rd and 13th October, and — December 1653, and 21st February and 6thApril 1654. For the officers of the ship *Vrede*, 20th January 1654.

Journals. Kept by Skipper Turver from 21st October to 14th November 1652. Kept by Frederick Verburg from 21st October to 14th November 1652 and from 2nd December 1652 to 16th January 1653. Kept by Commander Van Riebeeck, daily entries of wind, weather, and occurrences, from 21st October 1652 to 6th April 1654. The original journal for a long series of years is greatly decayed, and portions of it have been entirely lost. Fortunately it was kept in triplicate, and copies were sent by every opportunity to Amsterdam and Batavia. In the *Zuid Afrikaansche Tijdschrift* of fifty years ago very copious extracts of that portion of the journal written by Commander Van Riebeek were printed, with no alteration whatever except in the mode of spelling some of the words. Within the last few weeks an accurate copy of much of the missing part has been received from Holland, and the Government is now having this most valuable document restored as far as is possible. Up to the date of this article being given into the hands of the editor of the *Magazine*, the restoration was completed to January 1656, and it may interest the reader to learn that between the 21st of December 1651 and the 31st of December 1655, the only entry that cannot be recovered is an unimportant one concerning the weather on the 2nd of July 1652. The journal for these four years covers eleven hundred and sixty-eight pages of foolscap, and is being bound as one volume.

Resolutions and Debates of the Council, of dates 26th November, 5th and 9th December 1652, 19th January, 21st February, 3rd, 5th, and 6th June, 25th July, 19th and 30th August, 1st, 3rd, 11th, 21st, and 23rd October, 8th, 17th, 23rd, and 28th November, 3rd and 6th December 1653, and 10th, 12th, 15th, 16th, and 17th January, 28th February, 18th March, 2nd and 6th April 1654.

In addition to the above documents, there are others in the Archives, such as sailing directions, signals to be made to and answered by ships, &c., &c., embraced within this period.

G. M. T.

A few Thoughts on Greek Culture.

(*Continued.*)

On the shield of god-like Achilles, framed and beaten by a god on his Cyclopean forge, are depicted homely pastoral scenes, with which mortal men of all ages can sympathise—

> And there was graven a wide-extended plain
> Of fallow land, rich, fertile, mellow soil,
> Thrice ploughed; where many ploughmen up and down
> Their teams were driving: and as each attained
> The limit of the field, would one advance,
> And tender him a cup of generous wine:
> Then would he turn, and to the end again
> Along the furrow cheerly drive his plough.
> And still behind them darker showed the soil,
> The true presentment of a new ploughed field,
> Though wrought in gold; a miracle of art.
> There too was graven a corn-field, rich in grain,
> Where with sharp sickles reapers plied their task,
> And thick, in even swathe, the trusses fell;
> The binders, following close, the bundles tied;
> Three were the binders; and behind them boys
> In close attendance waiting, in their arms
> Gathered the bundles, and in order piled.
> Amid them, staff in hand, in silence stood
> The King, rejoicing in the plenteous swathe."—Lord Derby (Trans).

In the Odyssey, Penelope stands forth as the model of conjugal fidelity, waiting ten weary years for her lord and master, and Ulysses is the brave persevering hero who, spite of hardships innumerable and loss of ships and comrades, reaches home at last. In his travels, whilst we turn from as unreal the dread abode of the one-eyed Sicilian giant, and the island of the Sirens alluring men to shipwreck and ruin, still we are attracted by the vein of evidently faithful description which runs through it. The gardens and house of Alcinous are such as might have existed on the shores of the Mediterranean at that time, and the touches of oriental magnificence are precisely what we might have looked for in the case of the rich Phæacian. Moreover, the house and establishment of Ulysses himself are doubtlessly a truthful description, and are exactly such as

would have belonged to the island prince of Ithaca. The interior of the house, the very fittings, the household generally, not excepting the "revered Eurycleia" the nurse of Telemachus, are given with a picturesque fidelity.

The presence of such naturalness, expressed in the midst of a mythological and anthropomorphic world, gives its greatest charm to early Greek poetry. Glimpses of our "common humanity" are vouchsafed but in a puzzling and interesting way. They are so encircled on this side and on that with the surroundings of a higher world with its loftier and stronger beings, that we scarcely know where the mortal ends, and the divinities begin. Man gained by the comparison, and the god, according to the Greek notion, did not lose, for what was better than a glorified and exalted humanity. The feeling, therefore, of the Greek was one rather of sympathy with the gods than of fear and terror. There was a chain, they imagined, without a break by which man could attain an apotheosis and be ranked, by virtue of his perfect humanity, among the noble company. He might be changed into a star, and shine with an eternal effulgence over the world he had left behind. Recognizing no deep chasm, no irremediable gulf of sin which might cut him off from an enjoyment of the light of heaven, when on earth, or from the favour of heaven in a future state, the Greek met his god with an open and unclouded brow at Delphi and Olympia. He gave his genius unreservedly to the worship of the gods, singing odes, contesting in games, rejoicing in processions, acting in plays to do them honour, and thus developed a reasonable liturgy of his own in which his mind and body were both represented. To understand how reasonable it was, we must contrast it with other pagan creeds. Compare it, for instance, with the gloom of Druidical rites celebrated in the depths of dark German forests, around which hung the pall of terror and superstition; set it side by side with the grotesque animal worship of the Egyptians, such as that of the cat, the weasel, the otter, and the stork, together with the absurd and extravagant ritual attending it; compare its vitality and manysidedness with a religion of absolute repose, quiescence, and fatalism, such as that of Buddha, and the result will be that it will be found to be chaste, severe, and rational. Of degenerate days of Greek life

when their pure Dorian cult had been spoilt, and their original creed sapped and destroyed by scepticism, and when the axe being laid to the goodly growth, it fell amid the jeers and derision of an unbelieving age, we do not speak ; rather would we dwell upon the early periods when fancy was as yet undimmed by reasoning, and religious enthusiasm was unimpaired by scepticism. The true source of Greek vitality must be looked for in their early history, and during the season of their nascent vigour. The philosophers and poets of later times inherited as a legacy the traditional spirit, with its subtle force and deep colouring. They used this inalienable birthright as material for further speculation, and out of the cosmogony, as described by Hesiod, came the first principles of the Ionic philosophers ; the first principles of Ionic philosophers challenged enquiry, reasoning, and scepticism. Presently the Sophists, and Socrates, in particular, inaugurated a new method of self-interrogation. Then came Greek philosophy in its full plenitude, but whilst soaring high, theorising and abstracting, it still had its origin in the distant past, amid the gods of Olympus, the heroes and demi-gods, the local divinities, tutelary deities, and the joyous groups of Fauns, Satyrs, Nymphs, and Naiads. The whole extent of this anthropomorphic world, with its half-human, half-divine attributes, its poetic cosmogony was a substratum upon which a physical philosophy first formed itself. Thus out of religion and poetry came the later growth of Greek philosophy.

The human element in Greek philosophy, which is the part in which man is treated as a living, acting, human being, stands forth conspicuously, as we would expect. As previously in Greek mythology there had been a tendency to represent man if he so earned it as worthy of apotheosis and companionship of the gods, by virtue of and because of purely human qualities, so in Greek philosophy the ideal man or hero was one who carried to a perfection certain noble attributes of mankind. He should be one who would best find out and realise a fitting harmony of life, or a certain symmetry of relationship between mind and body. Virtue was attained by him, not by a severe course of self-introspection, not by a total surrender of himself to the contemplation of an abstract principle, not by a rigorous exclusion from all temptations of the

outer world, such as an anchorite or monk would choose, but by an appreciation of beautiful forms, by the exercise of his own judgment upon them, until he thought he had found a fitting adjustment in himself between the thing seen and the mind thinking. Hence the Greek's love of harmony, their beautiful statues, and fair temples. If their religion had been one of absolute quiescence or negation, they scarcely could have conceived such a chaste and noble style of architecture. Of not too florid or extravagant a style, neither grotesque or monstrous, their monuments stand for ever symbolical of their peculiar genius, and their sense of the fittingness of things. So in delineating an ideal man—a hero—Aristotle in his Ethics would have him complete, and consistent with himself; with no bodily or mental infirmities; with no one side of his character distorted and out of proportion; with no vain pretentiousness or vulgarity. "Banausia" or vulgarity was a fault especially abhorred by the Greek, and when Aristotle describes the efforts and conceits of the would-be "magnificent," we are impressed with the truth that Thackeray's *bête noir* was in existence many years before the Christian era. But this topic is a large one, and suggests so many others. It is sufficient for our present purpose to observe that it was from a well-weighed appreciation of man in his relation to the outer world that gave the Greek his blithe and universal mythology, and afterwards his illustrations, both in marble and verse, at once beautiful and harmonious. More than any other nation of old times searching about with their own light they realised man's half-way position between earth and heaven, and this "isthmus of a middle state." There were influences the Greek felt which drew him both ways, but spiritualistic forces were never strong enough to lead him too far from earth, and Antaeus-like, he loved the earth which gave him strength. In order to feel and realise the nearness of the divine, he gave them a birth in the sea and the land, in the foam of the wave, in the ripple of the stream. The very nearness of themselves to the divine, through the medium of the world, and the elements of the world, prompted boldness of access in their worship, whilst their fancy gave elegance and tasteful design.

From the myths and half-revealing allegories of the Greeks, conceived in the remote cradle of their past, we can discern the striving

of the Greeks towards self-adjustment, and their position as living, acting, feeling, human beings, with the heritage of the "particle of divine spirit," and with the ambition to be elevated by ideals, and so realise perfection. Over and above their external surroundings, which are variable and mutable, there is a steady inner life to be worked out. Just as King Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table, even if we view them as of doubtful personality and dim figures in the dark background of unrecorded history, can serve a poet's purpose, as heroes acting nobly and consistently, and with much chivalry surrendering themselves to the beauty of things beyond them, so in a somewhat similar fashion can be regarded all the centre figures of early Greek myths. The writer of the "Epic of Hades" has endeavoured to show how they can be so handled and treated as to bring out common resemblances between the ancient and modern spirit, and illustrate a mutual sympathy which may exist between these dim shades and ourselves.

> "For age, long age!
> Nought else divides us from the fresh young days,
> Which men call ancient; seeing that we in turn
> Shall one day be Time's ancients and inspire,
> The wiser, higher race, which yet shall sing;
> Because to sing is human, and high thought
> Grows rhythmic in its close. Nought else there is
> But that weird beat of Time, which doth disjoin
> Hellas and England."

And again, he says,—

> "Still the poet strives and sings
> And hears Apollo's music, and grows dumb
> And suffers, yet is happy; still the young
> Fond dreamer seeks his high ideal love,
> And finds her name is death: still doth the fair
> And innocent life, bound naked to the rock
> Redeem the race . . . Still doth pain bind
> Men's souls in closer links of lovingness
> Than death itself can sever; still the sight
> Of too great beauty blinds us, and we lose
> The sense of earthly splendour, gaining Heaven."

It is not straining the meaning of a myth too much to make it

yield such a story of its own. Marsyas, Andromeda, and Narcissus, may not certainly have existed, and have been known as real beings with names and personalities of their own, but they serve an end, and are characters in which ideal types may be illustrated. Truth is often wrapt in allegory, and a mantle has only to be removed for us to see it in its original beauty. The writer of the "Epic of Hades" has shown that behind picturesque surroundings and graceful description, lies a substratum of genuine, not simply dramatic, feeling. We seem to read of men and women acting, feeling, and thinking in the very way we do now, and this is why Greek culture from its early dawn must be regarded as real and as affording us a real return for our study of it. It is based upon the unchanging nature of man and so upon truth itself; it is rational, because it never loses itself in excessive symbolism and unmeaning forms; it is liberal, because it has never been narrowed down by prejudice, fanaticism, mannerism, to satisfy the requirements of one generation only. Hence its "allgemeinheit," speaking so strongly to the great minds who heralded a new and deeper study of the classic originals.

Upon the delicate and sensitive mind of Keats, taken away in the midst of his promising manhood, fell a love of and sympathy with the old-world stories. As Winckelman a hundred years before had felt the spirit which was

> "Not yet dead,
> But in old marbles ever beautiful,"

so Keats was entranced by it as especially illustrated in the myths. He must have possessed in his mind a special consanguinity with the ideal life of Greece, as he had never learnt Greek, but had taken his mythology from Tooke's Pantheon and Lempriere's dictionary. He could, however, meet the ancients upon a common ground in his intense admiration of the varying moods of nature. He says himself of such ecstatic moments:

> "I gazed awhile and felt as light and free,
> As though the fanning wings of Mercury
> Had played upon my heels; I was light-hearted
> And many pleasures to my vision started."

So the poetic afflatus born of earth carries him and he thus, for instance, interprets the beautiful myth of Narcissus:—

"What first inspired a bard of old to sing,
Narcissus pining o'er the untainted spring!
In some delicious ramble, he had found
A little space, with boughs all woven round
And in the midst of all, a clearer pool
Than e'er reflected in its pleasant cool
The blue sky, here and there serenely peeping,
Through tendril wreaths fantastically creeping.
And on the bank a lonely flower he spied,
A meek and forlorn flower, with nought of pride,
Drooping its beauty o'er the watery clearness,
To woo its own sad image into nearness:
Deaf to light Zephyrus it would not move;
But still would seem to droop, to pine, to love,
So while the poet stood in this sweet spot,
Some fainted gleamings o'er his fancy shot;
Nor was it long ere he had told the tale
Of young Narcissus, and sad Echo's bale."

Surely Keats was of all English poets the one best qualified to drink, as he terms it, "the old wine of heaven," catch the old inspiration and give it a newer and perhaps more spiritual meaning. The medium through which, and by which, he worked, was our common mother-earth, with all the varying alternations of sunlight and shadow, joy and sombreness. He preferred its blitheness, however, sympathising thus with the attitude of the Greeks, and to him "the great elements were no mean comforters; the open sky sat upon his senses as a sapphire-crown; the air was his robe of state; the earth was a throne; and the sea a mighty minstrel playing before it, able like David's harp to make him forget the tempest-cares of life." What then do we gain by a study of Greek life and thought? We speak not of it in its later development when the Graeculus esuriens was the Schoenobates, aliptes, etc., of the Roman world, but prefer, as before hinted, to dwell upon its fresh youth and early growth. Has Homer depicted only shadowy men, fighting around an unknown city, for an imaginary cause, unreal in their characters, incredible in their attributes, moving phantom-like in the obscurity of the past,

like grim ogres or heathen giants. Can we see only in Pindar an apotheosis of animal instincts, and an undue elevation of pugilistic prowess? Are the myths simply idle tales, dreams of a summer's night, pleasant conceits hatched in the fertile brains of idle shepherds and wandering minstrels, to entertain a vintage throng, and while away a great man's post-prandial leisure, and then to perish contemptible, ephemeral. This is not the way to read the books of the ancients unfolded to us. Rather let us feel that in Homer we can recognise amidst the swell and roar of battle, the din of the "earth-shaker," and the thunder of Ares, and the Aegis flash of "Athene," true likenesses of real living human beings, with passions, thoughts, and aspirations, very much like our own, with a growing, changing, shifting world spread out before them, at one time lit up with sunshine and smiling crops, at another swept by the west wind and storms of heaven, just like the world is now. So in Pindar, if we read between the lines, we shall see that the animal instincts are not the end and aim in themselves, but are subordinated to other ends, such as honour, religion, glory, patriotism. To excel, too, in running, wrestling, quoit-throwing, requires the application of a principle such as that of self-restraint and temperance, and so we learn from the more perfect and elaborated utterances of the Greek philosophers, that Sophrosyne was a moral virtue.

Of course, we ourselves have a more complicated heritage bequeathed to us after the lapse of years, and with a sense of the blitheness of the open air is mingled a stern strong sense of higher obligations, which, after we have drunk

> "A beakerfull of the warm south,
> Full of the true, the blushful Hippocrene,
> With beaded bubbles working at the brim,
> And purple-stained mouth."—KEATS.

brings an aftertaste of thought and meditation. Ours is a more spiritual creed, which cannot be satisfied with the first blush of the thing seen or tasted, and the simple beauty of external form. Our faith has a more definite and lofty aim, disentangling itself from, and soaring beyond, surroundings, to what is set before it as a more perfect picture. A true critic will recognise the vast difference between

ancient and modern conceptions, but will not turn from the one as too greatly inferior to the other, and therefore to be relegated to the limbo of things to be forgotten : rather will he trace their mutual influences, pick out the threads of likenesses and resemblances, and as far as possible reconcile them. He is at all times at liberty to endeavour to realise in its full force and inspiration what men before him have felt, to think what they thought and enter into the spirit of their culture, choosing and selecting what is best suited to his own purposes. Over our lives, unless we wish to be barbarians and Philistines of the outer pale, the lighter graces of antiquity should be cast in all their variety and picturesqueness, and thus we shall be better able to illumine the monotony of our existence, intensify our brightest conceptions, and give a new interest and scope to our thoughts. This is the most liberal way to treat the spirit of "Hellenism" in particular, and it is one which will on all sides give us quick returns without sacrificing any principle we hold dear.

W. H. P. Gresswell.

Rondebosch.

Six Months in Ascension.*

There are persons so exceptionally constituted, that if they are cast ashore upon a barren island, they will readily shake themselves into comfort, and find "sermons in stones, books in running brooks, and good in everything." To this joyous class belongs the accomplished narrator of *Six Months in Ascension*, who, out of dry and unattractive materials, has woven a most charming and humorous account of a scientific expedition to find the earth's exact distance from the sun. There is a freshness of description and brilliancy of style about every chapter that carry the reader breathless over 280 odd pages; while the comic incidents of camp life, and the laughable experiences of an Astronomer-Royal in search of a star are drawn with much genial warmth of colouring, and with an unconscious sense of marked literary power. The production of such a charming work involves the necessity of wider publicity, and an ever increasing circle of readers. To that large and intelligent section of our community who love to fill their library shelves with something well worth reading, we would strongly recommend the purchase and perusal of the modest volume under notice. We can promise them a good return for their money. As a first work by a hitherto unknown writer, it is full of abundant promise, and stands on the same level of interest as Lord Dufferin's "Letters from High Latitudes." The authoress has the same happy art of illuminating and irradiating the most ordinary and even vexatious subjects of housewifely experience with the fire of a vivid imagination and the glow of a contented spirit. She overflows with gaiety and a delicate sense of fun. With her lightness of touch she hovers quite safely on the borders of science and the limits of statistics. Her pen throughout is perfectly under control; and, indeed, owes much of its power and facility to clearness of vision and a vigorous grasp of details.

The circumstances under which the present Astronomer-Royal of the Cape went to Ascension in 1877 to solve the great problem of the true distance of the earth from the sun, may still be fresh in the memories of Cape colonists. The difficulties to be overcome in settling a subject of such great practical importance to the scientific world were many and real. They are admirably and succinctly described in an introductory

* "Six Months in Ascension." By Isobel Gill. John Murray, Albemarle-street, London. J. C. Juta, Cape Town.

chapter by Mr. Gill, and may for the present be left out of our story. Suffice to say, his labour of love was satisfactorily performed, and by the aid of Lord Lindsay's celebrated *Heliometer*, numerous careful morning and evening observations of Mars were secured ; and the reductions, now far advanced, promise, we are told, a result of very great accuracy.

To the general public it may at first sight appear unimportant whether the sun's distance will eventually prove to be nearer to 93 than 92 millions of miles ; but to the scientific observer, a fractional difference is full of untold terrors ; and we are therefore delighted to find that our greatest enemy in the south is still a very long way off, with every probability of his ultimately receding further and further into the back ground of astronomical maps.

A voyage in search of the North Pole does not promise very lively reading, nor is the pursuit of the Solar Parallax a work to be lightly undertaken. Ascension, in fact, may be accepted as about the least likely place in the world to provide either pleasure or amusement. And yet under the guidance of Mrs. Gill's graphic pen, we are soon taught to take a decided interest in its barren places, and find an unusual charm in its clinkers and sandy wastes. The transit of Venus and the opposition of Mars have new graces added to their mysteries. Thickness of cloud and density of atmosphere are charmingly mixed up with knitting needles and eye-glasses, and much optical delusion in seconds of time. Angles and screws are found to give a fine edge to dull planets, and are strong enough and acute enough to displace the Great Bear, and even to bring erratic meteors to the point. Such mad enthusiasm is catching. On the whole, the stars are shown to have a good time of it, and are as brilliant and fixed in their places now as they were 5,000 years ago !

Mrs. Gill's first view of Teneriffe was deliciously close, and poetically tender.

"As I sat on deck during dinner I feasted my eyes on the great Peak. At first it was almost entirely enveloped in mist, which gradually cleared away from the top and bottom, till at last a single vapoury band cut the mountain in two, producing a wild weird effect. The dark, sharp pointed Peak, looking as if it had nothing to rest upon, seemed to float in the air like a lost world, and from its great height it appeared so close as to be in danger of falling upon us ! Gradually the encircling band narrowed, then broke up, and the little clouds floated hither and thither, giving the most charming effects of light and shade

as they played on the rugged sides of the great rock. Slowly these lakelets of vapour grew less and less, then altogether vanished, and the Peak stood revealed in its native grandeur. It was a splendid transformation scene ; and watching it I had forgotten my dinner, till the homely old Scotch stewardess interrupted my reverie with a plate of currant tart. I made some remark to her about the beauty of the scene. 'Ay, ay,' she said, 'it's a big hill, but there's nae scenery in earth or ocean like our ain Scotland.'"

By this time, from her eyrie in the Cape Observatory, we doubt not that the beauties of the Devil's Peak have also forced themselves upon the notice of Mrs. Gill, and may possibly inspire her graphic pen to give adequate expression some day to the tender grace of a southern sunrise on many-hued crags, and cataracts of cloud. Even the dark sterile rocks of St. Helena have shown her their romantic side, and in the clear cloudless sky during their short stay, as they gazed upon it night after night, begemmed with stars, there loomed in the minds of both husband and wife a doubt of meteorological statistics and a fear lest in going further they might fare worse. But the risk of failure was too great. There was less likelihood of envious clouds turning up at inopportune moments at Ascension, and therefore to Ascension they determined to go by the homeward-bound steamer from the Cape. Before leaving, they did the "lions," and visited Sandy Bay on the south coast of St. Helena, which apparently must have been a new experience in landscape, and full of delight.

"Winding along the upward path, we came to a gap in the ridge of hill, through which burst upon us a glorious view of the coast. For the first time in my life I saw the naked grandeur of volcanic action, undimmed by time, unsoftened by vegetation. Wild grotesque masses of rock, assuming every shape and aspect, were piled up, one above the other, with fantastic irregularity, and tinted like the opal by the noon-day sun. Beyond lay the sea, of a deep blue, where it bordered the rocks, but gradually becoming softened in colour by the shadow of a great white cloud far away in the horizon. The scene was altogether so unlike anything I had ever conceived to be among the beauties of the world, that I could have imagined myself somewhere in space, and looking down on one of those gorgeous fairy clouds that we sometimes see floating in the summer sky after a thunderstorm—masses of colour, gloriously bright with the brightness of the setting sun, then soft and tender as he bids them farewell, and finally dark and sad-hued, mourning

the death of the great painter! But, perhaps, the most beautiful of all St. Helena's beautiful homes is Oakbank, the residence of the Bishop. I cannot recall a more lovely spot. Nature seems to have denied nothing to this pet child of hers, and art has helped her gracefully, controlling without thwarting her. When we were there, the oak trees, from which it takes its name, were leafless, and their naked arms, interlacing with the bright green boughs of neighbour trees, which acknowledge no winter, dashed the forest picture with great streaks of grey; and the rustle of withered leaves under our horses' hoofs was a homely, autumnal sound. Oakbank is the queen of pocket landscapes, but in every gully here, little gems lie hid that would delight a painter's eye, and the variety of scenery within so small a compass is indeed wonderful. Grand rugged rocks, gentle grassy slopes, tilled fields and hedgerows, gardens of palms and pomegranates, beds of violets and mignonette, clumps of pine trees, waysides of gorse, and everywhere the sea. All this St. Helena showed us in a week. No wonder then that we found it a happy one, and that we brought away with us bright memories to think and talk over among the barren rocks at Ascension."

By way of contrast, glance at this first view of Ascension from the sea :—

"Stones, stones, everywhere stones, that have been tried in the fire, and are now heaped about in dire confusion, or beaten into dust which we see dancing in pillars before the wind. Dust, sunshine, and cinders, and low yellow houses frizzling in it all!"

And this is the fashion of their landing :—

"'The rollers are in!' 'What lovely waves!' 'What a hideous place!' were the ejaculatory remarks we heard drop from the ladies leaning over the ship's side. . . . . I don't know how the heavy baggage liked it, but I certainly wished myself a chronometer more than once, when I saw rising up behind us, a long wall of threatening water, and before us, the steep, dark rock, wet with spray. This feeling increased when we were within a few yards of the shore, and I found we must get out of the strong trustworthy-looking gig, manned by its stout crew of English sailors, and trust ourselves to a little ricketty cockle-shell, which was at that moment being baled out by two ebony-coloured boatmen. I thought just then, they looked fiendish, that I could see the baleful eye of a shark, certain of his prey, gleaming triumphantly through the green waves. But since then I have come to the conclusion that our boatmen were very benign, gentle faced-Africans, and my shark,

a jelly fish! For some minutes we kept dodging about, and once or twice were close under the steps, but we got no sign to stir, and were again and again driven back. At last there came suddenly a perfectly calm moment, immediately after an unusually heavy roller had tossed our little boat over its head, and we were again sculled under the rock in the twinkling of an eye. A rope was let down from above; David at once laid hold of it, and at the word 'Now!' he jumped from the boat. I instantly followed his example, and thus gained a slippery footing on Ascension, with a somewhat palpitating heart and eyes smarting with salt spray."

We pass over Mrs. Gill's first impressions of the sand, dust, and fine volcanic ash of Ascension under a dazzling sun, and its pitiless glare on a series of cinder heaps, and refer our readers to the book itself for the story of her settling down in her island quarters, and attempts at housekeeping in a town where there was no butcher, no dairy, no greengrocer, no fishmonger, only a wretched royal navy canteen, more full of flies than anything else!

She enquires about bread, and is repulsed with a stale loaf at the "Island Bakery." She asks about milk which she and her husband were wont to consider a necessary of life, and is answered thus.

"I was told 'a mule brings that down every morning from Green Mountain, *when there is any*. A bell rings at seven o'clock and everybody runs for a *gill*,' except when there are many sick in hospital when *they* get it all.' This was lively! 'And vegetables?' 'There are only sweet potatoes to be had, and none will be served out until next Friday.' Then came the most important question of all. 'Where shall I find the butcher?' 'Oh!' said Hill, the cook, with a grin, 'there ain't any butcher. One of the marines kills sheep twice a week, and on Saturdays a bullock which is "rationed" out, so much to each man; and our rations are very small just now, for the sheep and bullocks are starving for food and water. Hardly any are killed *that have not fainted first*.' I thought that I should faint too; and I could only gasp despairingly, 'But surely there is plenty of fish?' 'Generally, maam, but not when the rollers are in.' Utter collapse! 'Somehow it all came right;' and sitting that evening after sunset in the verandah which looked upon a novel croquet lawn, we could speak of nothing, think of nothing, but the beauty of the heavens. Though Ascension was barren, desolate, formless, and flowerless, yet with such a sky she could never be unlovely. The stars shone forth boldly, each a living fire. Mars was yet behind

Cross Hill, but Jupiter literally blazed in the intense blue sky, now guiltless of cloud from horizon to zenith ; and thrown across in graceful splendour, the Milky Way seemed like a great streaming veil woven of golden threads and sparkling with gems. How strengthening and restful after fatigue and petty worry is such an hour! One forgets to be careful and troubled about many things, and the soul trembles with its load of love and gratitude to Him who 'made the stars also.'"

The government of Ascension is unique, and precisely the same as the rule of a captain on board a line-of-battle ship. In fact it is a "ship ashore," with the notable privilege of a certain number of women and children being allowed on board for the sake of their services as servants, washerwomen, &c., or in some other helpful capacity. The strictest naval discipline is exercised over all its 200 and odd population on board the *Flora* tender (as the naval gazette has it) ; and as a natural consequence Mr. and Mrs. Gill very soon dropped into sailor-like ways, and by and bye didn't hesitate to call a kitchen a "galley," and a pantry a "locker," while their floors and tables had to be "swabbed out," not scrubbed ; and the dinner had not to be cooked but to be got "under weigh."

Here she soon learned to make two valuable discoveries in culinary art, viz., that fish and potatoes are better when boiled in salt water than in fresh ; and soon got accustomed to tinned milk and vegetables, while turtle and fresh fish were always to be had when butcher's meat failed.

After setting up the Observatory with infinite pains and trouble, it was found that a certain hill interrupted a clear view of Mars by locally attracting a thick cloud every night from Green Mountain, and so the instruments had all to be removed, piece by piece, to another station beyond South Point. It took a fortnight to make up their minds to emigrate, but it had to be done, and a very moving tale does it appear to have been, as chronicled in chapter vii. :—

"Oh those weary weeks. Fearful of losing a single hour of starlight during the night, we watched alternately for moments of break in the cloud, sometimes with partial success, but more frequently with no result but utter disappointment, and the mental and physical strain increasing every night, grew almost beyond our strength. What was to be done ? There was the observatory complete, the instruments faultless, and the astronomer idle, for there too was the cloud. Sometimes it curtained the sky from pole to pole, but more frequently it confined itself to the narrow, snakelike band, stretching across the zenith, and showing clear sky to north and south."

At length growing tired of waiting for a clear night with absence of cloud, it was cleverly suggested that perhaps this cloud was a local peculiarity, limited to Cross Hill and Green Mountain, and perhaps some other part of the island might be found where its hateful presence would not interfere with a clear view of Mars at midnight. To settle this point, Mrs. Gill offered to explore, and spent a most adventurous night on the clinkers, armed with a "bull's eye," and stumbling her way across to a clearer part of the island called "South Point." "It was now the 30th of July. The sun had set. The afterglow had faded away, and the stars were shining everywhere but just where they ought to shine. Green Mountain was, as usual, busy dispatching a train of cloud over Cross Hill, and right in the path of Mars. It was a typical night, and we determined to act; but how? David could not leave his post in transit hut at garrison, lest an opportunity for observations should occur, and, after the fatigue of a hot day's work, we could not ask any of our neighbours to give up the rest of the cool night for us. So I offered myself as pioneer, but my offer was at first rejected with some decision. 'Impossible! You have never been beyond G rrison; there is no road; there may be dangerous gullies; and wild cats infest the plains—you would find the walking bad enough by day, and at night *impossible*.'"

Ultimately, however, Mrs. Gill, like a true woman, got her own way, and triumphed over all obstacles; but as the road or track to be followed (as laid down upon the Admiralty chart) was soon merged into open plains of volcanic ash, while beyond and everywhere, bordering the sea, rose up great lava rocks or "clinkers," it need scarcely be said that the expedition was most adventurous for a delicate lady to undertake on the spur of the moment, and a feat not to be lightly repeated at any time.

In company of an old corporal of Marines, and promising to return by three a.m., Mrs. Gill started off at ten o'clock, provided with rugs and a luncheon basket, and a "bull's eye" and lanthorn, in case the moon should be obscured or clouds should thicken. In her own words we may trace the fright she was in throughout:—

"For the first mile I found the road very trying—soft and yielding, and bestrewn with loose lumps of clinker; moreover, I had made the mistake of putting on low shoes. I chose them because they were thicker and stronger than any boots I had, not considering that the sand, or crushed cinder rather, would get inside and chafe my feet. Our next misfortune was the sudden rising of the wind, followed by a total eclipse of our lanthorn. But, happily, we had our 'bull's eye' to fall

back upon, and by this light 'dimly burning' we proceeded for the first half hour. Now I observed that the cloud, instead of being entirely overhead, just reached our zenith, and then dipped northward. This greatly encouraged me, and as my eye got more accustomed to the darkness, I was better able to choose the best of the bad way. It was still very dark—the wind rose higher—the moon gave no notice of her coming, and the weird ghostliness of the little bit of surrounding that fell under the light of the 'bull's eye,' I shall never forget. A sort of awe, not unpleasant, but the reverse, was stealing over me, and I felt just in the mood for an adventure; when, lo! close to my ears, a shrill uncanny shriek rang out in the stillness. The corporal flashed the 'bull's eye' in the direction of the sound, and disclosed a dim moving object, undistinguishable in shape or colour. Then I thought of cats, —of bullocks turned carniverous in their hunger, and my heart grew cold. 'It's Jimmy Ducks,' said the corporal, in a tone of recognition. 'Who is Jimmy Ducks, and what is the matter with him?' I asked, trying not to shiver. 'Oh, maam, Jimmy Ducks is an old mule, blind of an eye; he has been turned out on the clinker to pick up his living, and he is frightened at our light.' Oh dear! how very small I felt! Don Quixote and his windmill were not more absurd than Jimmy Ducks and my silly self! and so disgusted did I feel with my cowardice, that I almost forgot to note the cloud. . . . . Before starting on our return journey, I got the men to make me a cairn of clinker, which we topped by a bottle with a twist of red cotton tied to it, so that David might see where we had been stopped, should he decide to come and explore himself."

The space at our command will not permit us to pursue this interesting adventure to its legitimate reward; but the outcome of the night's work was a settled determination on the part of the baffled astronomer to move his observatory at all hazards to the extreme south of the island; and a pretty tough job it proved to be. However, sailors are not easily discouraged, and the naval head of the island soon discovered that it was possible to land the little party on a tiny bit of sandy beach, having due regard of course to the perils of the rollers and the surf. Everything thereupon had to be moved to the steam launch, except the heliometer tube, transit, and other instruments, which it was decided to send overland by a procession of sixteen Kroomen. Only three days to pull down, transport, and re-erect an observatory, in the face of every difficulty that land and water could offer! Yet the seemingly impossible

was done, and done well, without a hitch. After a time Mrs. Gill joined her husband at Mars Bay, and rendered him important assistance during this period of their gipsy life. Their surroundings were certainly by no means luxurious, and it is impossible to help laughing at their extraordinary shifts in search of comfort and warmth during the cold season, or for coolness and fresh air during the heat of the day.

One great evil that Mr. and Mrs. Gill and their party had to contend against in their efforts to keep the men happy and friendly with each other, was their having so little to do. They got quarrelling over trifles, and had to be sent about their business every now and then, as an example to others. Reading only partially lulled them to rest, while an unlimited supply of fishing tackle served to wear away the hours in catching rock cod and conger eel, and other finny delicacies.

"Besides these horrid congers—Mars Bay swarmed with fish of every shape and size, from the monster shark, that cost us much in the way of lost lines and hooks, to a lovely nimble wee fish, vulgarly called *five fingers*, striped with changeful greens, and glistening like a rainbow with every restless motion. Beautiful opal-coloured mackarel darted about in the clear pools, and it became quite a sport with David to spear them for bait, with his iron-pointed alpenstock. Prickly sea-urchins lay curled up like balls of miniature bayonets among the coral, and the lovely sea anemones bloomed fair in our marine garden at Mars Bay. Numbers of little crabs crawled everywhere, above and about the rocks, where myriads of 'natives' lived and died; and from under many a weed-grown stone a slimy cuttle-fish would stretch out a hideous arm for a passing crab. At length the evening of the important 5th September arrived, when the long expected opposition of Mars was to take place —when his ruddy glare would be brighter than ever again for a hundred years, and what if they should fail to have a good view of him afte all?"

We can well understand the strong nervous excitement under which this portion of the lady's journal must have been written. The sun had shone all day in a cloudless sky, but before sunset some ugly clouds had rolled up from windward, and made her feel quite feverish and fidgetty.

"I could not rest, but kept wandering about from tent to tent like an unquiet spirit; inwardly resenting David's exceeding calm as a tacit reproof to my perturbation. There he sat; quietly tying up photographs, softly whistling to himself, as if nothing were going to happen, and then he actually smoked a very long pipe with even longer

and slower whiffs than usual. Of course it was affectation! But I wondered how he managed to keep up the deception, and for the first time *fully* believed what he had told me of having enjoyed his breakfast on the morning of the transit of Venus, notwithstanding that it rained. Nominally, we dined to day at half-past five, and I found it hard work. Six o'clock, and still the heavens look undecided; half-past six, and a heavy cloud is forming in the south. Slowly the cloud rises—very slowly; but by and-bye a streak of light rests on the top of the dark rocks—it widens and brightens, and at last we see Mars shining steadily in the pure blue horizon beneath. It was now seven o'clock, and David called quickly for lights. How slowly the minutes passed! How very long each little interruption appeared! The wind was blowing lazily, and light clouds glided at intervals across the sky, obscuring, for a few moments, *the* planet as they crossed his path. But at last I heard the welcome note 'All right,' and then I went to bed, leaving David to add the pleasant postscript of 'evening success' to his letters. At midnight I took the watch for the morning. The first hours of my waking promised well, but before one a.m. a tiny cloud, not bigger than a man's hand, arose in the south, and I called my husband to know what he thought of it. On this, the night of opposition, the planet would be in the most favourable position for beginning morning observations about 2·30. Now it was but 12·50, and the question came to be—shall some value of position be lost, so as to give a greater chance of securing observations before the rising cloud reach the zenith, or shall we wait, in the hope that this cloud has 'no followers'? Being a Scot, and fully appreciating the motto of the Kirkpatrick's, 'I mak sicc'ar,' David began work at once in a break-neck position, with the telescope pointed but a few degrees west of the zenith. How my heart beat, for I saw the cloud rise and swell, and yet no silver lining below. I dared not go inside the observatory, lest my uncontrollable fidgets might worry the observer, but sat without on a heap of clinker, and kept an eye on the enemy. Five, ten, fifteen minutes! Then David called out: "Half set finished—splendid definition—Go to bed!' Just in time, I thought, and crept off to my tent thankful for little, and not expecting more, for one arm of the black cloud was already grasping Mars."

Equally, as a matter of course, the lady could not sleep from anxiety, and soon finds herself impelled to get up and have another peep at the sky to see whether the cloud promises to clear off, and is well rewarded for her scientific curiosity.

"I looked forth, and lo! no clond! I rubbed my eyes, thinking I must be dreaming, and pulled out my wateh, to make sure I had not been asleep, so sudden was the change. No! truly the obnoxious cloud had mysteriously vanished, and the whole moonless heavens were of that inky blueness so dear to astronomers. Mars now outrivalled Jupiter in ruddy splendour; Orion had flung abroad his jewels like hoar frost; the Pleiades glittered in such bewildering multitude, that it seemed as if the lost Pleiad had returned with a train of shining followers from some other system. 'Like fireflies tangled in a silver braid,' they shone with a soft beauty; and everywhere, above and around, myriads of stars dazzled the night. Happier hours I never spent than those early morning ones under this beautiful heaven; for in helpless restlessness I had again taken up my position on the clinker. The night was unusually still, and outside the observatory there was not a sound, save the gentle flapping of tents, like the wings of passing birds, and the continual murmur of greeting from the waves as they met the shore. Time passed unconsciously, for I was giving my imagination full play, and when I heard the observatory dome shut, I could hardly believe that I had been dreaming on a rock for three hours. The awakening was as pleasant as the dream had been. David was radiant, and no wonder! All our previous disappointment. fatigue, and anxiety, were forgotten in the good fortune of to-night, and now we might rest.'"

To turn to lighter matters, handled, however, in the same gay, cheery vein, and with a sparkling effervescence of spirit and wit that is indescribably exhilarating in these days of graphic tediousness and laboured fine writing, the general reader will find much to laugh over in the details of the holiday excursions subsequently undertaken to various points of the island by Mrs. Gill and her husband. The memoirs and performances of the "twa pet doggies," *Beauty* and *Rover*, are handled with much humour and delicacy of sentiment; and the light banter indulged in over domestic derangements and servile extravagances, throw a charming veil over the defects and deficiencies of island servants and extemporised picnics on the rocks.

We are reminded, however, by the exigencies of space and the inexorable printer, that we must draw this imperfect resumè of a most enjoyable book to a sudden close.

There are craters to be described, and peaks to be ascended, and much weird and wild scenery to be chronicled; but we have written to very little purpose if we have not half persuaded our sympathetic readers

to postpone their further consumption of a gifted lady's unaffected impressions of Dame Nature in some of her sterner moods and tenses, till they can secure the precious morsel of a book for their own private perusal. Even "tanks and water drops" have their poetry in a dry and thirsty land like ours, and the adventures of "Brandreth Wells" must be read in their entirety to be fully appreciated. How laughable, too, is the visit to "Wide Awake Fair," and the robbing of the nests of the gannets and birds there to be found! The scenery of the coast and of Dead Man's Beach, and the curious appearance of Horse Shoe Crater are all duly set forth in a series of vivid pictures. Looking up through the gaps, and over the ugly, dusty, and temper-trying slopes of these quiet hills, Mrs. Gill found a sense of beauty borne upon her unknowingly—"that beauty which seems to belong so entirely to volcanic scenery—the beauty of calm after storm, of peace after tumult; the beauty of the seamed, fire-furrowed face of a quiet crater, which, like the beauty of wrinkled faces that have passed through the toil and fire of life, demands from the heart a greater tribute than mere admiration, and gives it in return a feeling of rest and thankfulness that the hot fire is over." It is in thoughts like these that lie too deep for tears, and stir the emotional side of one's nature, that travellers find their compensation for all their dangers past and their toil and exertions in search of the picturesque rewarded. Happy are they, who, like Mrs. Gill, find the delights of travelling doubled when once again in possession of dear old England, still warm to our hearts, in spite of her cold reception, of wind, rain, and snow showers.

"Land—England—a fireside! It is only when these are again in sweet possession that one thoroughly enjoys travelling. Then, when all bodily fatigue and discomfort are forgotten, and there still remain in the mind pleasant pictures of strange life and scenes, and in the heart the softening influence of a wider knowledge of men and things—it is then that the delights of travelling are fully known, for it is then, and only then, that one is able to enjoy to the full the pleasures and privileges of Home."

In taking our leave of Mrs. Gill, we indulge in the hope, that in her new home in South Africa she may some day supply the deficiencies, and smooth away the brusqueries and misrepresentations of a Froude and a Trollope. There are ample materials lying to her hands for giving the English public a fair and accurate picture of life in the colonies—free at once from exaggeration and malice prepense, and untinged by

disappointed ambition, or the social arrogance of a professional historian. Like Cæsar's wounds our dumb mouths plead for an advocate and an avenger. Let her rise to the occasion and send a fresh glow through the torpid veins of the whole Colony, ere Dullness claims us once more, and Genius is strangled in the fetters of planets and stars, and official correspondence.

Rural Economy.

When you hear that a certain individual is practising economy, you understand that in the matter of his expenditure he is exercising a wise discretion. Economical is opposed to wasteful, and to be economical is commendable, while to be wasteful or extravagant is culpable. Such being the meaning of the word economy when standing alone, let us now explain the meaning of such phrases as political economy, domestic economy, &c. Political economy may be defined as the science of those laws that regulate the revenue and expenditure of a nation, and it has for its object the discovery of the best methods of imposing duties, levying taxes, encouraging trade, &c., so as to secure the prosperity of the people in the highest degree. Domestic economy, on the other hand, deals with the income and expenditure of a household, and discusses all those principles that ought to regulate the judicious management of the family resources, with a view to their employment in the most advantageous manner.

You will now be able to form a pretty correct idea of the meaning and object of rural economy. In general it signifies the proper management of country affairs. It enunciates and explains those principles that ought to guide farmers or landowners in the cultivation of their farms or estates. It includes the science and art of agriculture and stock-rearing, with their relations to each other; and aims at pointing out those methods and arrangements that are on the whole most profitable.

A correct knowledge of the principles of rural economy is of the greatest importance to an agricultural and pastoral people. Without this knowledge to guide them, their practice is in danger of becoming a mere rule of thumb method of procedure, and an ignorant imitation of their ancestors. Under such a system there can be little or no progress; and if they ever become conscious that they are behind the age in which they live, they console themselves by saying that what was good enough for their fathers is good enough for them. I would say it was too good for them, because they have less excuse than their fathers had for not profiting by modern dis-

coveries and improvements, and adapting themselves to altered circumstances.

Agriculture is both a science and an art; the one is the theory and the other is the practice; the one deals with the knowledge and exposition of agricultural principles, and the other with their practical application.

I am not, however, going to lecture on the science of agriculture generally, but shall confine my remarks on that head to what has been called economic agriculture. Now what may be said to be the object of economic agriculture? Its object is to raise, from year to year, the most valuable produce on a given farm or estate. By the most valuable produce we mean that which produces the greatest income from a given expenditure, no matter whether the produce be vegetable or animal, or both combined. The practice of economic agriculture must therefore involve such a systematic arrangement of the work on a farm as shall be found best fitted to obtain the object in view.

It is important to notice that the principles of economic agriculture do not permit the farmer to exhaust the soil by repeated cropping or continual grazing, while nothing is done to maintain its fertility; for such a course would depreciate the farm, and would thereby impose a heavy discount on the profits of former years. Profits which have been obtained by diminishing the capital are not legitimate, and have no place in a sound system of rural economy. This is the case when a sheep-farm is allowed to become overstocked, while at the same time nothing is done to increase the productiveness of the soil.

The problem which it is the object of rural economy to solve, may be therefore said to be the determination of the different crops and animals that ought to be reared on a farm, the quantity or number of each kind, and the best methods of producing them and disposing of them. To do all this as it ought to be done requires not only practical skill in husbandry and stock-keeping, but a sound and comprehensive knowledge of a variety of subjects that I shall have occasion to mention in the sequel.

The kind of produce most suitable for any particular farm depends, of course, upon the nature of the soil, the climate, the marketable

value of the produce, &c. What is suitable for one place may not be suitable for another, and that produce which is highly remunerative at one time may become less profitable at another time, and *vice versa*. Wine-farming seems to pay best in one district, sheep-farming in another, grain-farming in a third, and ostrich-farming, or two or more of these combined, forming what may be called mixed farming, in a fourth district. Many circumstances must be taken into account in order to come to a correct conclusion as to what should turn out to be on the whole the most profitable produce; but it will be found that every farmer with this object in view ought to plant or sow something, even though he should happen to be a stock-farmer. In the latter case, he must see that his farm produces sufficient food for his live-stock. It will not do to trust entirely to nature; for if wild animals occasionally suffer from scarcity of food, how much more must this be the case with domesticated animals, as sheep for instance, whose numbers in a given area are much greater?

The particular crops and plants that ought to be reared depend upon the capabilities of the soil, and the marketable value of the produce. If, for example, it is found that a certain farm can produce grapes that can be manufactured into wine of a high marketable value, it will, of course, be for the farmer's interest to cultivate the grape-vine as much as possible. So likewise if he finds that the soil, or any part of it, is more suitable for forage plants, it will be better to rear such plants.

The question now arises—will it be more profitable to the farmer to sell the forage to those who keep the animals that feed on it, or to keep the animals himself, and in this way consume the forage on the farm? The answer to this will depend upon the following considerations: if the forage can be sold at a higher percentage of profit than could be obtained by keeping the animals that feed on it, then of course the advantage lies on the side of growing forage and selling it; but if, on the other hand, the value of the animals reared and their produce gives a higher percentage of profit than the sale of the forage plants on which they live would give, it will decide the case in favour of rearing the animals on the farm where their food is produced; and in practice this will be found to be in general

more profitable. There are exceptions to it as there are exceptions to almost every rule; but the general principle of keeping animals where their food can be produced is one of the best established principles of rural economy. It is quite in accordance with the mutual relations existing between the vegetable and animal kingdoms.

Plants supply nourishment to animals, and animals during life and after death return what they have received, and afford nourishment to plants, and this reciprocity is the foundation of economic agriculture.

From what has been already said, it will now be evident that the management of a farm affords ample scope not only for the exercise of the bodily powers, but also for the employment of the mental faculties. In Europe and in America, agriculture has been elevated to the dignity of a profession; and those who wish to engage in it have the opportunity of studying in well-appointed colleges, which have their professors of agriculture, of botany, of veterinary surgery, &c., just as theological colleges have their professors of theology. Agricultural students at these institutions pass through a regular course of training, including the practice as well as the science which guides it, and become acquainted with the most recent improvements and discoveries that bear upon rural economy. It is only by a careful agricultural education that much success in farming can be expected.

A certain measure of success may sometimes attend the comparatively ignorant farmer, but his success is certainly not the result of his ignorance; while, on the other hand, the educated farmer, from his superior knowledge of his business, must, if he is true to his principles, command a much greater measure of success. It has been aptly said that the best estate which a young farmer can cultivate is that within the ring-fence of his own skull. The tillage of his brains will be found to be his most profitable employment before he enters upon the tillage of the ground, and his success with the latter will depend to a great extent upon his success with the former.

That you may have some idea of what is meant by agricultural education, permit me to give you a short description of two

agricultural colleges, one at Bonn, in Germany, and the other at Cirencester, in England.

Last year I had an opportunity of paying a short visit to the college at Bonn, and one of the professors, Dr. Werner, kindly showed me the buildings and the grounds. The buildings are large and commodious, and seem to be well suited to the purpose for which they are used. One prominent feature is the museum, in which you find a collection of the various agricultural seeds, models of many agricultural implements, botanical specimens, chemical products, &c., all used in class-demonstration as well as for individual inspection. In an adjoining building you will find a small engine which can be worked by water-pressure from the supply-pipes of the town, and this is employed as a motive power in various ways, such as in cutting food for cattle. The cattle-shed is large and well ventilated, and contains a short tramway which is laid down the middle of the floor, and on which runs a small wagon used for carrying food to the cattle that are ranged in stalls along both sides of the building. In the agricultural implement yard the various appliances made use of for cultivating the soil and rearing stock are displayed. The grounds outside constituting the model farm are variously appropriated, one portion being devoted to the experimental garden, another to the cultivation of forage plants, &c. The following is a short summary of the course of instruction taken from last year's calendar :—The director, Dr. Dünkelberg, gives the introductory lecture of the session, and afterwards delivers weekly lectures on the general management of rural affairs. Professor Werner lectures on cattle-breeding, on wool-valuing, and on the special cultivation of plants. Dr. Havenstein treats of the general cultivation of plants, and gives physiological demonstrations in the agricultural laboratory. Professor Borggreve, the superintendent of forestry, lectures on the art of cultivating forest trees, and correctly estimating the value of their timber ; and the college gardener gives three lessons a week on the cultivation of fruit trees. Dr. Freytag gives a course of lectures on inorganic experimental chemistry and rural technology, and superintends in the laboratory the exercises of the students in analytical chemistry. Dr. Kreusler treats of the nourishing and

manuring of plants, and Professor Köernicke of their anatomy and physiology. Professor Troschel gives three lectures a week on the natural history of vertebrate animals. Dr. Zuntz expounds the general laws of vegetable physiology, and superintends exercises in the physiological laboratory. Mineralogy is taught by Professor Andrae, and experimental physics by Dr. Gieseler, who explains once a week the mechanical principles, entering into the construction of the implements and machines used in agriculture. Dr. Schubert teaches the construction of farm-buildings, road-ways, and waterworks, and also gives lessons in sketching. Dr. Held lectures on political economy, and Dr. Klostermann on agricultural law. Lastly, the college veterinary surgeon describes the anatomy and physiology of domesticated animals, and treats of the art of horse-shoeing, horse-breeding, &c. The number of students who attended the summer course last year was fifty-six.

The agricultural college in the neighbourhood of Cirencester has a model farm of five hundred acres, of which four hundred and fifty are arable. Twenty thousand pounds were subscribed for it. The course pursued there is not so extensive as that at Bonn, but nevertheless it contains all the essentials of a sound agricultural education. Its students have taken the diplomas of the Royal Agricultural Society of England, and of the Highland and Agricultural Society of Scotland, and qualify themselves for agricultural pursuits, either at home or in the British colonies and dependencies. The course of training may be thus summarised:—Agriculture is treated of in three courses of nineteen weeks each. The first treats of tillage, including the origin and physical properties of soils, the operations preparatory to seed-sowing and planting, manuring, and farm implements. The second course is devoted to crops and their rotations, and the third to live-stock. Field-classes are held for an hour each day for the inspection of field operations as they occur, the examination of implements, the weighing and valuation of cattle, &c. In addition to these field-classes, ample opportunity is afforded to the students for engaging in practical work, such as ploughing, &c. Chemistry is taught in three courses, the first being inorganic, the second organic, and the third agricultural chemistry. Practical chemistry classes are held in connection with

the theoretical courses, and include chemical manipulation, and testing of waters, soils, foods, manures, and farm produce generally.

Three courses of natural philosophy are given, including such subjects as practical mechanics, the steam-engine, hydraulics, electricity, strength of materials, work of living agents, &c.

There are two courses of mathematics, the first being devoted to arithmetic and elementary algebra, and the second to mensuration and land-surveying.

Book-keeping is taught in three courses.

A course of geology is given, embracing the classification of rocks, their composition and structure, the useful minerals and materials derived from them, and the theory of springs and wells. Weekly excursions are made by the students to get acquainted with the geology of the district.

Botany is treated of in two courses. In the summer the students receive lessons on the physiology of plants, their internal structure, and the influences of light and heat upon them; and in the autumn their attention is more particularly directed to the classification of plants, their distinctive characters, natural orders, and geographical distribution.

Lastly, three courses are given under the head of veterinary surgery, and consist of a series of lectures and demonstrations on the anatomy of the domestic animals, on the external form of the horse and of dairy stock, on the management of young stock, on the feeding of animals and the diseases affecting them, &c. Practical illustrations of lectures are given in the college hospital for diseased animals, and particulars of all cases require to be recorded as well as the results of *post-mortem* examinations.

Such is a brief outline of an agricultural education as it is in England and in Germany; and being thoroughly practical as well as scientific it is in every respect fitted to accomplish its object, namely, the training of young men for that occupation which has been called the oldest, the most necessary, and, when rightly pursued, one of the worthiest a man can follow.

Let me now return to the problem which every farmer has to solve for himself more or less satisfactorily, viz., what are the

various crops that ought to be reared, the different animals that ought to be kept, the quantity and number of each kind, the best methods of cultivation and stock-keeping, and the most remunerative ways of disposing of the produce? The conditions that influence the final result which the farmer aims at obtaining are so numerous, and in certain cases so variable, that it requires no small amount of knowledge and sagacity to decide upon doing that particular thing which will, on the whole, be the best thing to do.

To come to particulars, the first point that ought to be settled is the kind of produce that the ground is capable of yielding. This can be found out in various ways: first, by ascertaining what crops have already been successfully grown upon the farm; secondly, by an investigation into the nature and composition of the soil, the exposure of the surface, the supply of water, and all the other physical conditions that are necessary to the healthy and vigorous growth of the various cultivated plants; thirdly, the farmer can ascertain the capabilities of the soil by actual experiment; that is, he can have several experimental plots in different parts of his grounds, and can thus in the course of a season discover either what will or will not grow well. Such experiments require to be conducted with a certain amount of intelligence, since it is not always easy to trace effects to their true causes, more especially when the effect is produced by the combined action of a variety of variable causes. An experiment if it is to be worth anything must be conducted properly, and repeated under a variety of circumstances, in order to distinguish what is and what is not essential to the production of the effect, and the whole must be recorded in such a form as to be available at any subsequent time, either by the experimentalist himself or by others. Hence the great utility of agricultural newspapers, societies, and shows, which serve as so many channels through which the results of agricultural experiments and the principles of rural economy may be made known. The more such knowledge is disseminated amongst farmers generally, the less occasion will they have to try experiments for themselves. They will know what has been done and what can be done again, and will thus be encouaaged to improve their methods of cultivation.

This is not the place to enter into details as to the composition and constitution of the various soils that are best adapted to the different varieties of vegetable life. I shall accordingly confine myself to a few general remarks.

Every soil capable of cultivation is made up of both organic and inorganic materials. The organic part, which is composed of vegetable and animal remains, may be separated from the inorganic portion by burning the soil. Every fertile soil contains more or less of this organic material, but five or six per cent. has been found to be the proportion in the most productive soils. The inorganic residue left after burning a weighed quantity of soil may be farther separated into two parts, that which is soluble in water and that which is insoluble. It is from the soluble part of the soil that plants receive the greater portion of the salts that are found in the ashes that remain after they have been burnt. This soluble portion is frequently observed after a prolonged period of dry warm weather covering the surface of certain soils like a sprinkling of snow or hoar-frost. The water which held it in solution has been evaporated at the surface, and as a consequence the salt has been deposited in the solid state. As soon, however, as rain falls it is washed down into the ground once more, and there remains till a succeeding drought brings it again to the surface.

The insoluble part of the soil which is by far the greater portion, consists for the most part of sand, clay, and compounds of lime in various proportions; and even these materials which are insoluble in pure water, yield to the long continued action of water charged with carbon dioxide gas.

It is a common observation that different kinds of plants require different kinds of soils for their healthy development, and much can be learned from an analysis of plant ashes. If, for example, the ashes of a plant yield a large proportion of soda salt, it is clear that it can only thrive in a soil where it can obtain this constituent, such as in the neighbourhood of the sea, or a salt lake or salt-pan. Should any constituents of the soil necessary for the healthy development of a plant become exhausted, the plant droops and ultimately dies, just as an animal would do when deprived of its proper food. Hence the necessity of properly manuring the

soil, or, in other words, supplying it with those materials which the continual growth of a plant has a natural tendency in the course of time to diminish.

Since plants receive the saline portion of their food in a state of solution, it is clear that the presence of a sufficient amount of water must be an essential condition of their growth. A soil may be extremely fertile, inasmuch as it may possess all the solid requisites of plant life, but as long as there is no water to dissolve them it will remain unproductive. A sufficient supply of water is therefore an essential condition of successful cultivation, especially in dry and warm climates, where irrigation is found to be so necessary. But the solution of plant-food is not the only benefit that irrigation confers. The water almost always contains substances necessary to the growth of plants, either in a state of suspension or solution, and thus the soil is enriched by the passage of such water over it. The quantity of fertilising material contained in water varies very much, and as a matter of course the effect varies in proportion. It has been observed that water which has already been used for irrigation purposes is not so rich in fertilising matter as it was before, and cannot therefore confer so much benefit upon other fields over which it may afterwards be led.

The best and most effectual irrigation is that accomplished by nature in the falling rain. If any artificial method of producing rain could be discovered, it would prove of more value than the discovery of the philosopher's stone. But although we cannot expect to be able to produce rain at pleasure, we can do something to increase the rainfall in a country. Is there not a proverb which says "No trees, no rain." On this point allow me to quote a short extract from Johnston's agricultural chemistry: "The greater the number of trees in a country," he says, "the greater, other conditions being equal, is its rainfall. In France the extent of forests and woods in 1750 was estimated at forty millions of English acres; the area under timber is now reduced by one-half. This has led to a decrease in the annual rainfall, which according to some authorities is injurious to the agriculture of the country. Egypt was once a rainless country, but now by the planting of millions of trees in it rain descends regularly in it every winter."

Since, therefore, the beneficial effect of trees in increasing the rainfall of a country is not a merely speculative theory, but a fact established by extensive observation, it is plainly the duty of South Africa, where severe droughts are occasionally felt, to use this means of preventing them. Let millions of trees be planted wherever they will grow on unoccupied grounds, and let the burning of the grass in their neighbourhood be strictly prohibited, and I have no doubt that in the course of a few years they would confer the same benefit on South Africa as they have already done on Egypt.

After the farmer has ascertained in one way or another the crops that can be most profitably grown upon his farm, he ought to study the most approved methods of rearing them, and from time to time adopt such improvements as his own experience, or that of others, may suggest. A similar remark applies to the domestic animals, such as cows, sheep, ostriches, &c., which he may find it profitable to keep; but I cannot here enter into more particulars. I trust, however, that what I have already said will not be altogether devoid of interest. The subject of rural economy is one of the first importance in an agricultural colony like the Cape, and ought to get far more attention paid to it than is generally given. The agricultural part of the community has been truly called the backbone of the country, and every individual of that great section of the people ought to look upon rural economy as an indispensable part of his education.

I hope that the Commissioners who are about to enquire into the whole subject of education, will give an important place to agricultural education, and make such practical suggestions as will enable the Government and Legislature to inaugurate a new era in the agricultural history of this Colony.

Letters on Irrigation.

By Sir James Hudson, G.C.B.

Letter IV.

Florence.

My Dear * *,—It was stated in my last that to reduce to a state of perfect cultivation, by irrigation, 500,000 acres, would cost £40,000,000, but it was not explained that in point of fact the expense was greater. And for this reason—irrigation as we now see it in Upper Italy was not improvised by expert engineers and opulent landlords. The principles of irrigation had, so to speak, to be invented. Under the spur of necessity, intelligence, combined with capital, grappled with the four geographical facts which you have already reviewed, viz., the poor and silicious nature of the soil, the continuous declivity from the Alps to the Po, the dry heat of summer, the immense volume of water discharged from the glaciers of the Alps. Commencing without precedent, without any general direction, without the protection of laws, and only by imitation, as between farm and farm, slowly and painfully, the works were unconnected and without plan and order; in some places the water was insufficient, in others too much. Brought from a distance it arrived at its destination only to find that the levels were wrong, and that a supply might have been found nearer at hand. That which succeeded was done and undone in the course of two thousand years; constantly interrupted by the vicissitudes attendant on the barbarous and semi-barbarous invasions and influences. And, indeed, the works we now see are not as perfect as they would have been had they been ordered and executed by a well conceived premeditated plan. As the streets in the old Italian cities, the origin of which is far to seek, are tortuous, crooked, ill-drained, and ill-levelled, as compared with the straight lines of well-ordered streets in modern colonies and the United States, so likewise from local causes did the canals for irrigation follow the example of the towns, meandering, crooked, angular, where they ought to have been straight and curved; so much so

that the traveller who surveys them is lost in wonder at their marvellous and evident want of adaptation to self-evident necessities.

Not many years ago an intelligent agriculturist proposed to rectify the glaring error in the canals in Lombardy. It was found that the project was incompatible with the rights of property of an immense number of families.

And even if we take it for granted that the work of the engineer is perfect, we never can say that the work of the agriculturist is finished. Perhaps there is not a single farm which might not be improved by a better system of levels, so that the farmer can obtain with the same quantity of water more frequent irrigation, or the same irrigation with less water, or a better quantity of grass in the same field, or a larger proportion of meadow on the same farm.

To obtain this indefinite and perpetual progress, it is necessary that in virtue of some special agreement the multitude of proprietors shall find their advantage.

Every farmer has at times the power to turn his attention to these matters. His idle hours may well be employed upon them, and they are, so that you cannot make an exact estimate of the cost of labour laid out upon them. Sometimes you may improve upon your previous improvement, and thus you have laid out just twice as much.

Sometimes a farmer ceases to take water from a certain aqueduct, either because the owner of the water has given a different direction to the water course, or because by the sale of a property the right to the water has been separated from the estate, or because he may have discovered a better supply at a cheaper rate. But if he takes water from another source with a different level, with different sluices, in another position both for income and outlet, he will be obliged to direct its course by a new system of sluices and perhaps of levels, or he may wish to extend the supply to other fields, or give less to some fields and more to others.

Consequently we find that each generation changes to a certain extent the superficies of the country, by the gradual, slow, daily operations of the farmers themselves, which could never be done if the custom did not exist that each landowner takes account of every

improvement, within certain limits and conditions, and carries it to the credit of the tenant in settling his rent.

But now we come to what is termed the *reimbursable improvement*, which is based upon another institution, which is the consignment of the inventory of the farm, in other words, its statistical condition, and is the account current of the farm in every detail.

The document named "act of consignment" (consegna), is a statistical report, in the greatest detail, of all that is found on the farm when taken over by the incoming tenant. This document describes field by field, indicates its position on the map of the estate, its extent, cultivation, fences, canals, locks, sluices, bridges, roads, paths, houses. The houses are described on a ground plan with all that they contain—locks, bolts, &c.

The plantations are described, the number of the trees, their age, species, and position, whether in woods or along the banks of the canals, and are accompanied by a tariff of value at the then market price.

The object in view is to oblige the tenant when he leaves the farm to leave also an equivalent. If this equivalent is not found he reimburses the landlord; if, on the contrary, he has added to and improved the farm, those additions and improvements are estimated, and their value paid to him on leaving.

The same valuation is applied to the cultivation of the farm, according as the tenant receives or transmits it. If, for instance, he has found it badly levelled, and reduces it to a proper level, the cost is carried to his credit; the same if he has reduced arable to permanent water meadows. The rotation of crops pursued by him also enters into the account, and he is credited or debited according as his crops have been exhausting or fertilising.

The manure on the farm is mentioned and valued and accounted for as so much capital, and credit is allowed him for manure applied to the farm on growing crops.

The farmer knowing that full justice will be done to him for improvements hardly ever fails to improve; it is his interest to do so, and he receives back his capital and interest when the account between himself and his landlord is squared in the account current of reconsignment.

In many cases in Lombardy, leases run from 20 years to 20 years, consequently the books of the farm shew the landlord with unerring exactness the complete history of his property for centuries. The wave of conquest, of spoliation, of occupation by foreign troops, has passed over the ground, but every incident affecting that particular farm is noted, accounted for, and disbursed; it proves how completely good institutions, order, education, and industry, can set at nought the so-called "conquest" of the great military nations of Europe, at least as far as Lombardy is concerned.

Cattaneo remarks that the political vicissitudes which are registered in (Lombard) history are mere vanity when compared with the profound and silent traditions which determine the destiny of a people.

If, therefore, we were to add to the capital indicated in the preceding letter (No. 3), the value in improvements which are now referred to, it is clear that the actual rent of these Lombard farms does not correspond to the capital expended upon them in the course of ages; doubtless, the same may be said of Holland, Flanders, and some parts of Britain, where high farming obtains. The proprietors in Lombardy were and are a patient persevering race, who did not hesitate to invest their capital in improvements on their farms at a low rate of interest, because they knew it to be in safe keeping, and that whatever the chances and changes of fortune they would still be assured of a return for it.

But there is another feature in this Lombard administration which will, I am sure, greatly interest the Judge. *Special* improvements as we have seen are noticed in the (consegna) "act of consignment," but *general* improvements are noted in another public act the "census" (censo). The "census" is that general description of the country in which each field is designated in its dimensions and shape, and is classified according to the condition in which it was in when surveyed, and according to the estimate then formed of its value. It is an institution which greatly influenced the perennial improvement of land, because it encouraged an indefinite investment of capital. In other countries the land tax and property tax are for the most part assessed upon the actual effective rent of the land, and rise and fall in proportion to rents.

This proportion of the charges upon wealth in relation to the measure of its ability to bear it, is to all appearance a simple act of justice, but it is an economical error.

In fact, if highly cultivated land corresponds in value to the quantity of capital invested,—if the capital so invested produces a low rate of interest, that is a slight increase of rent, if this increase of rent is followed by a proportional impost,—it may very well happen that the interest already small, will become smaller, will become nil. The result is to deprive the proprietor of all incentive to add more capital, and the *proportional tax* in its improvident and ignorant "Justice" (for it is dignified with this name), arrests improvement. This maxim was proclaimed by the Lombard economists during the last century, and they followed it up in their census by establishing the rule that each individual field should be numbered and "counter-signed" according to its value—that is to say, should be charged in the census as being of the value of so many crowns, or scudi, *at that date*; and to this day the land tax is taken at the value at which it was then, *at that date*, estimated. Hence the province of Milan being estimated at 24 millions of crowns, and that of Cremona at 14, the taxes are distributed between those provinces in the proportion of 24 to 14. In each province and in each commune in those provinces, each field contributes in the ratio of the number of crowns at which it was estimated. The same rule is applied to parish rates, which are disbursed on account of roads, schools, the parish doctor, &c.

In a commune estimated at 20,000 crowns, if you desire to raise, say, 2,000 lire (of 10d. each), £80, you get the proportion of one centime for each crown, and a field estimated in that census at 70 crowns would pay 70 centimes and so on.

Two fields of the same superficial extent and value when measured and valued for the census say 1,000 years ago, are charged with an equal amount of tax, although one of them may have been improved, and so give a higher return to the farmer. In this way, *the industrial augmentation of the rent remains free of proportional aud additional impost.* Hence every proprietor has an incentive to augment his rental, although that return may be but slight. The benefit to the State, however, is not to be calculated, improvement follows im-

provement, till the highest condition of fertility has been attained as we see in the Lombard plains.

In the next letter I will give you an idea of the other agrarian institutions which exist in Lombardy, and which affect still more closely the question of irrigation.

Yours, &c.

From Darkness to Light.

"For now we see through a glass darkly, but then face to face; now I know in part, but then shall I know, even as also I am known."—1 Cor. xiii. 12.

Rest cometh in the evening when the labourer's task is done,
When the weary hands have worked their last and the feet their race have run,
When the eyes are closed in darkness, that once beheld so far,
When the mighty brain that worked so well is quiet from earthly jar.

Rest cometh in the evening—but first the work was wrought;
The fourscore years of toil have left a heritage of thought;
And Science sheds a truer light, and takes a surer stand,
Her lamp trimmed bright, her footing cleared, by his strong and patient hand.

And now,—his work achieved at length, part of a perfect whole,
Part of the lofty working of many a kindred soul,—
He waits no longer for the end, faint rays of light to mark,
But sees the true solution of many a problem dark.

Oh! as at once the light was poured upon that noble mind,
And to the Master's Face looked up the eyes no longer blind,
As 'mid the notes of Paradise there burst upon his ears
That wondrous harmony divine, the music of the spheres,—

How, as all doubt and error fled before the Master's Voice,
How must his soul arise in praise, how must his heart rejoice.
And from the "Central Glory" he sees for evermore
The stars in all their courses obey one perfect Law;

And from material wonders led he turns his gladdened eye
To the rainbow Arc of Glory, that spans the throne on high;
Till the created Universe, and the Universe of Grace
Reveal one constant law of love, unfixed by time or space.

And we who miss the voice that oft of Nature loved to tell,
And the hoary head that wore its crown of glory long and well,
Can yet give thanks that rest hath come to him at set of sun,
That the day of toil is ended, and the labourer's task is done.

A.E.M., A.M.

In Memory of July 14th, 1879, at
Grey Villa.

Quiet People.

No man who occasionally enters company can have failed to remark that there are always a few persons present—of both sexes—who never open their lips except to eat and drink. They will sit you a whole evening amidst talkative pleasant people, listening apparently to all that is said, and taking their full share of the good things placed upon the table, but never by word, look, or sign, giving expression to a single idea. In every company you enter there is sure to be a certain number of such people : you just see a respectable-looking man or a well-dressed gentlewoman, and there is no more about it. You go away without carrying with you the most vague impression of the lineaments of such persons ; and if you take your memory to task afterwards, as I am doing now, in order to recall the general features of the class, you find yourself completely at fault. You only recollect a dim and unindividualised mob of genteel men and women, with here a rather flashy head-dress, and there a somewhat smart neckcloth, looming through the cloudy mass. For the life of you, you could not recollect the name of any one such person that had ever previously come across you. You might say Smith upon chance, and perhaps you would be right ; but it would be all guess-work. You would find that you had not the least certain knowledge upon the subject.

Though such people fall under our observation almost every day, few, probably, ever cast a stray thought upon them. Such is not my case. I have always had a particular curiosity about the quiet people, and often disregard the wit or the sage, in order that I may study the silent sipper who sits opposite to me. He comes to me recommended by the same principle which causes you to pass over all the books in a library till you come to one without a back-title, when you are sure to pluck out *that*, and give it the honour of an inspection. I often sit speculating upon the quietists, till, through pure abstraction, I almost become a quietist myself. In the first place, I mark their whole personal demeanour. Some sit pretty far back in their chairs, with their hands clasped down between their knees, and their heads smirkingly projected forward, as if, though contributing nothing themselves to the gratifications of the evening, they were highly gratified by what was contributed by others. Others sit bolt upright, with their hands grasping the materials of conviviality, and their faces directed constantly to a par-

ticular part of the opposite wall, as if they were expecting a new Belshazzar's vision. A few show a considerable promptitude of eye and vivacity of gesture, as if they were perpetually ready and anxious to speak, but always found themselves anticipated by others. You read in their faces a constant succession of intellectual kindlings and quenchings. Now and then you find one who has hooked his whole soul to the chariot-wheels of some flashy talker, and sits laughing outrageously at his every jest, and sniggering at his every droll look, and watching and watching for each new coruscation of the bright planet of his affections, till you almost fear that the poor man will perish through mere visitation of waggery. However, these are little else than exceptions from the general rule. Of by far the greater part of the quietists nothing can be remarked at all. Even I, who study the subject with all the zeal of an amateur, find it impossible to discover any data for arriving at an understanding of their characters. I can present nothing respecting them but a few loose speculations.

How, above all things, does it happen that the quietists are here—that is to say, in this company? What purpose can have animated the inviter? —and, stranger still, what object can the invited have had in accepting? To all appearance, they have no enjoyment in what is going on. Whether a common-place remark is made upon custards, or the host utters the most brilliant thing in the world, it is all the same to them. They come, remain, and depart, with one everlasting face of non-interest. They bring nothing, and they take nothing away: they come blank paper, and they go blank paper. Why, then, do they come at all? How can they be at the trouble to dress, and walk, and sit several hours in one confined posture, when they would be as happy, if not happier, at home?

Some one once suggested to me that the quietists might be people who simply found more pleasure in listening than in talking, or who might perhaps talk if it were not that they modestly conceived themselves to be less qualified to excel in that way than others. But there can be no certainty on this point. It is quite as possible that they sit thus silent through contempt, as through respect, for their neighbours. Perhaps, while you suppose you are entertaining them with your wit, they are indulging a chronic sneer at your silliness or your loquacity. Perhaps, while you suppose them to be tacitly acquiescing in your opinions, they are looking upon them with indifference, or estimating them as too absurd to be worth controverting. The quietist, I allow, may sometimes

appear to make a good listener; which would be a redeeming virtue. But then you are never sure of him. He may be a fool who does not comprehend, or a philosopher who despises what you say; and, after spending every energy upon him, you may be in the predicament of the good people of Kircudbright, who for a whole night cannonaded what they conceived to be the stranded vessel of Paul Jones—often crying, "For the love of all that's good, more powder!"—and at daybreak found they had been spending their balls, their courage, their patriotism, and their prayers, upon an unfeeling rock. This uncertainty mars all the comfort you would have in him as a listener. A block would be much safer, and not much less advantageous in any other respect.

Sometimes when I have witnessed the breaking-up of a party in which a few individuals had undertaken the duty of conversing, while others had not once given voice to an idea for the whole night, I have wondered what could be the sensations of the latter. Are they really the torpid animals they appear, incapable either of giving or of taking pleasure; or is it not possible that some of them may go home, and, finding their tongues among their friends, tell what an agreeable evening they have spent? Such a thing is possible; for there are polar regions in the human mind, which no philosophic Parry or Ross has ever yet explored. Who knows but what these silent and apparently sullen people may have a keener relish of the pleasures of society than even those individuals who seem best qualified to adorn it? Who knows but they observe a great deal more of what is going on, and could give a better account of all that was eaten, drunk, said, and sung, than any other body? Theirs, perhaps, is what Wordsworth calls "the harvest of the quiet eye." I should not be surprised if the dumb gentleman in black, whom you saw at the bottom of the table, and looked upon as the most stupid of mortals, afterwards described to his lady, detained at home by indisposition, every dish, every guest, every female dress, every thing down even to a salt cellar; so that she enjoyed the whole affair as much as if she had been present. Perhaps the stuffing Miss who sat at your right hand, taking everything offered her, but never answering one of your remarks with more than a monosyllable, was no sooner in her own room than she opened upon her maid with a flood like the Solway.

The reader must be informed, if he does not know already, that I am remarkably patient with all kinds of commonplace people. To prove this, I will relate an anecdote, though perhaps at the hazard of raising a smile at my own expense:—A gentleman was once introduced to me by

a common friend, who took an opportunity of letting me know, by the bye, that the individual in question was an amazingly clever fellow. Being very glad to meet with clever fellows, though not disposed to scorn dull ones, I took some pains to improve my acquaintance with this gentleman, who, however, had all the peculiarities of the quietist. Never did I meet him, whether on the street, in company, or in any place of public business, but I exerted myself to the utmost to draw him out. All my best ideas were brought up and spread out before him ; I tried philosophy, humour, literature, everything He seemed well enough pleased with my efforts ; he smiled now and then, once gave a sly look, and I had one or two shakes of the head which I thought promising. Nothing better, however, than these and such-like nibbles, ever came to my hook. Reader, you may believe it or not, but I spent ten years in patient expectancy of the day when this individual was to treat me with a remark. Ten mortal years ! Nor was I destined, at the end of that period, to be gratified with the desired result. My friend then died, just as I was beginning to suspect that he possessed no unusual abilities. I next day met the friend who had introduced me to the deceased, and heard from him an elegy in which the very words with which he had deceived me ten years before were employed with increased emphasis. " An amazingly clever fellow, sir." " Well," said I, " I have never seen it in him, though I have long tried." This set my friend a-thinking. On my explaining more particularly how matters stood, he acknowledged that, for his part, he had not observed any remarkable brilliancy in his late friend : he had only been told long ago, as a great secret, that he contributed to the magazines. To this stray piece of hearsay had been sacrificed the exertions of ten years of my precious life ; misled by a friend who was himself misled, I had squandered upon a quietist energies which might have elevated me in the opinion of the best heads of my time.

A Passage in Homer.

In the *Cape Monthly Magazine* for last month, the well-known passage of the Iliad descriptive of the meeting of Hector, about to return to the battle-field, with his wife and infant son, is stated to have been *finely* rendered by Lord Derby. His reading, however, is neither accurate nor such as to show that he feels and thinks with the poet. Hector's parting words are thus given :—

> Dearest, wring not thus my heart !
> For till my day of destiny is come,
> No man may take my life ; and when it comes,
> Nor brave, nor coward, can escape that day.

No one acquainted with Greek need be told that in the first line the correct translation would be : "Wring not *thy* heart." The erroneous interpretation of the next words, however, is not confined to Lord Derby ; and the many friends of old Homer whom the Cape is sure to have among its classical scholars will not, perhaps, consider an attempt at correcting it to be altogether out of place in this *Magazine*.

Hector, according to Lord Derby's rendering, takes his stand, in consoling his wife, on fatalism, with a vengeance. When his day comes he will perish, whether he be brave or a coward, but as long as it is not his destiny to die no man is allowed to kill him. Now even if fatalism, in the strict sense of the word, were met with in the Homeric poems, *such* fatalism would be hardly worthy of the bravest man of Troy, and had been better given utterance to by an "indifferent warrior," like Menelaus. But there is no such fatalism in Homer, nor have the words spoken by Hector the meaning given them by His Lordship. We find the Gods afraid that Achilles may storm the walls of Ilium before the destined day has come. Had it not been for the intervention of Apollo, the Trojans, after the death of Patroclus, would have met with a repulse, in consequence of their want of strength ; and the Greeks, by their perseverance and bravery, would have gained a glorious victory even beyond their destiny. Read in the light of those passages the meaning of Hector's words is obvious. "Be not too despondent," he says to his wife. "No man shall kill *me* before my time (*lit.* above, or beyond fate). But as to one's fate, I admit that no one, be he a coward or be he brave, has escaped it after having once seen life." In other words, while admitting that he, too, like every other man, will have to die when his

fate wills it so, he reminds his wife that he is too brave to be killed by any one before his time. Unless this view is taken of the passage its rare sense is as little understood as its beauty. Fate, in Homer, is by no means a mysterious power ruling the world with which even the Gods cannot interfere. When man is born his thread of life is spun, and whatever he is destined to suffer has been wrought in it by fate. The Gods can change man's destiny if they like. (Calypso offers to make Odysseus immortal and youthful for ever.) Still they do not do so. When Zeus sees Sarpedon, the dearest of his sons, condemned by fate to perish by Patroclus' hands, he would fain save him, but Here prevents it. "Would you reserve from death a mortal, long destined to die?" she says. "Do so, but I and the other Gods will not approve of it." As little as it will do for the Gods to quarrel about mortals, and so to spoil an excellent dinner, as little can they be expected to interfere with that fate which to each individual human being gives his due.

There are passages in the Homeric poems deeply impregnated with those religious feelings. When in the Odyssey, Telemachus, having enumerated the forces arrayed against him and his father, asks the latter whether he has at his disposal some ally who may assist him in the impending struggle, the reply is: "I shall tell you; listen and give your opinion whether Athene with father Zeus will be sufficient for us, or whether I shall look out for another ally?" Nor was this faith in divine assistance surprising on the part of Odysseus. Had not Athene herself told him that she would not abandon him because of his wisdom and shrewdness: as he was among mortals superior to all in counsel, so she was among the Gods. But not all men were such favourites of the Gods, whatever sacrifices they might bring them. The Gods were happy and immortal; men were mortal and wretched. The Hebrew idea of an all-powerful God protecting his chosen people, the Christian idea of a God without whose will nothing happens on earth, were foreign to the Homeric Greeks, and it was natural for them to hold that human affairs were ruled by another power not partaking of the anthropomorphic character of the Gods. So, at least, it is in the older parts of the Iliad. In the Odyssey two tendencies are already developed more in harmony with the religious wants of a settled community than that splendid poetical conception of a community of the happy, living on the shining height of vast Olympus, and entering in human affairs when either hatred or affection induce them to do so. The one of those tendencies is that which represents the Gods generally as "givers of good

things." The other is that by which Zeus, the upper God, is made the protecting deity of the relations between man and man. Here we meet with an approach to monotheism, which, however, for various reasons did not, in subsequent ages, fully lay hold of the Greek mind. But although there is a vast difference between Christianity and a religion like that of the Greeks, based as it was, in the opinion of those believing in it, on poetical figments, there is, in many respects, a closer analogy between the religious development of Greece and that of nations professing Christianity than would appear at first sight, and the sentiment of that analogy is one of the reasons which render Greek literature and Greek life so extremely interesting to those men of the present generation who have had an opportunity of becoming fully acquainted with it.

Notes and News.

The Introduction of the Vine.

It is usual to connect the introduction of the vine into this Colony with the arrival of the French refugees, 1688, 1689, A.D., but the vine was cerainly not *first* brought to the Cape by them.

On reference to Judge Watermeyer's article in the "Cape Monthly Magazine," 1860, p.p. 258, 259, it will be seen that a despatch, written at Amsterdam, 16th November, 1687, contained the following announcement :—

"This will serve to inform your honours that we have resolved to send you in addition to other freemen, some French and Piedmontese refugees. . . . Among them you will find wine-growers, and some who understand the making of brandy and vinegar, by which means we expect that you will *find the want, of which you complain in this respect, satisfied.*"

In a private memorandum of the late Judge Watermeyer's, I find it stated that the Dutch had brought in the vine, certainly as early as 1657, A.D. Δ

We have to acknowledge the receipt of the following works, published by W. and K. Johnston, Edinburgh :—

Hand-book to the Wall-map of Countries of the Bible.
Map of Africa.
Hand-book to the Wall-map of Africa.
Johnston's Book of Manuscript Letters.
The Unrivalled Classical Atlas.
The Unrivalled Atlas.

We heartily recommend the two latter for use in schools. Clearly printed, and with an excellent index, the time and patience of the pupil is not tried by a vain attempt to discover the names of places appearing in microscopic letters in the midst of masses of mountains. They are at the same time the cheapest works of the kind. The Hand-books contain excellent suggestions as to the best mode of teaching map geography. But the most important of these works is the Map of Africa. In this we have all the latest discoveries carefully laid down, and the mass of information which has been gained during the last few

years is brought clearly before us. We have no hesitation in saying that this will be found the most useful map of Africa that has yet appeared.

The title of Major Serpa Pinto's work describing his journey across Africa is *The King's Rifle; from the Atlantic to the Pacific, across unknown Countries.* It is derived from the fact that, on his departure for his expedition, the King of Portugal presented him with his own rifle, a weapon valued at £500. As an indication of the perilous nature of the journey, it may be mentioned that, of the entire force composing the expedition, and numbering over 100, only two or three survived, the rest having been destroyed by savages, wild beasts, fever, &c,

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Mr. D. Kennedy, jun., author of *Colonial Travel,* has in the press a work entitled, *Kennedy at the Cape.*

We have been requested to state that Professor Huxley's long-expected *Introductory Primer* of the Sciences is at last in the press, and will be published by Messrs. Macmillan and Co. in the course of the autumn.

The tenth volume of the *Proceedings* of the Royal Colonial Institute, which has just been published (Sampson, Low and Co.), contains the text of the papers read at the nine ordinary meetings of the session of 1878-79, together with a report of the discussions thereon. The most noteworthy among these papers are that by Signor D'Albertis, on "New Guinea: its Fitness for Colonisation," and Professor Owen's, on "The Extinct Animals of the British Colonies." Considerable interest also attaches to Mr. Alex. Rogers' paper on "Life in India," and to portions of Mr. John Noble's "Observations on British South Africa." From the Report of the Council we gather that the Institute is making very satisfactory progress, no fewer than 215 fellows having joined it in the last year; of these, however, 119 are non-resident. The total number of fellows now reaches 873, and it may be hoped that the financial position of the Institute will soon warrant its establishment in a permanent home of its own. The Council have under consideration, we observe, the question of awarding medals for conspicuous service in or to our Colonial or Indian Empire, such expression including personal bravery and any important invention or discovery, whether scientific or geographical.—*Academy.*

THE CAPE

MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

The Beginning of the European Occupation in South Africa.

From Documents in the Cape Archives.

(No. IV.—1654-1656.)

By the 15th of April 1654, the supply of imported provisions was so nearly exhausted that the people were reduced to two meals a day. All eyes were turned seaward for relief, but not a sail appeared from the eastward. On the 18th the galiot *Tulp* arrived from home, with information that secret orders had been sent to Batavia in 1653 that this year's return fleet was not to call at the Cape but to push on to St. Helena and wait there for instructions. There was then only sufficient bread to last five or six weeks on the reduced scale, and no peas, beans, barley, or rice. It was therefore immediately resolved to send the *Tulp* to St. Helena to procure a supply of food from the return ships. The galiot was hastily got ready for the voyage, and sailed, taking with her the clerk Frederick Verburg, who was to represent the condition of the garrison to the officers of the fleet, and the assistant gardener, Willem Gerrits, who was sent to bring some young apple and orange trees from the island.

The *Tulp* returned from St. Helena on the 11th of June, having been only forty-one days absent. She had found the return fleet at anchor there, and had obtained a supply of rice and other provisions sufficient to meet immediate wants. Frederick Verburg, who left a clerk, returned a Junior Merchant, having been raised to that rank by the Admiral and Council of the fleet, by whom he had also been appointed Secunde at the Cape. The gardener brought back some young fruit trees, which he had obtained from those long since planted and at this time growing nearly wild upon the island.

After this the *Tulp* was sent to explore the coast of Africa from the Great Fish River to Delagoa Bay, and then to proceed to Madagascar where her officers were to endeavour to procure a cargo of rice. The south-east of Africa was then an unknown land, of which the charts were covered with fabulous kingdoms and rivers. In one of the ships that called here in 1653, there was a Missionary of the Society of Jesus, Martinus Martini by name, a German by birth, who was returning as a passenger from China to Europe. This man professed to have obtained from others of his Order much knowledge concerning the countries which are now called Zululand, Natal, and Kaffraria, and he informed Mr. Van Riebeek that gold, ambergris, ivory, ebony, and slaves were most likely to be obtained there in trade. He stated that Portuguese vessels hardly ever visited that part of the coast, and very few, if indeed any of that nation, were to be found south of Cape Corrientes. In his instructions to the Secunde Frederick Verburg, who was sent to ascertain if Father Martini's account was correct, Mr. Van Riebeek gives a description of the country. The names of all the capes, rivers, and harbours are Portuguese, the only ones which retain their designations to the present day being the river and bay of St. Lucia, but one of the rivers which empty into the present Delagoa Bay was termed the Rio Delagoa. Nearly everything else that is mentioned is fabulous, such as, for instance, the town of Cortado upon Rio Infante (the Great Fish River) thirty leagues upward from its mouth.

The galiot ran along the coast, but did nothing to rectify the errors on the chart. It was during the winter season, and stormy weather was often encountered. A heavy surf was rolling in on the land, so that after leaving Mossel Bay no communication was had with the shore, and upon reaching the latitude of Delagoa Bay, the *Tulp* stood eastward for Madagascar. At the bay of Antongil the natives were found to be very friendly, and a considerable quantity of rice was purchased, with which the galiot returned to the Cape.

In July two vessels arrived with supplies. The first was the yacht *Goudsbloem*, from home, bringing with her an English sloop of seventy tons, which she had captured on the passage. The name of this vessel was changed from the *Merchant* to the *Kaap Vogel*, and as

she was too lightly timbered for use on this coast, she was sent to Java. A few days later the yacht *Haas* arrived from Batavia with a large quantity of rice. With her came the first of a class of persons afterwards numerous in South Africa, and whose descendants form at the present day an important element in the population of Cape Town. Four Asiatics had been sentenced by the High Court of Justice of Batavia to banishment and hard labour for life, of whom three were sent in the *Haas* to the island of Mauritius, which was then in the Company's possession, and one was brought to the fort Good Hope.

On account of the war with England, the Governor-General and Council of India ordered a day to be set apart for prayer that the Almighty would bless their righteous cause and thanksgiving for the mercies vouchsafed to them. In the Indian seas they had secured five rich prizes, and had not lost as yet a single ship. Mr. Van Riebeek considered that in the case of the dwellers in the fort Good Hope there was cause for special thanksgiving. They had been in sore distress for want of food, and God had sent them abundance. He had so favoured the *Tulp* that she made the voyage to St. Helena and back in only forty-one days. Then He had given to the *Goudsbloem* such success that she had not only reached her destination safely and speedily, but also brought an English prize with her. And lastly He had filled the sails of the *Haas* with a favouring breeze, so that now there was plenty in their stores. The 23rd of July was for all these reasons set apart and observed as a holy day.

On the 15th of August the yacht *Vlieland* arrived from the Texel, having made a very rapid passage, for she brought news to the 19th of May. She was sent by the Directors to convey tidings of the peace which had been concluded between the States and the Lord Protector of England, Scotland, and Ireland. Hereafter the English were to be treated as friends, for one of the articles of peace was that ships of either nation visiting the harbours of the other were to be permitted freely to purchase stores, provisions, or any other necessaries.

A few months after this, the English ship *East India Merchant*, bound to Bantam, put into Table Bay, and was liberally supplied with vegetables. Her officers were entertained on several occasions by the

Commander, and in return the officers of the fort were invited on board where they were very well received. An exchange of presents took place, and a little trade was carried on between them.

The conclusion of peace with their great maritime rival enabled the Company to send out this season without risk a large fleet to India, and in a short time no fewer than twenty-one vessels called at Table Bay on their way eastward. All were supplied with vegetables in abundance. Some of these ships had lost as many as fifty men on the passage, and when they dropped anchor had over a hundred helpless with scurvy. It would have been impossible for a little State like the United Provinces to keep great fleets afloat with such a terrible loss of life occurring year after year, if it had not been that the lower ranks of the service were very largely recruited from foreign countries. The advantage of the Cape as a port of refreshment can hardly be realized without a knowledge of the ravages caused by scurvy in those days. The fresh provisions obtained here saved hundreds of lives yearly, and the detention was not so very great, for it was usual to put the feeblest men ashore and to take healthy ones in their place. The officers, in order to gain the premium of six hundred guldens for making the passage to Batavia within six months, at first sometimes ran past without calling, but when this became known the temptation was removed by adding to the six months the time spent here.

During this summer from twenty to thirty men were kept employed at Dassen Island and Saldanha Bay in connection with the sealing establishments, and the galiot *Roode Vos* was engaged pretty constantly in going backwards and forwards. The Commander believed that the profits on the seal skins alone would more than defray the Company's expenses at the Cape, but the Directors did not endorse his opinion. The *Tulp* was sent to St. Helena for some horses which were taken past in a ship from Batavia, and to try to recover those set ashore there from Van Teylingen's fleet, but she returned with only two. It was in this season that the first vine stocks were introduced. They came from the borders of the Rhine, and were received by one of the outward bound ships.

Since the robbery by the beachrangers of the Company's cattle in October 1653, very little trade had been done with the Hottentots.

These people were still treated by the Commander with kindness, but it was only because he had no choice in the matter. In this early stage of the Colony's existence, the policy to be pursued towards the natives was already regarded differently in the mother country and in South Africa. The Directors wrote to Mr. Van Riebeek that the actual murderer of the youth David Janssen should be put to death, if he could be discovered, and that if necessary Harry could be sent as a prisoner to Batavia, but none of the other beachrangers were to be molested. Only the same number of cattle as were stolen should be seized in reprisal, and none were to be taken except from the robbers. The Commander replied that it would be impossible to detect the real perpetrator of the murder, and that the robbers had nothing to be seized. He admitted that to retaliate upon their allies would cause a war, unless the whole were made prisoners of at once. The correct way of relieving the settlement of a horde of idle and useless robbers would be to reduce them to servitude. He maintained that the provocation received was ample to justify such a proceeding, while the advantages of obtaining ten or twelve hundred head of cattle to breed from, and a large number of slaves for service on the islands and in Batavia, would be very great.

The Kaapmans had of late visited Table Valley in large parties, and their conduct had every appearance of hostility. The Europeans were replacing their frail wooden houses with substantial brick buildings, they had turned about twelve morgen of ground into gardens, and dull as the Hottentots were, they could not but see that all this industry meant permanent occupation. This was not what they desired. They were very willing for Europeans to come and trade with them, even to remain for months, as the *Haarlem*'s crew had done, but to be excluded for ever from any portion of their pastures was not to their liking. They came and made their huts on the very margin of the moat, and when they were requested to move a little further away they replied that the ground was theirs and they would build wherever they chose. Everything that was left unguarded was stolen by them. They even cut the brass buttons off the clothing of some children who were playing outside the fort. The workmen could only move about in companies and with arms in their hands. So apprehensive was the Commander that they would

proceed to the length of attacking the fort, that he caused the sentries to be doubled and extraordinary precautions to be observed. He was under the impression that Harry was at the bottom of all the mischief, and that the Kaapmans were following his advice. If he could be communicated with and induced to return to the fort, all might yet be well, but where he was no one would say.

Meantime it was with difficulty that the workmen were restrained from avenging the insults daily received. It was evident also that as long as the Kaapmans remained here, the clans further inland would not bring cattle for sale, because there were constant feuds between them. Mr. Van Riebeek at this time began to conceive the idea of entering into a treaty of friendship with some of the inland clans, enemies of those who were giving him so much trouble, and by this means to compel the Goringhaikonas to act in a different manner But nothing was then known of such clans beyond the fact that they were in existence. Their names, strength, relationship to each other, and places of abode, were yet to be discovered. The Commander had, however, no difficulty in finding men ready to go in quest of the knowledge required, and as soon as he expressed his wishes a party of volunteers came forward.

In the service of the East India Company, recruited as it was in all the Protestant countries of Europe, there were never wanting adventurers ready for any enterprise of hazard or daring. And it was a feat almost of rashness in the autumn of 1655 for a few men to attempt to penetrate the interior of this country. It was certain that there were enemies behind, and who was to say what foes and dangers there might not be in front? Serving in the garrison of the fort Good Hope, in a capacity only one step higher than that of a common soldier, was a man named Jan Wintervogel. He had been the leader of a band of explorers in the service of the Netherlands West India Company in Brazil, and had assisted in the discovery of a silver mine in that country. Then starting westwards from the Atlantic shore of the continent, he had travelled until he looked out upon the waters of the Great South Sea. How he came into the East India Company's service is not stated, but here he was on the 15th of March 1655 ready to repeat in Africa his exploits in South America. Seven soldiers volunteered to accompany him. The party

was supplied with provisions for three weeks, and took six pounds of tobacco, six pounds of copper bars, and some beads, as samples of goods to be obtained at the fort in exchange for cattle. Their instructions were to learn as much as they could of the country, to try to induce some of the inland clans to come to the fort for the purpose of entering into alliance with the Europeans, and to search for precious metals.

The route taken by this pioneer South African exploring party cannot be accurately laid down from any record still existing, but it appears to have been in the direction of the present village of Malmesbury. They came in contact with a party of diminutive Bushmen, who were making ready to assail the strangers with bows and arrows when Wintervogel went towards them with some tobacco in his hands and beckoning in a friendly manner. The savages thereupon dropped their arrows, and accepted the tobacco, with the use of which they seem to have been acquainted. Wintervogel ascertained nothing more than that they had neither cattle nor huts, and that they were enemies of all their neighbours. He afterwards met several small parties of Hottentots, by all of whom he was treated in a friendly manner, and a large horde with great herds of cattle, of which they seemed disposed to part with some for flat copper bars and tobacco. None of them could be induced to come to the fort while the Goringhaikonas were in the neighbourhood. One of the party, named Jan de Vos, died from having eaten too many bitter almonds, but the others met with no accident. The explorers were absent from the fort nineteen days. They brought back some useful knowledge, but the principal value of the expedition was in proving that such undertakings could be conducted with safety.

The native difficulty came to an end for the time by the unexpected return of Harry to the fort. On the 23rd of June he made his appearance with fifty strangers, who brought forty head of cattle for sale. He made some very lame excuses for his long absence, and denied flatly that he had taken part in the robbery of the Company's cattle or the murder of Janssen. The Commander was so well satisfied with his return that he received him in a most friendly manner and pretended to believe all that he said. From what occurred afterwards, it seems probable that Mr. Van Riebeek's

suspicions of the mischief caused by Harry during his absence were correct, for a brisk cattle trade at once commenced and continued during the winter. Towards spring the natives by whom it was carried on removed from the peninsula, and Harry then proposed that he should be sent with a trading party to the interior.

The Commander called together a Council to consider this proposal. Frederick Verburg was absent in the *Tulp*, so that there was no one of the rank of a Junior Merchant at the fort, and the Council consisted, besides the Commander, of the pilot, the sergeant, and two corporals. The clerk Roelof de Man kept a record of the debates. It was resolved to send inland a trading party, to consist of the interpreter Harry and nine soldiers under command of Corporal Willem Muller. They were to take with them a good quantity of provisions, and for trading purposes flat copper bars, brass wire, beads, pipes, and tobacco, all of which was to be carried by four pack oxen.

The party left the fort on the 7th of September, and was accompanied by a number of Hottentots, men, women, and children. They crossed over to the shore of False Bay, and then continued for some distance close to the sea coast, travelling a few miles every day. When the provisions were nearly exhausted, the Europeans were obliged to turn back, but they left Harry to continue the journey, and gave the merchandize over to him. They were absent four weeks, but made no discovery of any importance whatever. The journal kept by Corporal Muller contains only one item that is of interest. He states that they came to a certain great flat rock which was in their way, when the Hottentot women gathered some green branches and holding these in their hands fell prostrate upon the stone with their faces to it, at the same time giving utterance to some words which the Europeans could not understand. When asked what this meant, the women pointed upwards, as if to signify that it was an act of worship.

Harry did not return until the 8th of December, when he brought thirteen head of cattle to the fort, but it was discovered soon afterwards that he had acquired a large herd in exchange for the merchandize and had reserved the best of them for himself. During his absence a clan that was very rich in cattle visited the peninsula. They came from the country about the north and east of Saldanha

Bay, and were under a chief named Gonnema, who, on account of his dusky features, was usually called the Black Captain by the Europeans. During the month of November there were not less than ten or twelve thousand head of horned cattle grazing within an hour's walk of the fort. One of Gonnema's encampments at Rondebosch contained fully two hundred huts, which were ranged in a great circle, according to the usual Hottentot custom. The spaces between the huts were closed in with thickly wattled fences, so that the whole formed an enormous corral, in which the cattle were secured at night. From this circumstance, a native village as well as an enclosure for cattle soon came to be spoken of in South Africa as a corral or kraal, a word then in common use in India and America, though unknown to the Dutch and to native languages. From Gonnema's people three or four hundred head of horned cattle and as many sheep were obtained in barter, and a thousand of each could have been secured if the stock of copper had not become exhausted. The sheep were placed on Robben Island as a reserve stock, the pasturage there being exceedingly good. The trade was carried on through the medium of two Hottentots who had picked up a smattering of the Dutch language. One of these was a beachranger called Klaas Das, because he had been sent to Dassen Island to learn Dutch from the seal hunters. The other was a Kaapman, who was named Doman, because Mr. Van Riebeek said he looked as innocent and honest as a Dominie. He had been for some time living with the Europeans, and was believed to be attached to them and faithful to their interests. Four years later they had reason to change their opinions concerning him.

In September a cutter of eighteen or twenty tons burden was launched and named the *Robbejacht*. She was built almost entirely of Cape timber, and was intended to be used in connection with the sealing establishments. The galiot *Roode Vos* was sent to Batavia, as she was needed there. During the winter the other galiot belonging to this place made a voyage to St. Helena, from which island she brought some more fruit trees, some pigs, and two horses. Then she was sent to Madagascar to reopen the trade which had been commenced in the Bay of Antongil. The Secunde Frederick Verburg went in her, leaving here his wife, to whom he had been

married only five months. The *Tulp* never returned to the Cape. In the following year tidings were received by a French ship which put into Saldanha Bay that she had taken on board fourteen slaves and some rice at Madagascar. From that date nothing more was heard until March 1657, when four of her crew returned in the French ship *Le Marichal*. They reported that the galiot was wrecked in a hurricane on the 2nd of December 1655. The crew got safely to shore, and proceeded to the French settlement on the Island of St. Mary, where they had been attacked by fever, of which Frederick Verburg and eleven others had died.

It was in this year 1655 that the Directors first resolved to locate free families on ground about the fort, as a means of reducing the Company's expenditure. The plan had been found to answer well in India, and there was reason to believe that it would be equally successful here. Freemen would assist to defend the station, so that the garrison could be reduced, and they would grow food for sale at as cheap rates as the Company could raise it with hired servants. But as it would take some little time to make the necessary arrangements, the Commander bethought him of a scheme by which a few of the most respectable of the Company's servants might be induced ultimately to make South Africa their home. He gave them permission to cultivate little gardens for themselves, with the right freely to sell their produce whenever there were ships in the bay. The wife of the chief gardener Hendrik Boom having been accustomed to dairy work at home, it was resolved at a meeting of the Council to lease the Company's cows to her, by way of encouraging individual enterprise. Boom had a house in the great garden, and was a steady industrious man. His wife, after the custom of those days, was called from her occupation Annetje de boerin. The arrangement made with her was that she was to pay yearly fifteen guldens for the lease of each cow, that she was to supply butter and milk at fixed charges to the Commander,—who was not, however, to demand all,—and that she could sell freely to the ships' people at the best prices which she could obtain. This lease of cows was the first transaction of the kind in South Africa, and it is so fully recorded in the documents of the time, together with the reasons for entering into it, that it merits a slight notice still.

Besides the ships previously mentioned, before the close of 1655 eleven bound outwards and twelve bound homewards called at the Cape, and were amply provided with refreshments. There were more vegetables, indeed, than could be made use of. Two English ships also called, both of which were liberally supplied with fresh food. One of them was eight months from London, and after losing a large portion of her crew reached this port with the remainder almost helpless from scurvy. The weakest of her men were taken into the hospital on shore, where the same attention was paid to them as if they had been servants of the Company. The officers were frequent guests at the fort. And it may serve to show the price of garden produce in 1655, to state that the charge made for as great a quantity of vegetables as the men chose to consume was at the rate of two pence a day for each individual.

In the early part of 1656 a large hospital was completed, in which sick sailors and soldiers could be properly lodged and cared for. It stood outside of the fort, where several brick buildings were now springing up. The attention of the Commander was then turned to the construction of a wooden jetty, to facilitate communication with the shipping and to enable seamen easily to get water to their boats. Large and heavy beams were cut in the forest at Newlands and transported to the beach. There they were formed into square trunks, by fitting their ends across one another in the same way that log huts are built in Canada. The trunks were placed fifteen feet apart in a straight line out into the bay, and as each one was put together it was filled with stones so as to form a solid pier. Upon these piers a heavy staging was laid down, and when, after two years labour and by assistance from the crews of calling ships, the jetty was completed, it was an exceedingly solid structure. It was, in fact, precisely similar to the wooden bridges over many a broad Canadian river, which withstand the pressure of ice and water in the thaws and freshets of spring.

After the *Roode Vos* was sent to India, the galiot *Nachtglas* was kept here for general purposes. Among other services, she was dispatched to examine the islands of Tristan d'Acunha, so as to ascertain if they could be made use of in time of war. The report upon them was unfavourable, as no harbour was found.

There was at this time a considerable amount of correspondence concerning the feasibility of converting the Cape promontory into an island, by cutting a wide and deep canal across the isthmus between Table Bay and False Bay. The idea originated with Mr. Ryklof van Goens, Admiral of one of the return fleets, who spent a short time at the Cape. After close inspection, the Commander reported that to carry out the plan would cost millions of money, and that it would be of very little use as a means of confining the natives to the mainland and leaving the Europeans undisturbed in the island.

Nearly every garden plant of Europe and India was already cultivated at the Cape, though potatoes and maize were not yet introduced. It was ascertained that seeds attained great perfection here, and on this account large quantities were forwarded yearly to Batavia. Fruit trees of many kinds had also been introduced. Young oaks and firs were sent growing in boxes from Europe. Various kinds of vines from the Rhine Provinces and from France were sent out in the same way. Even strawberries and blackberries had been brought from the Fatherland. The foreign animals that had been introduced were horses from Java, pigs, sheep, dogs, and rabbits from Europe. Some rams and ewes were selected from the best flocks in Holland, and were sent here to see how they would answer. Rabbits were sent out on several occasions, and the Commander was instructed to have them turned loose upon the islands, but to take care not to allow them to become wild on the mainland, as they could do enormous damage to crops.

Every season wheat and barley had been sown, but the crop had invariably failed. Just as it was getting ripe, the south-east winds came sweeping through the valley and utterly destroyed it. But it was noticed that even when it was blowing a perfect storm at the fort, there was nothing more than a pleasant breeze back of the Devil's Peak. The woodcutters in the forests there reported that the wind never rose to a gale, and the Commander himself, after frequently visiting the locality, was able to verify their statement. He determined therefore to try if grain could not be raised there. At a place where a round grove of thorn trees was standing,—from which it was called at first Ronde Doorn Bossien and afterwards Rondebosch,—a plot of ground was laid under the plough, and some

wheat, oats, and barley were sown as an experiment. A small guard house was built of sods, in which a couple of men were stationed to look after the ground. The experiment was most successful, for the grain throve wonderfully well and yielded a very large return.

The pilfering habits of the Hottentots had always been a source of annoyance to the Europeans, but hitherto the Commander had not proceeded to the length of punishing the offenders. The beachrangers living in Table Valley were supposed to be under the jurisdiction of Harry, who was now a rich captain, having a large herd of cattle purchased, so the Commander states, with the Company's goods. One day a plough was left in the garden, with a chain attached to it, which was soon missing. This article could not be of any use to the thieves, and must therefore have been stolen purposely to annoy the Europeans. Mr. Van Riebeek hereupon caused three head of cattle belonging to Harry to be seized, and announced that he intended to keep them until the chain was restored. Harry protested that he was innocent of the theft, but the Commander was firm in his refusal to give up the cattle. This course of action had the desired effect, for it was not long before the stolen article was brought back, when the cattle were released.

The next difficulty with Harry was concerning the pasturage. There was not sufficient grass in the neighbourhood of the fort for his cattle and those of the Company, and so Mr. Van Riebeek informed him that he must move. Harry replied that the ground was his. The Commander answered that the Company had taken possession of it, and would not permit him to remain unless he would sell some of his oxen. Mr. Van Riebeek then proposed a plan which would be advantageous to both parties. Harry should become a great cattle dealer, and undertake to supply ten head for each large and five for each small ship entering the bay, also one ox and one sheep every fourth day for the use of the garrison. For these, which he was to purchase from his countrymen inland, he was to be paid such quantities of copper and tobacco as would leave him a fair profit. Harry consented, but after the very first delivery he broke his contract by moving away. Many of the poorest of Gogosoa's people as well as the beachrangers were at this time living

in Table Valley, where they managed to exist by cutting and carrying fuel and occasionally performing any light labour in return for food.

The settlement was beginning to expand. In May the Council resolved to offer to all the men who had their families with them as much garden ground as they cared to cultivate, free of rent or tax for the first three years. At the same time the women and children were struck off rations and a money payment instead was made to the heads of families, according to the custom in India. This was a great incentive to gardening, poultry rearing, and other industries. Annetje de boerin, wife of Hendrik Boom, who was farming the Company's cows, was privileged to open a house of accommodation, chiefly for visitors from the ships. A similar license was granted shortly afterwards to the wife of Sergeant Jan van Harwarden.

The damage caused by wild animals was very great. They destroyed oxen, sheep, and poultry, besides trampling down the beds in the gardens and eating the young sprouts off the vines. It was not safe for people to go out at night. On one occasion two guards at the cattle kraal were badly wounded by a leopard, and once as the Commander was walking in the garden a lion was seen at no great distance. A fine large stud horse, the only one in the settlement, was torn to pieces and devoured close to the fort. The Council then decided to offer premiums for the destruction of these ravenous animals. Twenty-four shillings was the reward offered for a lion, sixteen shillings for a hyena, and twelve shillings for a leopard. In every case the dead animal was to be exhibited to the Commander. These premiums, be it remembered, represent a very much greater purchasing power than the same amounts now-a-days. At that time twenty-four shillings was a larger sum of money than a labourer earned in a month, and there were very few individuals at the Cape who were getting such wages. The Commander himself was in receipt of only £7 10s. until 1656, when his monthly salary was raised to £10 16s. 8d. Such large rewards as these show therefore how destructive the lions and leopards must have been. The skin of the first lion that was shot was hung up as a trophy in the great hall of the Commander's residence, where religious services were held. The next laws in reference to game were made for the

preservation of herbiverous animals. The Company kept two hunters employed in procuring venison for the use of the garrison. Every one else was prohibited from shooting other animals than those for which a reward was offered, under a penalty of a fine equal to forty shillings of our money and the forfeiture of the gun if it was private property.

The following are the documents in the Archives, from which this article has been condensed :—

Letters.—From the Governor General and Council of India to Commander Van Riebeek and the Council of the fort Good Hope, of dates 7 Nov. 1654, 26 Jan., 10 Feb., 1 April, and 24 Dec. 1655, and 1 Feb. 1656. From Pieter Kemp, Admiral of the Fleet at St. Helena, to Commander Van Riebeek, 20 May 1654. From one of the Chambers or a Committee of the Directors to Commander Van Riebeek and the Council of the fort Good Hope, of dates 29 Oct. and 15 Dec. 1653, 19 Jan., 15 April, 15 May, 30 July, 6 Oct., and 24 Dec. 1654, 18 Jan., 22 Feb., 16 April, 12 May, 21 Sep., 25 and 30 Oct., 21 Nov., and 1 Dec. 1655, 2 Jan., and 23 March 1656. From Commander Van Riebeek to the Admiral of the Return Fleet at St. Helena, 22 April 1654. From Commander Van Riebeek to the Company's Officers at Mauritius, 8 May 1654. From Commander Van Riebeek to the Governor-General and Councillors of India, of dates 14, 15, and 20 Aug., 5, 16, and 26 Sep., 9 and 10 Nov., 8, 12, and 28 Dec., 1654, 23 and 26 Jan. 7 and 30 March, 14, 18, and 27 April, 6 May, 24 and 28 July, 2 Sep., 2 and 29 Nov, 1655, 10 March and 7 April 1656. From Commander Van Riebeek to the Directors, of dates 27 Jan., 28 April, 4 and 5 July, and 29 Oct. 1655, 25 March and 8 April 1656.

Instructions for the guidance of the galiot *Tulp*, 26 June 1654.

Journals.—Kept by Corporal Willem Muller from 7 Sep. to 5 Oct. 1655. Kept by Commander Van Riebeek, daily entries from 6 April 1654 to 6 April 1656.

Resolutions and Debates of the Council, of dates 27 April, 4 May, 18 and 22 June, 16 July, 8 and 15 Aug., 5, 9, 10, and 13 Sep, and 3 Nov. 1654, 12, 18, 21, and 27 Jan., 16 Feb., 1, 4, 6, 12, and 15 March, 15 May, 3 and 17 July, 7 Aug., 6 Sep., 1, 16, 26, and 27 Oct., and 11 Nov. 1655, and 28 and 29 Jan 1656.

There are also in the Archives a great many documents of less importance now, embraced in this period.

G. M. T.

The Luxury of Woe.

After paying a visit of condolence to a very dear friend, I could not help thinking of David Copperfield walking in the play ground on the afternoon of the day he had heard of his mother's death. How as the boys glanced at him out of the windows as they went up to their classes he felt distinguished, and looked more melancholy, and walked slower. How when school was over and they came out and spoke to him, he felt it rather good in himself not to be proud to any of them, and to take exactly the same notice of them all, as before. I remembered also that in a drawer at home filled with a very miscellaneous lot of papers, consisting of newspaper cuttings and articles (rejected by ignorant or prejudiced editors), love letters, dunning letters, and unpaid accounts, there was a paper on the pleasures of unhappiness which professed to throw some light on the subject. I hunted this up and now submit it to the readers of the *Cape Monthly* for their edification.

Misery is certainly not invariably agreeable; pain is sometimes a good deal provoking; and to want that which we eagerly wish to possess is by no means a pleasant state of things. Nevertheless, there are many distresses which every one who has ever experienced them must allow to have been fully as gratifying as they were troublesome. Our perceptions on this subject are not in general very clear. So far from penetrating the real feelings of our neighbours on certain unfortunate occasions we are unable to discern our own. We allow ourselves to suppose that this occurrence is pestilent, and that afflicting, and t'other thing very bad, when in reality we are quite satisfied within, if we only could see it. We assume what we think an appropriately sombre look, and take condolence of our friends with a serious face, and sincerely believe ourselves to be a good deal put about, when, if our secret souls would confess the truth, they have not been placed on anything so like velvet for a twelvemonth.

This phenomenon is in most instances to be accounted for by our self-love, a powerful and universal, though very sly, agent. If our troubles tend to procure us any notice, especially of a sympathising kind, from our fellow-creatures we are apt to be so much flattered

thereby that what would otherwise be painful becomes positively pleasant. It is often remarked with surprise how well persons suddenly afflicted with any disabling disease keep up their spirits, and how tranquil and amiable they generally become. This is evidently the result in a great measure of soothed self-love. The singularity of their case in itself procures them some distinction; its severity causes every one to treat the patient with kindness, from a wish to compensate, by all possible means, for what they deem so great a calamity; then there is an exemption from the toils and turmoils of the world: all these circumstances tend to console the afflicted, till he actually enjoys his situation, and would be sorry, perhaps, to be relieved from it. On the same principle the persecutions which individuals formerly experienced at the hands of men in power must have been far more agreeable than is generally supposed. Persecution, indeed, may be reckoned among the *lost pleasures*, if there be such a class of things. The penalties imposed by the persecutors might not be in themselves agreeable; but to know that one was singled out to suffer unjustly, and that the bulk of other men were looking on with admiration and sympathy, must have been but too delightful to the majority of minds not to have amply compensated for any little affliction laid upon the physical nature of the sufferer. The very self-congratulation which the persecuted must have had in knowing that *he* was right and his persecutor wrong could not but be a high gratification; and it was as much, perhaps, a triumphant sense of the absurdity and wickedness of a fellow-creature, as any better sentiment, which supported many of these victims of opinion. Even where a severe domestic bereavement has been experienced I suspect that the observation, not to speak of sympathy, which it draws upon us from our neighbours, is a source of compensatory satisfaction by no means inconsiderable in most instances. Mingled with all our lamentations, and all our perhaps sincere sorrow, a feeling of pleasure will still intrude, as we observe how conspicuous our calamity has rendered us, or feel the public acknowledgment of the merits of the deceased glancing reflectively upon ourselves. Such I suspect to be the true explanation of what some poet has quaintly termed the luxury of woe.

There are other evils which yield a pleasure in the shape of excite-

ment. Of this class, that of hopeless, unrequited, or abused love, is perhaps one of the chief. A Frenchwoman, recollecting a period of her life when she suffered from the faithlessness of a lover, exclaimed, "Ah, those were fine times—I was then so unhappy!" The truth is, that, to many natures, the worst of all evils is tranquillity. Anything, however mischievous, that will relieve them from that will breathe a gale of pleasure into their souls. They would rather be daily exposed to the chance of a violent death than "live at home at ease." They take pleasure-sails on the most threatening days; prefer high-spirited horses, that are apt to give them broken necks, to all others; and never go by a bridge, if they can find a perilous leap anywhere in the neighbourhood. Anything, in short, that excites, even though it burns, blisters, or cuts at the same time, is the breath of life to men of this kind; a variety of whom may be found in the young poet, who, if not really "crazed with care or crossed in hopeless love," must always be imagining himself so.

But among all the infelicitous pleasures, or pleasures of infelicity, that are to be found on earth, there is none, I am persuaded, at all comparable to that which is enjoyed by the man who knows himself to be not worth one farthing. It is not more true that heaven tempers the wind to the shorn lamb than that it provides a vast feather-bed at the bottom of the ladder of fortune to *kep* all the unhappy wights who lose their hold on that slippery elevation. No one who has not experienced such a fall can have the slightest idea of the delightful softness of this bed, and the agreeable relaxation and ease which pervade the whole body immediately after being precipitated upon it. One feels on such an occasion that he never till now truly enjoyed life. Heretofore he has been struggling and fretting upon the ladder excoriating his every finger by the fearful tenacity of his hold, and never knowing what it was to be in a recumbent position. But now he is quite at his ease; he knows he can fall no farther; he nurses his hands comfortably in his empty pockets, and extends himself luxuriously on his eider pillow, while the anxieties of those who are still climbing above him only provoke an occasional smile, or a placid remark as to the short-sightedness of poor mortals. Depend upon it the only true sinecure in this world is that enjoyed by the man who has not a rap. The only true place

of refuge from the persecution of fortune is in the Gazette. Juvenal says, very truly, that the traveller without a purse laughs in the face of the robber; but he might have extended the remark, and affirmed that the penniless man laughs in the face of the whole world.

There is such a thing, I believe, as the pride and confidence of a long purse; but I am convinced it is nothing to the perfect assurance of a man with no purse at all. If such a man only can by hook or crook obtain a skirmishing kind of subsistence, he has no more to care for. Insolvency is an excuse for everything. It saves him from the taxman, and the charitable-subscription-collector, as well as from his creditors. We hear now and then of such things as distraint, imprisonment, and other calamities incidental to the condition of a debtor; but he who is liable to such troubles is not the man we mean. Distresses of that kind argue that a man still has something—has not yet had the philosophy to trust himself to a perfectly penniless condition. The individual we allude to has absolutely nothing either in him or on him, above him or below him —the forked animal of Shakspeare, the unfeathered biped of Linnæus. He has run under the guns of the law, so that its thunders pass entirely over his head. "The sheriff with a monstrous watch" may be at the door; but that is nothing to him. He smiles at the threat of a jail. He knows that it has no power to retain him; that his creditor cannot afford so expensive a luxury to his feelings. A wise creditor gives but a glance at his walls, acknowledges himself *done*, and eradicates the account from his ledger. Should it ever happen that the creditor is not wise and persists in his claim, he must take the consequences. He is apt to come not very well off. The debtor considers himself as the wronged individual, and is equally astonished and indignant. What! after a man has declared himself utterly penniless would you still pester him with your idle claims? Such conduct seems to him the height of injustice, and he resents it accordingly. I would recommend creditors to be cautious on this point: let them think oftener than once before they dare to annoy a gentleman who has fairly given up the business of paying. If they do not take care they may expose themselves to a torrent of righteous contempt and abuse, such as they may repent having provoked. A man may have been in the way of paying *one day*, and, if applied to

then, he would at least treat the applicant with civility; but the next day may bring a mighty change. If he has only, in that short space of time, assumed the character of a victim of fortune, he will be apt to consider a solicitation for payment as something so unreasonable—so insolent—so personally provoking—that it will be well if he does not throw the dun out of the window. This touchiness, it is easy to see, arises in a great measure from the very felicity of pennilessness. You break up one of the most delightful dreams that man can enjoy—the dream of perfect Elysian security from all trouble about money—and can you wonder that the sufferer is angry with you? If you were to disturb an epicure in the middle of his dinner, by setting fire to the chimney; or a pair of lovers while the question is being popped by entering the room at that important moment; should you wonder that the parties in each case, and in the last the lady more particularly, were grievously wroth? If not, why should you wonder that a disturbance to the infinitely more happy reflections of the penniless sinecurist should meet with its deserved punishment, and that instead of getting your money, you only get the worst word he has to give?

The Limits of Scientific Knowledge.

THOSE of our scientific men who are the most patient investigators and the deepest thinkers, never fail honestly to confess that there are great gaps that sever the continuity of our knowledge, and that there is a great blank beyond the limits of our knowledge. And it is well that this is so; for it is to such men that we look to hold in check the alternative absurdities of scientific dogmatists and unscientific critics. Of these two classes, the former, imagining that there is nothing beyond the reach of the scalpel or the microscope, and fancying that they are profound "because their thought is so muddy that they cannot see its shallow bottom," boldly affirm that science can tell us all things; while the other, undeterred by lack of scientific training, and glorying in the subjective method, maintain that the network of scientific evidence is a tissue of contradictories, and that the vaunted advances of physical science are, in the main, retrogressions. Nor does it require a mind of unusual acumen to ascertain, and to proclaim to the world, that the science of to-day is, in many points, defective; for the work of the critic is always easier than that of the maker, and at all times and in all subjects, the cynic may find ample scope for his sneers. Let the sun of science shine never so brightly, men will always be found to remind us that he has spots; and to the spots that really exist they will add the *muscæ volitantes* of their own eyes.

That the philosophy of science has within the last half century advanced with rapid strides, each onward step making further progress so much the easier, is no less certain, than that there is continual need of going over the old ground by the light of fresh discoveries, and of filling in the steps which before were missing. It may even be said that only within the last half century has there existed a scientific philosophy at all; though here, of course, everything depends on the definition we give to philosophy. For, from the times of the early Greeks downwards, the definitions of this word have been many and various. Pythagoras, when he was asked what he meant by his statement, "I have no art; I am a philosopher," answered, "We quit our country, which is heaven, and come into the world, which is an assembly where many work for

profit, many for gain, and where there are but few who, despising avarice and vanity, study nature. It is these last whom I call philosophers." Thus the meaning first given to the term was sufficiently general; and, though in later times it has undergone specialisation, still it is to-day so vague, that we may turn from a ponderous German volume on the philosophy of the absolute to an English pamphlet on the philosophy of manures.

Putting aside such extreme cases, however, we may, perhaps, give a sufficiently broad definition of philosophy if we say that it gives a *generalised* answer to three questions,—What can we know? What do we know? and, What do we believe? Of these questions the first two, taken together, form the philosophy of science, while the latter constitutes the philosophy of faith; the product of science being here called knowledge, that of faith being termed belief.

The philosophy of science, then, deals with two questions—What *can* we know? and, What *do* we know? Its object being to give highly generalised answers to these questions. With the latter I hope to deal in a future article on "the law of evolution." To the former the remainder of this paper will be devoted.

It will be well, at the outset, clearly to understand what is comprised in this question of the limits of scientific knowledge. What we have to consider, then, is not what we at present know, as opposed to what we do not know, but what we *can* know as opposed to what we cannot know. We have not to assign limits to our *actual* knowledge, but to define the sphere of possible knowledge. We have not to point out the admitted gaps in our knowledge, which may or may not be filled up by future research, or bridged over by future reasonings, but to set a definite boundary to the region in which scientific research and scientific reasonings hold good. For our faculties in all cases are conditional: in the dark the eagle's eye is blind, in a vacuum his wing is powerless; and beyond its sphere the reason of a philosopher is as helpless as the fancy of a little child.

If I were to find on the shelves of the Cape Town Library, a volume purporting to deal with the *entomostraca* of the moon, or one pretending to treat of the *coniferæ* of Mars, I should feel assured

that, whatever else they might be, these books were not scientific treatises. And I should feel certain of this without glancing at a single page. Now on what should I base my opinion? And why should I hold a very different opinion with regard to a volume on the metals of the sun? Surely for this reason: that, in the first place, it is physically impossible for man, organised as he is, to see, touch, or handle, the organic products of our satellite, or of our neighbour planet; that, in the second place, all our knowledge of plants and animals is obtained by more or less elaborate processes of seeing and handling; and that, therefore, it is physically impossible to have any knowledge of the animals or plants of the moon or of Mars. With regard to the metals of the sun, however, the case is very different. For, by the spectroscopic analysis of the light emitted by an incandescent body, we can ascertain, within limits, the composition of that body, and it matters not, in the slightest degree, whether this body is near to or far from the eye, the retina of which receives the etherial vibrations which constitute light. From which special facts and others of like nature, these general facts may be learnt; that scientific knowledge is proximately or ultimately gained through the medium of the senses; and that all that lies beyond the direct or indirect reach of the senses is, to science, unknowable.

But here let us pause for a moment to make sure that we understand what we mean by this word knowledge. We shall not, I think, find a better definition than that given by Locke. "According to Locke," says Professor Huxley, "knowledge is the perception of the agreement or disagreement of two ideas." I hear a sound; but the impression thus produced is not knowledge. Not till I, consciously or unconsciously, compare the idea produced by this impression, with the ideas I have of other similar or different impressions, does knowledge emerge. I see a coin; but I only know it to be such on perceiving that the idea it has produced agrees with the ideas previously produced by similar objects. And so with the other special sensations. The direct action on the sensory organs, which Hume called an *impression*, is not knowledge. Only when the *idea*, or reproduction in memory, of such an impression is mentally seen to be like or unlike other ideas, have we any know-

ledge of the impression. We think in relations; and the relation which lies the deepest of all, that which is the basis of all our knowledge, is the relation of likeness and unlikeness.

Knowledge consisting thus in the relations of ideas, the question to be considered is, how far we are justified in saying that all knowledge is proximately or ultimately gained through the medium of the senses. On this question Hobbes held no uncertain view. "The original of all the thoughts of men," he said, "is that which we call *sense*, for there is no conception in a man's mind which hath not at first totally or by parts been begotten upon the organs of sense. The rest are derived from that original." And again, "Also because whatsoever we conceive *has been perceived first by sense*, either all at once, or by parts, a man can have no thought representing anything not subject to sense." At first sight Hobbes' philosophical successor, Locke, appears to hold the same view. "If it be demanded," he says, "when a man begins to have any ideas, I think the true answer is, when he first has any sensation. For since there appear not to be any ideas in the mind before the senses have conveyed any in, I conceive that ideas in the understanding are coeval with sensation." But on reading on we find the following words: "In time the mind comes to reflect on its own operations about the ideas got by sensation, and thereby stores itself with a new set of ideas, which I call ideas of *reflection*." Although the sentences which follow seem somewhat vague, it appears that Locke here made a very real advance upon Hobbes; an advance which even the acute Hume did not fully and definitely incorporate into his system; for Hume's impressions of reflection refer to the passions or emotion. What Locke termed ideas of reflection seem to answer to those undecomposable elements of consciousness, which have since been termed impressions of relations, and which certainly have never been "perceived first by sense." That these relational impressions were, to some extent at least, grasped by Locke, seems evident from his definition of knowledge quoted above. But whatever may have been the exact views of the individual philosophers above mentioned, the difference between the schools of thought which they may be taken to represent, is briefly this. The sensational school maintain that the only undecomposable elements of thought

are sensations. The relational school contend that, in addition to impressions of sensation, there are equally undecomposable impressions of relation.

But although we may firmly believe that the impressions of relation, such as that of the likeness or unlikeness of two sounds, are as undecomposable elements of consciousness as are the impressions of sensation, we may still, without inconsistency, believe that we are justified in saying that all our scientific knowledge is proximately or ultimately gained through the medium of the senses. Perhaps if we viewed the matter from a somewhat different stand-point, we shall be better able to grapple with the question. I quote from Mr. Herbert Spencer's Principles of Psychology :—

"When equal blows or taps are made one after another at a rate not exceeding some sixteen per second, the effect of each is perceived as a separate noise ; but when the rapidity with which the blows follow one another exceeds this, the noises are no longer identified as separate states of consciousness, and there arises in place of them a continuous state of consciousness, called a tone. On further increasing the rapidity of the blows, the tone undergoes the change distinguished as a rise in pitch, until it reaches an acuteness beyond which it is no longer appreciable as a tone. The enquiries of Professor Helmholtz have shown that when, along with one series of these rapidly recurring noises, there is generated another series in which the noises are more rapid though not so loud, the effect is a change in that quality of the tone known as timbre. Thus an enormous number of qualitatively contrasted kinds of consciousness that seem severally elementary, prove to be composed of one simple kind of consciousness, combined and recombined with itself in multitudinous ways. May there not, then, be a single primordial element of consciousness, and may not the countless kinds of consciousness be produced by the compounding of this element with itself, and the recompounding of its compounds with one another in higher and higher degrees ?"

Be this as it may, however,—and it is proper to observe that these primordial units of consciousness are, like the primordial units of matter, purely hypothetical—there can be little doubt that there goes on, in the mind, a process somewhat analogous to the com-

pounding of separate taps into a musical tone. Whether sensations are or are not compounded of more elementary units of consciousness, it is clear that sensations are the elements of impressions of relation. The analogy above referred to may, indeed, be carried much further. For just as successions of taps coalesce to form musical notes, the quality of which is modified by subsidiary systems of more rapid taps or overtones, and just as these musical notes are combined into chords, by the cunning combination of which a symphony may be composed; so too, not improbably, do units of consciousness coalesce to form sensations, sensations enter into relations and form knowledge of sensations, and these simple relations enter into compound relations of ever increasing complexity, until the varied thoughts of the philosopher are reached.

But if this be so, it may be asked, if the most complex scientific thoughts depend ultimately on sensations, why insist on the undecomposable nature of the impressions of relation? Wherein are the sensationalists at fault? In this, that they fail to recognise that the perception of the relation between sensations is not itself a sensation. And this is no hair-splitting. The difference between sensations and the perception of the relations between sensations is fundamental. The one is physiologically the function of the nerves, the other that of some portion of the brain. It is because it is possible to compare a sensation with the faint representations in memory of former sensations, that it is possible to have scientific knowledge. "Without this law of composition," as Mr. Herbert Spencer forcibly remarks, "there could be nothing but a perpetual kaleidoscope change of feelings—an ever-transforming present without past or future."

Thus it would seem that there are strong grounds for the assertion that all our scientific knowledge is ultimately gained through the senses, for in dealing with scientific knowledge we may disregard the other elements of sensation, pleasure and pain. There are certain facts, however, which, at first sight, do not seem reconcileable with this view. Such a fact, for example, is the process by which we infer the presence of certain metals in the sun.

The first step in such a process is the formation of abstract ideas of relation. For just as I have an abstract idea of a bird

which, though built up of the concrete ideas of many separate birds, yet, in all probability, agrees precisely with no individual of this class; so also have I an abstract idea of similarity, derived from multitudinous individual cases of similarity which I have observed. The manner in which these abstract ideas are formed is, in the hands of Professor Huxley, aptly illustrated by the analogy of composite photographs, in which "the images of the faces of six sitters, for example, are each received on the same photographic plate, for a sixth of the time requisite to take one portrait. The final result is that all those points in which the six faces agree, are brought out strongly, while all those in which they differ are left vague; and thus what may be termed a generic portrait of the six, in contradistinction to a specific portrait of anyone, is produced." In this way, by photographing a number of criminals, a portrait of the average type of blackguard has been produced. But it is an average dependent upon the existence of individual blackguards: and in the same way every abstract iea depends upon individual ideas, ultimately gained through the senses; and this is true even of "that consolidated abstract of relations of co-existence which we call *space*, and that consolidated abstract of relations of sequence which we call *time*." One such abstract idea of relation is that of causation, a fruitful source of philosophical discussion. Without entering upon any such discussion, however, we may define a cause as the constant antecedent of an invariable consequent. When once we have gained this general idea of causation, by our experience of individual cases, we may, on observing the consequent, infer the existence of the antecedent. Having observed, for example, in the laboratory that the light emitted by an incandescent solid or liquid on passing through the vapour of sodium shows certain dark spectroscopic lines in the region of the yellow, and finding that sunlight shows spectroscopic lines in the same position, we are justified in inferring that sodium exists in the vapour that surrounds the molten nucleus of the sun. In this case, therefore, we find that though our knowledge is not gained directly through the medium of the senses, yet it is so gained indirectly.

Another question here arises. How far, it may be asked, can *innate ideas*, if such exist, be said to be ultimately dependent on sen-

sation? And first with regard to their existence. This point has been discussed with admirable clearness in Professor Huxley's charming little volume on Hume. I have only space to quote some of his concluding remarks:—"In all seriousness," he says, "if the existence of *instincts* be granted, the possibility of the existence of innate ideas must also be admitted. The child who is impelled to draw as soon as it can hold a pencil; the Mozart who breaks out into music as early; the boy, Bidder, who worked out the most complicated sums without learning arithmetic; the boy, Pascal, who evolved Euclid out of his own consciousness: all these may be said to have been impelled by instinct as much as the beaver and the bee. And the man of genius is distinct in kind from the man of cleverness, by reason of the working within him of strong innate tendencies, which cultivation may improve, but which it can no more create, than horticulture can make thistles bear figs. The analogy between a musical instrument and the mind—according to which the organ of thought, prior to experience, may be compared to an untouched piano, in which it may properly be said that music is innate, insomuch as its mechanism contains, potentially, so many octaves of musical notes—holds good here also. Art and industry may get much music of a sort out of a penny whistle; but, when all is done, it has no chance against an organ. The innate musical potentialities of the two are infinitely different."

Locke, who argued strenuously against the existence of innate ideas, likened the mind of an infant to fair white paper, inscribed as yet with no characters, but ready to receive impressions of sensation and reflection. By an apter simile, however, it may be compared to paper inscribed with invisible ink, in which the warmth of a fire developes characters hitherto unseen. In our largely developed brain, in fact, we inherit vast potentialities of thought, potentialities to be rendered into actualities by the varying play of sensation. And though we are totally unable to conceive how the vibration of brain-molecules can give rise to consciousness, we have, nevertheless, strong grounds for believing that such molecular vibrations are the invariable *accompaniments* of consciousness. And just as in the adult, impressions of sensation or relation recal faint representations of other similar impressions, acquired during

childhood, which we call memories, so also, in the child, impressions of sensation or relation recal faint representations of impressions, acquired during the childhood of the race, which we may call *inherited* memories. Innate ideas, and so called *a priori* truths, are such inherited memories: and though it is probable that *in* the individual they are only developed by impressions gained ultimately through the senses, just as the characters written in invisible ink are only developed by the heat of a fire, it may be taken as certain that they are not acquired *by* the individual. But of what, it will now be asked, are these ancestrally acquired ideas the memories? To this question, it seems to me, there is but one answer. They are the inherited memories of impressions, gained proximately or ultimately through the medium of sense.

Thus, if the views above sketched be correct, all our scientific knowledge has found its way into our minds through the inlets of sense—is, in fact, the product of experience, individual or ancestral. Take away from any individual, one by one, his organs of sense, and you gradually reduce his mental existence to a blank. Abstract from any scientific thought all the elements which were ultimately acquired by the senses, and nothing remains. Let us now consider what limitations of our knowledge are herein implied.

It is clear that of objects altogether removed from the mediate or immediate action of sense, science can tell us nothing whatever; so that the first and simplest limitation of scientific knowledge is to objects which can in some way affect our organization. But there is a further limitation which is by no means so self-evident —a limitation which has been the source of endless perplexity. Not only is our knowledge limited to sensible objects, but our knowledge of those objects is limited to the manner in which they affect our senses. We can know things only as they are manifested to *us*; not as they exist in themselves.

Locke, as is well known, accepted the two-fold division of the qualities of objects into those which are primary or real, and those which are secondary or subjective. "The particular bulk, number, figure, and motion of the parts of fire or snow," he says, "are really in them, whether any man's senses perceive them or no; and therefore they may be called real properties, because they really

exist in those bodies. But light, heat, whiteness, or coldness, are no more really in them than sickness or pain is in manna. Take away the sensation of them; let not the eyes see light or colours, nor the ears hear sounds; let the palate not taste, nor the nose smell; and all colours, tastes, odours, and sounds, as they are, such particular ideas vanish and cease, and are reduced to their causes, *i.e.*, bulk, figure, and motion of parts." Thus Locke's position is clear enough. I hold in my hand a yellow sovereign; and according to Locke, the solidity, extension, and figure, really exist in the coin, quite apart from any sentient organism who may take observance of these qualities; while the colour, on the other hand, does not really exist in the sovereign, but is only a mode in which the coin affects the retina of my eye.

Locke's intellectual successor was the subtle Berkeley, Bishop of Cloyne. Attacking, with a mind of marvellous acuteness, the "difficulties which have hitherto amused philosophers," he succeeded in completely breaking down the distinction between the primary and secondary qualities of matter. "In short," he says, "extension, figure, and motion, abstracted from all other qualities are inconceivable. Where therefore the other qualities are, there must these be also, to wit, in the mind and nowhere else." Locke had argued in effect thus: if the quality which we call sweetness in brown sugar depends upon our organ of taste—has no existence apart from that organ of taste—so, too, is the quality, which we call colour, in like manner dependent upon our organs of sight; only the qualities of extension, solidity, and figure, really exist in the sugar, "whether we take notice of them or no." To which Berkeley, in effect, answered (and Hume after him), These primary qualities —in what do they differ from those which you call secondary? If the colour of a body depends upon the organs of vision, so too do the extension, solidity, and figure, depend upon the sentient being who regards and handles them. This golden guinea I hold in my hand, what is it but a bundle of sensations, visual, and tactual? Again: Locke had argued, that from our knowledge of the qualities of a body, we infer the existence of some substratum in which they inhere. To which Berkeley replied: This substratum is a mere fiction, an empty abstraction. Take away one by one the various

qualities by which a so-called body makes itself known to us, and what remains?—Absolutely nothing.

Thus we find in Berkeley a definite statement of the fact that we can only know bodies as they appear to us,—as they affect our senses. But he overstated the fact. "All the choir of heaven and furniture of earth," runs an oft-quoted passage,—"all those bodies which compose the mighty frame of the world—have not any subsistence without a mind; their *being* is to be perceived or known; and consequently, so long as they are not actually perceived by me, or do not exist in my mind, or that of any other created spirit, they must either have no existence at all, or else subsist in the mind of some eternal spirit." And again: "As to what is said of the absolute existence of unthinking things, without any relation to their being perceived, that is to me perfectly unintelligible. Their *esse* is *percipi*; nor is it possible they should have any existence out of the minds or thinking things which perceive them." In the history of thought this was no new idea; it was only a fuller echo of what Protagoras, the sophist, had written centuries before; "Man," he said, "is the criterion of that which exists; all that is perceived by him exists, that which is perceived by no man does not exist." But in the history of *modern* thought, it was a decided advance upon the teachings of Locke.

How Dr. Johnson kicked a stone, and growling "it exists and there's an end on't," imagined that he had answered Berkeley is well known; while "common sense" Reid wondered why the idealist did not run his head against a post, which being non-existent could not injure him, and declared "that the man who seriously entertains this belief, hath a soft place in his understanding and hath been hurt by overmuch thinking." Both his opponents and his adherents, in fact, contrived to misunderstand Berkeley. One and all imagined that his views were contradictory to common sense. And yet the Bishop distinctly asserts that he sides with the vulgar against philosophers. The philosophers maintained that underlying the qualities of bodies of which they are made known to us, there is an occult substratum on which they depend. Upon this Berkeley says: "I do not argue against any one thing that we can apprehend either by sense or reflection. That the things which I see with my eyes and

touch with my hands do exist, really exist, I make not the least question. The only thing whose existence we deny is that which philosophers call matter, or corporeal substance." And a little further on: "That what I see, hear, and feel, doth exist, that is to say is perceived by me, I no more doubt than I do of my own being; but I do not see how the testimony of sense can be alleged as a proof for the existence of anything which is not perceived by sense."

Into Berkeley's system it is not necessary to enter further. By two routes he led up to the Eternal Spirit. He denied a substratum of matter; and the question therefore arose, By what are our impressions caused? To which Berkeley answered, By the *direct* action of the Eternal Spirit. He maintained that the *esse* of all things was *percipi*; and the question therefore arose, In the absence of a percipient creature, how can things exist? To which again he answered, In the percipient Mind of the Eternal Spirit. How nearly Berkeley here approached the system of Spinoza, the excommunicate atheist, who was also called the "God intoxicated," on which system God is the one Substance, the only Existence, possessed of two eternal and absolute attributes, Thought, by which He manifests Himself as Mind, and Extension, by which He manifests Himself as Matter, is known to all attentive students of the History of Thought. It is sufficient for our purpose to have pointed out the truth, and the error, of Berkeley's idealism—the truth that we can know things only as they appear to us, that is subject to the conditions of our nature, the error in saying, "I cannot conceive things otherwise, *consequently they cannot exist otherwise*."

In the hands of Hume, the idealism of Berkeley developed into scepticism. The subtle reasonings of the Bishop of Cloyne had proved that the supposed substratum of matter, in which the qualities of bodies had been imagined to inhere, was an unnecessary abstraction, of which we can know nothing. All our knowledge is of impressions and perceptions. Without an impressible and perceiving mind, things have no existence. The philosopher of Ninewells went further. With all that you say with regard to matter, he says, in effect, to his predecessor, I fully agree; but in applying it only to matter you are inconsistent; for do you not see that the destructive reasoning which you justly apply to the continuous substratum

matter applies with equal force to the continuous substratum mind; all that we know is a series of vivid impressions, or their faint representations: the reality which underlies these impressions, both on the material and on the mental side, is unknown. Mind is as much an abstraction as matter. Or, to adopt the language, in which Mr. Leslie Stephen tersely states Hume's views: "We are conscious only of an unceasing stream of more or less vivid feelings, generally cohering in certain groups. The belief that anything exists outside our mind, when not actually perceived, is a fiction. The belief in a continuous subject which perceives the feelings is another fiction. The only foundation for the belief that former coherences will again cohere is custom."

How large a space this same "custom" occupied in the later philosophy of Hume, readers of the "Enquiry" know well. But into this philosophy we need not enter. Nor need we follow him into his scepticism,—a modified scepticism, which departed from him as he left his study for the streets. The difference, in fact, between the views of the sceptic Hume, and those of his opponent, the "common sense" philosopher Reid, are admirably summed up in the following epigrammatic remarks of Dr. Thomas Brown: "Reid," he said, "bawled out we must believe in an outward world; but added in a whisper, we can give no reason for our belief. Hume cried out we can give no reason for our belief; and whispers, I own we cannot get rid of it."

Of the "common sense" of Reid and his school, which seemed the only escape from the scepticism of Hume, Kant somewhere said, "that it was the notable invention of modern times whereby the emptiest noodle could place himself on a level with the profoundest thinker." What mode of escape from scepticism, then, it may be asked, did the philosopher of Konigsberg himself propose? In what did his system differ from that of Hume? Mr. G. H. Lewes answers, "The difference between Hume and Kant, when deeply considered, is this:—Hume said that the mind was treacherous, and as such rendered Philosophy impossible. Kant said that the mind was not treacherous but limited, it was to be trusted as far as it went, but it could not go far enough." This remark is, however, open to criticism; for in Hume's "Enquiry" we read, "another species of

mitigated scepticism, which may be of advantage to mankind, is the *limitation of our enquiries to such subjects as are best adapted to the narrow capacity of human understanding.*" We must, therefore, somewhat modify Mr. Lewes's distinction. The difference may then be stated thus: Hume said that the mind was both treacherous and limited; Kant replied *not* treacherous *but* limited.

Only when it endeavours to plumb depths beyond the reach of its sounding-line, is scientific reasoning, of necessity, fallacious: Only when we attempt to comprehend the unknowable are we doomed to certain failure: Only when we try to get beyond the sphere of our organization do we involve ourselves in alternative contradictories. These are the truths insisted on by Kant. He drew a magic circle, within the limits of which we may trust our reason, beyond which we are in the region of the antinomies.

There is no need to trace the history of this question further. We have seen Locke insisting on the twofold division of the qualities of bodies into real and subjective: We have seen Berkeley, not only demonstrating that our knowledge of *all* qualities is subjective, but at the same time getting rid of the supposed substratum of matter, in which these qualities inhere. We have seen Hume successfully turning Berkeley's arguments concerning matter against the supposed substratum of mind, and reaching a sceptical mistrust of reason. And, finally, we have seen that Kant, while he maintained that reason was to be trusted within her sphere, insisted, more strenuously than his predecessors, on the necessary limitation of that sphere. It now only remains briefly to refer to one or two questions which may not improbably suggest themselves.

Berkeley and Hume, as we have already noticed, pointed out that the distinction which Locke had drawn between primary and secondary qualities is fictitious. The impressions of extension and hardness involve a subjective element no less than those of blueness or sweetness. But, it may be asked, may not bodies possess really and absolutely in themselves the qualities which they appear to us to have? Now this is a question which I do not care to discuss here. The curious reader may turn to Mr. Herbert Spencer's almost convincing argument, that "all the sensations produced in us by environing things are but symbols of actions out of ourselves, the

natures of which we cannot even conceive." For my purpose it is sufficient to have pointed out that all our knowledge of things is a knowledge of *phenomena*. But, be they the same as they appear to be, or be they wholly different, we can never know them as *noumena*, without performing the impossibility of getting outside our own consciousness. It may still, however, be asked, if our knowledge is a knowledge of things in their relation to us, why assume their existence at all when out of such relationship? Why not believe, with Hegel, that neither subject nor object exist but only the relation between subject and object? To such questions we only answer, that the continuous existence of things out of all relationship to ourselves is a necessary postulate. "The proposition that whatever we feel has an existence which is relative to ourselves only," writes Mr. Herbert Spencer, "cannot be proved, nay cannot even be intelligibly expressed, without asserting, directly or by implication, an external existence which is not relative to ourselves. When it is argued that what we are conscious of as sound has no objective reality as such, since its antecedent is also the antecedent of what we are conscious of as jar, and that the two consequents, being unlike one another, cannot be respectively like their common antecedent; the validity of the argument depends wholly on the existence of the common antecedent as something that has remained unchanged while consciousness has been changing."

It is time, however, to bring this article, already too long, to a close. Let us, in conclusion, set down the results at which we have arrived. In the first place, then, our scientific knowledge is confined to such subjects as are proximately or ultimately within reach of the senses. Secondly, our knowledge is a knowledge of phenomena; in other words it is a knowledge of things as they appear to us, not as they exist in themselves. Thirdly, although we are forced to the conclusion that the true cause of our sensations cannot in any way resemble the sensations themselves, yet we are bound to postulate the continuous existence of an unknown something which gives rise to these sensations. Finally, although we are able to trace backwards the chain of consation of any event through several links, we invariably reach in the end an ultimate fact, or ultimate facts; the cause of which is unknowably by the methods of Science.

The last conclusion was frequently insisted on by Hume. "Hence we may discover the reason," he says, "why no philosopher, who is rational and modest, has ever pretended to assign the ultimate cause of any natural operation," "considering how soon nature throws a bar to all our inquiries concerning causes, and reduces us to an acknowledgment of our ignorance." A single example may serve to make this final conclusion clear. In many parts of the world the sea is encroaching upon the land. What causes this encroachment? The action of the waves. But to what do the waves owe their origin? To wind blowing over the surface of the ocean. What, then, gives rise to the wind? The difference of temperature of different parts of the earth's surface. But how are these differences of temperature caused? By the unequal action of sun heat. To what, then, once more, does sun heat owe its origin? To gravitative and chemical action in the sun's mass. And what again gives rise to this gravitative and chemical action? Scientifically we cannot say. These are to the man of Science ultimate facts. We have reached the scientifically unknowable. To quote Hume once more, "Our reason sees a full light which illumines certain places; but that light borders upon the most profound darkness." Pushing forth in many directions Science ever brings us in contact with this darkness of the unknowable. Her Priests raise for us an altar to the Unknown God. But are there, then, no priests who can illumine this darkness for us—who can declare unto us the Unknown God? God forbid. The darkness, which lies beyond the sphere of the Philosophy of Science, is illumined with a Glorious Brightness by the Philosophy of Faith.

C. Lloyd Morgan.

Rondebosch.

Salutations.

My father was a gentleman of the old school. Every soul in Cape Town knew him, and saluted him as he passed. If a Negro or a Malay lifted his hat to him off would go his in return. "Do you take off your hat to every black fellow?" said a friend, laughing, one day. "I don't see why he should beat me in politeness," was the reply. And indeed the old gentleman with all his courtesy was not a man with whom any one would attempt an impertinent familiarity. But I do not think every one can afford to be so polite, not at least in these degenerate days. The lines of demarcation which used to separate the different classes of society are vanishing, and the art of giving and returning salutations has to be studied more as a science. A master of the art is he who knows how to repel vulgar familiarity, and how to encourage merit; he can put down the pride of a man vain of his riches, and he can show a man of high character or ability that he respects him; he can salute every man according to his condition and worth. I have derived considerable amusement from watching the manner in which my friends and acquaintances salute each other and me. There are some people who never vary their style of bowing. They have evidently not studied the art. They have a stereotyped unchangeable manner about them. It does not matter who it is they meet there is the same look and the same shake of the hands. But even this apparently uninteresting class will present a fund of amusement to the intelligent observer. First you have those pert little dapper fellows, all smiles and familiarity, who pass you with a quick step, and a glance of the utmost intimacy, as if you understood each other thoroughly, and had enjoyed many a merry night together. They give you the greeting of a bosom companion, although you have only met them once or twice before. If they can come near enough, they slap you on the shoulder, good-humouredly, and call you Bob or Jem, in a loud voice, no matter in what company you may be, saying, "How goes it?" and asking reproachfully why you have not "dropped in" to see them lately. If you happen to be with a lady, they make up to you with the most audacious ease, talk loud, so as to attract general notice; and if they find you not disposed to introduce your com-

panion, are at least resolved to stare her pretty well out of countenance. Sometimes they stick to you for an hour; and there are those among them who will lean their elbow on your shoulder when you stand. An accomplished nodder can guard himself against these annoyances, which may be bowed out of countenance, abashed, frozen, and almost annihilated. I have heard of a beautiful but haughty girl, who was believed to have once killed a forward young man by her bow. At all events, he never came near her afterwards, and he has not been seen lately where he was the loudest and most presumptuous.

This leads me on to another class. I mean those who possess much of this world's goods, and pride themselves thereon. They are not as disagreeable as the last, but nevertheless exceedingly provoking. In the civility of your soul, being acquainted with them, and not at all feeling it to be any particular honour to have one of your fellow worms acknowledge by his manner that he has met you before, you give one of this class a polite good morning, and are mortified, in the presence of your friends, by finding that he has not even seen you, and is probably utterly unconscious that such an insignificant creature as yourself is in existence. I have noted, however, that these abstracted people, who never can recollect your face in the street, have their memories wonderfully brightened on occasions; and if it be in your power accidentally to do them a favour, they will single you out from a crowd at the distance of a quarter of a mile. On common occasions, however, when they cannot avoid recognising you, they do so with the air of one who is performing a disagreeable duty. They slowly incline their heads with grave solemnity. You have evidently rudely interrupted an interesting train of thought. Their salutations are always rather equivocal among their mere speaking acquaintances, who, like myself, are neither rich nor fashionable. Yet even that chilly temperature is much lowered, if your acquaintance had commenced a few months before at the sea-side or in the country. When a purse-proud ill-bred family are transplanted from their artificial surroundings to the gentle influences of the country or the freedom of our colonial sea-side watering-places, they thaw, in spite of themselves, into something like kindness and feeling. The gentleman

will light his cigar by yours, or offer you a light; and when you meet the ladies their faces relax into unwonted smiles, and they exchange the usual greetings with a courteous interchange of sentiment that makes you secretly confess, "They may have souls after all." Then beware, my too-confiding friend. You meet them once more in town. The little touch of good feeling which crept upon them accidentally has gone. They have resolved themselves again into the elements of gentility and fashion. They would pass you without speaking, but for your gesture of recognition, which they answer with reluctant stiffness, as if they recollect to have seen your face *somewhere*, but do not consider that a sufficient ground for you to claim the ennobling honour of their acquaintance. If they must speak to all the people they meet anywhere it would be a pretty business indeed. Their bow tells you all this; but if you are not well up in the science of nodding you overlook it and do not cut them at your next encounter. Week after week as you pass each other the bow grows graver and graver, and colder and colder. From a bow it dwindles to a stare, from a stare to a glance, at length it fades utterly away, and you are again strangers. The dying nod, the expiring breath of a feeble friendship, is a curious specimen of the art, and amateurs should never omit an opportunity to make such an one a study. I sometimes get introduced to important folks on purpose to watch their progress back from any knowledge of me, and I derive as much selfish amusement from it as a young sea voyager does from witnessing the death of a dolphin. The world is wide enough for both of us, my brother!

But what dreadful bore comes now? It is one of those terrible fellows who arrest you wherever you meet, planting themselves full in your path, or grasping you with energetic affection by the shoulder. They will keep you standing in the hot sunshine, or in a furious south easter, or a shower of rain, at any time, under any circumstances. When they lay hold of your hand they half dislocate your wrist, and shake and talk, and talk and shake, till you wonder what miracle makes them so glad to see you, since you do not care a single button for them. They ask after your wife, your sister, your children, your health, your business. They seize hold of your coat when you seem anxious to escape. When I see one of these approaching I

turn the first corner and fly for dear life; for I know that were he to catch me he will keep me, though I tell him I am already too late for dinner, that I am hastening to catch the train, that my time is invaluable. I mention these because of their fatal faculty of recognising their victims, and their manner of greeting you with an ominous huge nod, enough to fling their head from the shoulders. When they once see you you are gone, for they will have their talk at you; and if you run they will be almost sure to give chase.

There is one gentleman of my acquaintance whom I never could make anything of. He nods mysteriously. I don't understand him at all. I cannot recollect when I first knew him. I am ignorant even of his name. I once met him accidentally in a train, and in a few words, very seriously spoken, he discovered a most surprising knowledge of me and my family affairs, and asked with the utmost familiarity after all my relations, even so far removed as cousins and sisters-in-law, calling them by their Christian names, John, Peter, Sam, Betsy, Peggy, and Jane. I could never find him out. When I meet him in the street he hurries past and in doing so fixes his eyes on me, shakes his head sideways with a quick shake, while a curious smile lurks about his lips. I never could tell whether that man was my friend or my enemy.

I seldom *cut* a man. It is rude, to say the least; but there is one whipper-snapper, however, on whom I could not help trying the experiment. I had known him as a decent lad, with quiet manners, and I thought of amiable disposition; but he suddenly came into a large fortune; and being weak minded and ignorant his good luck completely turned his head. He became foppish in dress, loud and coarse in his talk, and became that miserable thing, a would-be fast man. I addressed him once on an accidental meeting; and although I knew his surprise was affected, he feigned to have forgotten me, and passed my extended hand, which set some of his gang tittering. It fell out that he was paying his addresses to a very wealthy, but lovely and amiable girl, who knew him too well not to despise him. I happened to be on friendly terms with the object of his wishes, and walking with her a week afterwards we met my fine gentleman in his most killing form. He recognised me by the light of his inamorata's eyes, and, after speaking my name, made me an insinu-

ating bow which discovered an intention of joining us. I looked him steadily in the eyes without returning the slightest sign of recognition. It was not even the last freezing nod of a dying acquaintance ; it was a broad vacant stare of unequivocal ignorance and surprise. My fair companion could not conceal her amusement. The crimson flush of shame burnt in his face, and by his awkward attempts to extricate himself from his embarrassment, he became so supremely ridiculous that I could not refrain from pitying him, and I have never attempted to give the cut direct since.

I have lately discovered some strange nods among the ladies. When many of my fair friends encounter each other in the street they generally make an eager display of loving attentions. The sweetest smiles are seen and affability itself as they meet! But the instant they pass, what a change! The lips are pressed together with a serious curiosity ; the features are drawn up with an expression that is an antithesis to love ; the head of one turned back, while the hungry eyes rapidly glance over the dress of the other, counting the buttons, examining the cut, enumerating each particular, and altogether betraying an avaricious earnestness to scrutinise and criticise too, that might impress an observing spectator with an odd idea of female friendship. I have seen in this way a new-fashioned bonnet regarded with an envy rarely experienced even for virtue.

Letters on Irrigation.

By Sir James Hudson, G.C.B.

Letter V.

Florence, March 20.

My Dear * *,—Lord Ebrington asks, "Suppose a majority of owners or occupiers desire to have irrigation, in what mode, at what expense—is the authority obtained—and the works carried out?"

"How are the minority dealt with?"

"Compensation how adjudicated to the minority?"

"The non-assentient benefited how are they dealt with?"

"Suppose tenants for life, or four or five years, in works, which will last beyond the generation, How is the first outlay distributed?" Cattaneo replies, In upper Italy every land-owner has the right to carry his water across the land of his neighbour, and *vice versa*. No one has yet been found so stupid as to consider oppressive, a right which some day may benefit himself, whilst at the same time no one can use that water to his prejudice. In fact compensation precedes the exercise of this right.

Engineers are called in to appraise the value of the space traversed by the proposed canal. The whole cost—plus a quarter—is paid before occupation is granted. This cost includes compensation for all indirect damages which the water in its passage may do to the property. The old Lombard law is very explicit upon this point, and, as it will interest the judge, I will give here three of the principal articles of the law of the Italian Republic, dated "20th April, 1804."

"Act 52. Whoever intends to take water, private or public, for agricultural or for water power, by machines and hydraulic works, may convey it across his neighbour's property on paying the value of the land occupied by the aqueduct according to the estimate, plus one fourth, and with the obligation to maintain in repair the aqueduct, the tanks, buildings, &c., &c., and also to indemnify the proprietor for any damage which such acqueduct and works may do to the property.

"Act 53. Such aqueducts shall be conducted through those parts of the property which shall have been indicated by the engineer as likely to do the least damage to the proprietor or occupier, save and excepted the most commodious direction of the water.

"Act 54. The lower levels cannot refuse to allow right of exit to the upper waters. Besides the disposition of the preceding articles it belongs to the 'superiors' (proprietors of the upper level) to defray the expenses of excavation for the water-course, and the making good all damage which the land may receive by the passage of the water."

But this passage of the water occupies the superficies of the farm, and restricts its use, but it neither extinguishes the right of property nor dismembers it, nor is it allowed to affect it more than absolutely necessary. The property continues to maintain, as far as the land is concerned, its integral representation, so that if, in the course of time, the canal were closed or were diverted to another route, the strip of superficies once occupied by the canal would be released from its obligation, and would return to the general map of the farm. Without such a rule as this the perpetual changes in the system of irrigation would cut up the farms into strips of land held by strangers, which could neither be cultivated nor held save with perpetual trouble and complications.

For this reason the proprietor continues to pay state taxes and parish rates in the ratio of the estimate of the census at so many crowns per field, precisely as though he were in possession of that part occupied by the canal which is in the hands of another person, and which canal, considered as a passage, is not thought more of than if it were a footpath for man and beast. Neither can it be said that the proprietor has lost the usufruct of that superficies, for he has already received its value with an addition, and may in the course of time take it again into his own occupation. He has a right to the product of both banks of the canal, namely, the toppings and loppings of the trees planted there—to the deposit in the canal, when it is cleaned, which forms good compost. There is always some gratuitous advantage to a proprietor by this passage of a canal for a third party through his property.

It follows therefore that it is not necessary that "a majority of proprietors should desire to introduce irrigation into a particular

territory," it is sufficient that one person desires it, and supposing that many persons did so desire it, the Lombard law does not concede to them any greater or other privileges that it grants to individuals.

Any one may acquire the right or faculty of constructing canals for irrigation ; but always at his own charge and risk. No one can be constrained to participate in such construction. The constructor is obliged previously and perpetually to supply a sufficient compensation for such diminution as his neighbours might suffer in the enjoyment of their property, without offence to the rights of property other and above that which is strictly necessary to obtain the temporary passage for the water. The principle is to do as you would be done by. Hence the number of persons is not taken into account, nor is any right ever conferred upon a majority to constrain in any way whatever a minority indisposed to concede a demand made in the interests of the former,—a matter which only too easily becomes a mask for the right of the strongest, and by importing into private transactions the principle of the masses introduces into the customs of a people a law to all appearance just and equal, but in reality of enormous inequality.

The person desirous of obtaining a right of water-way may have but one field; his neighbour through whose grounds the water would pass may be the richest proprietor in the province ; no matter, the question is always treated as between equals. The Lombard Municipal Law, even in the middle ages, made no distinction as between persons. Exception was not even made for church property, as the judge will find in the Statuta Mediolan : cap. 256, which I will cite as it will interest him : "*Per quascumque terras et possessiones cujuslibet personæ (etiam quod sint clericorum) et per vias publicas—at minus tamen damnum et incommodum partium . . prius solventibus . . omme et totum . . tam respectu pretü et valoris . . quam damni dandi.*"

Cattaneo is of opinion that a Government could not confer a greater benefit upon a people than by the introduction into its legislation of such an admirable principle as the foregoing, it would remove a fertile source of litigation and prevent the necessity of a perpetual recurrence to legislative authority for every private enter-

prise; a necessity which is always tedious and costly, and sometimes unjust, and the effect of which is that the office of the legislator, which ought to be general and abstract, is confounded with that of the magistrate, which is particular and concrete, and the law, which ought to be equal and constant for all, degenerates into a series of privileges. This principle might advantageously be introduced into the legislation of a new country and applied equally to drainage and the construction of railways, because the fact is well known that forcible expropriation is always costly to industry and offensive to property.

And whilst we are upon this theme it may be interesting to the judge to recall to his recollection a decree of the 1st Napoleon (20th November, 1812) which, in order to promote drainage, conferred the right to constrain dissentients to pay their share or to cede their property to the adventurers, placing it thus at the will of the majority. This law has never been repealed, but it has scarcely ever been acted upon, not even in the case of the great drowned lands on the Po, near Modena, where it might have been expected to work miracles, but where it proved of no effect whatever. And what renders this matter more curious still is, that the French Legislature in 1845-6 adopted the Lombard custom instead of the Napoleonic Decree of 1812.

The improvement of marsh land by draining is the investment of capital in a given superficies of land in order to increase its value. But in order to induce mankind to trust their capital to the soil, it is necessary to give them the assurance of a sufficient guarantee of their security in possession, and hence it is necessary to observe the highest respect for the principle of property. To expropriate by force uncultivated ground is an offence to the principle of property, it is its negation, and introduces into questions of interest the principle of confiscation.

It remains to us to explain in what manner those who have only a life interest, or occupation, or any other transitory interest in permanent works ought to concur in those works. This class is rare in Lombardy. When an aqueduct which serves many properties is in the exclusive possession of one sole proprietor, he is obliged to keep it in repair, and he distributes the water according to his contracts. His

agents open and close the sluices at the prescribed periods. When the aqueduct is the common property of several persons, as happens with the water derived from the small streams, and other sources and springs, which originally were not conducted and distributed by one sole family, then those who have the right to use that water constitute an association, which is generally managed by special regulations drawn up by themselves. It is clear that if their interest in these permanent works was transitory, with the cession of their interest would cease the right to form part of the association and the liability to contribute to the expense. In general, these societies obtained power to tax their associates with their share of the cost, and to enforce obedience to their rules and regulations without intervention or reference to the tribunals, just as though judgment had been given by a competent court, precisely as though the administrators of the society were the magistrate having power to order execution of the sentence, and for this purpose they have power over the share which each individual member possesses in the association. Appeal to the courts being reserved in case the defendant is dissatisfied with the judgment of the council of his society. But it has been found by experience that the intervention of the courts is the exception, and the direct executive faculty the rule.

This principle is borrowed from the consular jurisdiction of the middle ages and of their followers, the modern tribunals of commerce.

But the coactive service of the aqueduct is not the sole useful consequence which the principle of Roman law of full and free property conferred upon Lombard agriculture.

The Celtic principle of co-proprietors in clans was followed by the feudal principle of entail in Northern Europe. The principle of full and simple property never took root there ; the power to alienate is wanting for the most part ; this enjoyment without dominion, this species of signorial lease converts mortgages into life contracts, or, in point of fact into chance contracts, and is a burden upon those loans which ought to furnish capital to agriculture and value to the land. The example of England is not to be cited in opposition because her command of capital through trade is exceptional and obtains in no other country. A person who has but a life interest can enter into

no contracts in perpetuity with his neighbours, and as a consequence he can come to no understanding with them with regard to no such reciprocal service as would best develope the powers of the soil. Contracts would have no stability because the heirs are not bound to respect and continue these abusive benefits.

In Lombardy, when a proprietor finds that he is so much in debt that he cannot by economy repay his creditors, he can, by the sale of one farm, discharge the mortgages on the others. To all appearances he is poorer, but in reality he loses nothing of the enjoyment of his property, which would in the long run be absorbed by his creditors with additional and heavier interest. By the sale of a part, by order, reforms, economy, long minorities, legacies which fall in, a good marriage, he and his heirs have always a chance of recruiting their finances, and re-establishing the property in its ancient limits. It is easier under the Lombard system to rehabilitate an exhausted patrimony than it is to maintain that state of insolvency which seems perpetual in some families in the British Isles. Whilst in Lombardy, by ceding part of the land, and delivering the rest from mortgage, the part ceded falls into good hands, the part retained is properly managed, and agriculture representing the general interest of the body politic is not affected by the vicissitudes of families.

Lord Ebrington asks whether it is true "that properties are for the most part much sub-divided in the neighbourhood of large towns," &c.

Cattaneo says that this is not the case, families having, as we have seen by the foregoing, full power to divide real property, private interest adopts the system of agriculture to the size of the farms, and the adaptability of the ground to one sort of produce rather than to another.

Now irrigable land requires to be laid out in sections or fields of a certain amplitude and continuity, otherwise the tenant has not sufficient scope for the employment of his water-supply and the rotation of his crops; else he would end by depending on his neighbours for the preparation of his cheese, the purchase and sale of his hay and straw, nor could he establish the rules necessary for the division of the service on his farm; and as the land in Milan, Pavia,

Lodi, Crema, and Cremona is all irrigable, so likewise does the nature of those places counsel you to keep your fields of certain ample proportions.

For instance, supposing you divide an irrigated farm, you will find yourself constrained to build farm-buildings but little smaller than that primary farmstead which sufficed in the first instance for the whole ; you will be continually embarrassed in the use and application of the water and you would, during many days in the year, find no profitable occupation for your draught oxen and horses. These causes produce the effect that the small farms are found for the most part in the upland or hilly country, nearer the Alps, and precisely in those parts which are most distant from the cities.

To a Lombard the reason seems clear, although it is not at first sight to an Englishman.

But there is a further, and possibly a better, reason for it, and it is that in Lombardy freedom of the soil being the rule, proprietors make that disposition of the land which best suits their interests and is best adapted to extract the greatest profit possible from it, whilst in the British Isles land is subjected to an artificial and arbitrary lien.

Lord Ebrington then enquires " What is the condition ' of the farmers and labourers ? ' "

The condition of the Lombard farmer and labourer varies in the different divisions of the plain or valley of the Po. In that part where irrigation most obtains, *e.g.*, between the Adda and the Ticino the condition of the farmer is quite equal to that of the average farmer in England. To carry on farming in that part of Lombardy a farmer requires at least 100 (one hundred) head of oxen, a proportionate number of horses, and plant in proportion to his draught cattle. Rents are paid according to contract from six months to one year in advance. This fact alone serves to show their possession of capital. They are for the most part of the middle classes. Some cultivate their own land. Some lease their farms to other farmers. The young men are well educated ; they all attend school. Some go to the Universities, and return to settle as farmers when they have taken their degree. I have met many highly cultivated men amongst them, who could speak two or three foreign languages,

are well read, and had studied agriculture and mechanics in all their branches in Germany, Belgium, France, and England.

They are much respected and looked up to by the labouring classes; and the more so because the great proprietors do not reside for the year round on the property, but only in autumn, nor do those large landowners ever reside in any part of the rural districts in lower Lombardy. Those who possess land nearer the Alps, where the climate is drier and healthier, reside for longer periods amongst their tenants. The farms often descend from father to son as tenants for several generations. I know a case of one family of farmers who have farmed the same land for eight hundred years. From these circumstances they form a class above the ordinary run of farmers in any other country I am acquainted with; they are frugal, industrious, temperate, and active.

The day-labourers are, in the large farms, lodged in cottages of one story, with kitchen below and bedroom above, close to the farm.

Sometimes the farm is constructed as a vast parallelogram—the farm house at the bottom, the barns, stables, cattlesheds, cartsheds, along the flanks, and the labourers' lodgings over them, the end opposite to the farmer's house is closed with a large gateway, which is closed at night when work is done. Some of these farmsteads are occupied by more than 200 hands, and have their shops, apothecary, doctor and hospital. The chapel and priest's house are sometimes within and sometimes without the walls. The hands are well cared for, and they enjoy greater advantages than in countries further north

Irrigation requires a concentration of force, economy, intelligence, and a study of various branches of science. Hence the prevailing feature of their large Lombard farms is order and precision; and, indeed, as the science of hydraulics is one which is in constant request, it is not surprising that the most learned and most practical hydraulic engineers should be found in Lombardy, from the Alps to the Adriatic.

The population of these agricultural districts may be taken, over the square kilometer, say 250 acres, at from 115 to 290, according to the fertility of the soil, which is about the rate in Flanders.

Cattaneo says that in making the foregoing replies to Lord

Ebrington he has attemped to show that, besides irrigation, Lombardy possesses customs and institutions which are quite as applicable to the development of the resources of a country. He has not hesitated to express his opinion that of all the forms of improvement applicable to agriculture, irrigation is the most difficult because it is more dependent upon climate, soil and water, and for these reasons it is that, in Lombardy, irrigation is limited to one-tenth part of the superficies of that country, and notwithstanding the numerous favourable local circumstances it must be considered as an exceptional cultivation.

The material form of improvement is a secondary question which, in the valley of the Po, varies not only between the plain and the hill country, but in districts and counties.

The main point appears to be to discover whether those institutions of upper Italy, herein described, may be grafted upon the habits and modes of other, and especially of new countries. For we must not forget that Lombardy, now so rich and flourishing, at a certain period of its history possessed those Celtic customs, traces of which are still to be found in the large tracts of land held by the communes, and also in some peculiarities yet lingering in the pastoral part of the Alps with reference to grazing; but they exist merely in the form of relics, and have long been replaced by a more beneficial system of public ordinances. In justice to them we must admit that they formed the trunk from which shot forth the branches of the great institution of the rural communes, one of the most fruitful and provident of present existing institutions, which might be copied with great benefit in Hindostan.

The fundamental question is how best to interest a population in the improvement of its territory—to infuse life and wealth, vigour and industry; and one of the first things to consider is how to devise a new and suitable form of contract between proprietor and tenant, between earth and labour.

Because Cattaneo is of opinion that the mere gift of a few acres of unreclaimed land to a pauper colonist, when applied on a large scale, is merely a species of general confiscation; and hence, were it not a self-evident absurdity, could never become a general national form of disposal of public land,

There is a material aspect of this question which is not either irrigation or drainage, but the more vast and general one of rotation of crops. The proof is to be found in the wretched condition of some parts of India, where, with means superior by far to the Lombards, they extract from taxes, say 30 millions, whilst with a better system, acre for acre, institution for institution, they ought to return 500, and if applied to the whole improvable superficies, 5,000. If rice fails in India, famine is the consequence. Wine and silk, two Lombard staples, failed during ten years consecutively; there was neither complaint nor remission of the ordinary taxes, merely because the people of this country have maturely considered that great agricultural problem, the rotation of crops. They do not depend upon the success or failure of one, or two, or three crops. I may say they have as many as seven staples to fall back upon.

In a multiplicity of crops in rotation is to be found the principle which insures a people against those influences which, where there is but one single crop, are the forerunners of want and famine. A rotation of crops is not, as some writers and economists believe, simply a question of organic chemistry. The reason of its existence is more elevated than that. Since a variety of products distributes labour over every working day in the year, and creates constant employment, which is a great advantage to public economy and private morals, for he who works every day gains every day his bread, and hence in those countries where labour is raised to the dignity of a science you see neither idlers nor vagabonds, it follows that by a well-considered system of rotation of crops, and with the aid of irrigation and drainage, nature will do her part if the Government and public intelligence will do theirs.

Let us here enquire what are those combinations which have produced so happy an effect on the agriculture of upper Italy. They are :—

1st. The legal servitude of the aqueduct, whether for irrigation or for drainage, exercised according to the decision of experts without special laws, without parliamentary intervention.

2nd. The invariable census of landed property, which means perpetual improvement to the advantage of the owner.

3rd. The declaration contained in the "Act of Consignment" and the reimbursement for improvements to the advantage of the tenant.

4th. The institution of associations for irrigation or drainage, having power of immediate execution without previous intervention of the magistrate.

5th. The institution of rural communes, to contribute in perpetuity to works of local utility in proportion to the original value of the ground; a certain proportion of non-property holders to be represented.

6th. The promotion of the principle of full and free liberty of property, in order that mortgages, which now weigh on rents, may find a security in the land.

7th. The principle of the unchangeable census which, in Lombardy, has reference solely to the land tax, might possibly in a new country be beneficially applied to leases. This perpetual census, I ought to remark, is redeemable.

There is another part of this general question of taxation on which I do not touch, not knowing the legislation at the Cape; it is with reference to church property in land. Cattaneo makes certain suggestions of much value on that subject, but as you may consider this letter already too long, I do not open it.

Before closing his remarks he says it were well to rectify an opinion held by some economists that a cure for poverty would consist in the distribution and division of waste lands amongst the poor gratuitously.

It is presumed that the lands so given are really, at the moment of donation, sterile, at least comparatively so. He says that the application of labour to such land is in effect to apply it where it will produce least. The first wish which such an unserviceable gift must naturally produce in the mind of the recipient would be to extract some benefit, that is to say either to sell it or pawn it. Neither could the donor prevent his doing so except by violating the rights of that property which he pretended to make a free gift. Would it not be much better, he asks, to incite in that man's mind a desire not to sell but to buy, and to buy at the most honourable of all rates and prices, the price of his care and toil.

By such means would arise an order of industrial proprietors. I know not how it is with you, but I remark that very awkward questions seem to be springing up in New Zealand between aborigines and colonists. The first complain of "usurpation," and they revenge themselves on the latter with violence. Surely it would be possible to show them that the uncultured earth, the "land of their fathers," as they call it, the land "confiscated" and "usurped," is merely the very smallest portion of that ill-used and little-understood birthright.

For the effect is twofold; one industrious family, by its improvements and activity, gives work to labourers less active and less provident. The increase of their gross rental by drainage, by manuring, by planting, by rotation of crops, not only prevents dearth and want, but enables them to redeem the "perpetual census," and puts them in the possession of the landlord's share.

By this method you produce permanent and productive labour, in other words capital.

To apply a test, let us suppose a case of famine in an impoverished country dependent upon a richer neighbour. Some benevolent minds say let us help these unfortunate people. Let us lay down a railway, it will give work, wages, and induce habits of permanent industry. The railway is made, but somehow, its capital is not productive, the profits are eaten up by expenses. It was an operation in the inverse ratio of the need of the poor country. The benevolent find that they have spent a million in giving bread to 100,000 workmen, but somehow the country is as poor as it was before, and the workmen are, as formerly, lodged in mud hovels. The benevolent discover that they must do their work over again.

Now let us take the case of a provident agricultural contract. That is to say:—"A perpetual lease with a guaranteed right to improvements." When once the population understand what it means you will find them anxious to turn up their farms. You will have conferred upon them an indefinite amount of remunerative labour, not only for years of famine, but for all time, not for 100,000 or one million of hands, but for a million of families. Improvement, in all its inexhaustible forms, will cover the country and will extract work, *e.g.*, capital, from the very weakest. True, this is not a work to be accomplished

under the spur of so savage a necessity as famine, but under the diurnal course and succession of generations. Oaks grow from acorns; he who wishes to reap must sow; and as I see by the map that Albany seems created by nature to be irrigated, for it is surrounded by water on almost every part of its four sides, so do I venture to hope that the judge may find in these notes of an eminent Lombard writer and economist an incentive to that best and greatest of all ambitions, to make two blades of grass grow where only one grew before.

Yours, &c.,

* * *

Stellenbosch.

A Visitor's Notes and Reminiscences of the Late Festival.

We had purposed, in the words of the title of Canon Kingsley's delightful little book, heading our notes "At Last." It may seem an unsuggestive one, but when intended to convey the impressions formed on a mind viewing a place for the first time, however well known it may be, the title might have been permitted to stand. As no two persons see alike, speak alike, act alike, or are any two ways identical, so in like manner it may fairly be inferred that a person seeing a place for the first time may note some things that have not before attracted notice. By this we would not insinuate the possession of any special faculty for observing not equally possessed by others; and deprecate the idea that we have any such object in view as to lead the reader to believe we have anything fresh to communicate.

It is merely intended to note down the impressions formed on a short visit of two days, lately paid to the country on an occasion of local as well as of historical interest, and this is our apology for writing.

Scene: An office in the metropolis.—*Dramatis Personæ*: *Chief of Office* and *Applicant for leave*. *Applicant* entering office,—*loq*: "Should very much like to run away for a couple of days, sir! Down to Stellenbosch to be present at the Bicentenary Festival to take place on the 6th. I have never been to the village so celebrated for its beauty, and the Festival of next Thursday will be 'at last' a suitable opportunity for the gratification of my desire."

Chief of Office (looking up from his work): "Eh? Oh! you are a funny fellow! what a man you are for being carried away by such vanity! You should do as I do—laugh at all such frivolities, scorn the temptation, so slight, to spend money—and leave vanity for the vain. Ah! you are a funny fellow! All right, go and enjoy yourself;" and with this permission so good-humouredly given the scene closes for a time. *Scene re-opens*: Time, 5 minutes to 4 o'clock, p.m. *Chief of Office* encountering applicant, *loq.*: "Well! and so you are going off on Thursday, eh?" *Applicant*, in astonishment (who had thought the matter settled): "No, Sir, to-morrow!" *C. of O.* (in surprise): "Oh! yes, of course, to-morrow afternoon." *Applicant*: "Oh no! to-morrow morning, as I desire to see all the public institutions of the town before Thursday, otherwise I shall have no time;" and with an amused smile *C. of O.* disappears smoking a

fragrant Havana, while *Applicant* makes a hurried rush for the train. The matter of leave being thus easily settled, Wednesday morning, 5th November, 1879, found us encumbered with a portmanteau at the station awaiting the early train for Stellenbosch. The morning was delightfully calm and fine—qualities meteorological duly appreciated in a locality where *zephyrs* usually blow. At 7·26 a.m. we commenced our journey. Our carriage companions were a young lady and gentleman evidently bent on the same mission as ourselves; a short chubby man sat in one corner, as if unaccustomed to the circumstances in which he found himself, fearful of moving lest he should be guilty of some indictable offence or encourage a fit of apoplexy. Another carriage occupant was a gentleman who gave no direct clue to his possibilities, and who would have been an enigma, save for some marks which led us to one or other of two conclusions. He was either a jockey or a journalist, and our perplexity was brought about by a formidable riding cane carried in hand, while under his arm was what appeared to be a book for the purpose of taking notes of the preparations for the festivities. Another carriage companion was a gentleman whom we recognised as belonging to one of the Government offices in town, and whom we surmised, and correctly, to be on holiday errand bent. Soon after seating himself he politely requested permission of the young lady to light a cigarette. This was granted; but it struck us obliquely that there was a slight degree of hesitation, which seemed to us to be due more to the desire of exerting her prerogative and privilege than from the fear of being in any way inconvenienced by the odour of a mild Laferme. Soon after leaving Salt River Station the train crosses an iron girder bridge spanning the junction of the Black and Leisbeek Rivers, and toils up a heavy incline which leads on to the Cape Flats—the first gentle step in that series of plateaux or terraces which rise successively from the submerged L'Agulhas Bank to the elevated interior of Africa, and forming one of the most remarkable features in the physical conformation in this the southern end of our Continent. As the train creeps slowly up this bank with a moderately heavy load for such a wheezy asthmatical old fire-box, we have time to glance out of the windows, and do so with a certain feeling of pleasure. We are now speaking in reference to the Cape Flats, over which the line of rails is laid. It is usual, when describing the country during a railway journey on some important occasion, to treat this part of the route with silence, or with slight notice. But we would try to be different, and endeavour to see if there is not something

in these very Cape Flats that may justly claim our attention for a moment. As the train winds on we note with pleasure the fine plantations of young firs, already ten or twelve feet high, skirting the railway on both sides, and the splendid growths of Willows, Mimosas, Hakeas, and other trees which, under the protecting care of Government, bid fair to render what was once a sterile waste a most valuable possession. When our eyes wander back over the record of time, and we think of the burning desert sand drifts these selfsame Flats once were, when to cross them was cruel work to the poor cattle employed in transport, and to the farmers a task of difficulty not oftener to be undertaken than was absolutely necessary, and now to see them covered with trees, shrubs, and grass, and traversed by a broad hard road and a line of railway, we confess we are not actuated by the spirit which we will call by no harsher name than the ingratitude of forgetfulness. On the contrary, we look with feelings of pleasure on them ; for who of us born under the shadow of the Table has not in youthful ardour, when the sporting spirit first burned in his breast, shouldered his gun and trudged manfully all day with the smallest amount of bodily nourishment as long as a day's shooting could be had. All of us, young lads and "old boys," know those vleys which we now see, where the wild duck rears her callow brood, and the beautiful painted snipe is to be found. Those spots are all known where one was always sure of finding a covey of partridges, a brace of pheasants, or a swift paced hare. Pleasant spots indeed, once a glaring sand drift, now covered with beautiful reeds and feathery grasses, whose study, so much neglected, would amply repay the devoted botanist. These flowering reeds and delicate grasses, nodding gracefully in their plumaged glory, whether swayed by the zephyrs or agitated by storms, seem to whisper in the language of the beautiful old classic fable, that those who scorn them or the Flats they cover must indeed have "asses ears and eyes." But we must hurry—our train is speeding on and leaving us behind—so we must leave our old friends for a time, with the hope that they will not be ungrateful to us for having endeavoured to find something noteworthy about them and place it on record. We trust the day may come when every part of them will be covered with forest trees and grass, and they will be occupied by an industrious and numerous community. Even at the present in many parts their fertility is unsurpassed by any portion of the Cape Division, or in any division in the Colony. We are now at D'Urban Road Station, which we reached at 7·57 a.m., where we remained about four minutes.

Moving on again, we proceed towards Eerste River, our next stopping-place. We travel at a smart pace down the incline to Kuil's River, so smart as to make a cloud of dust fly from the ballasting of the line, and which makes looking out of the carriage window a disagreeable and dusty task. This is no great loss, however, as we are only passing the village of Kuil's River, which takes its name from an insignificant stream about as wide as a walking stick twice measured. The village is a poor straggling place, consisting of a few thatched houses with small gardens and vineyards attached. Clusters of oak trees in their deep umbrageous clothing of green, and the country wearing the garb of late Spring, rendered the place not so unsightly as it would otherwise have been. Here we noticed, what struck us more forcibly further on our journey, the absence of neat fences or hedges to the vineyards and gardens. Here might be seen a vineyard with some thousands of stocks, without any fence, wandering away indefinitely on all sides, merging finally with the uncultivated ground. The stocks at the lower end nearest the railway were choked with a broad-bladed "quick" grass, which, besides interfering with the appearance of the vines, must undoubtedly draw much of the nourishment from the soil that should be absorbed by the vines. All along the line of our route the crops, part of which were already cut, appeared to be of good quality.

Glancing our eyes southwards towards the sea, over the protea and heath-covered country between Kuil's River and Eerste River, we notice in the middle distance those immense white sand dunes, or hills, containing numberless tons of white sand blown up out of the sea on False Bay beach. Year by year they are marching steadily and surely on, carrying desolation and destruction in their broad path. This drifting sand is, we believe, a matter of constant concern to the Government, and tree-planting means, of which we know not the exact power, are being employed to arrest its indefinite progress. Some idea of what the Cape Flats beyond Salt River were before the time that Mr. Montagu was Colonial Secretary, can be gathered from an examination of these immense sand-hills. Many of our hunting friends probably know to their cost what they are like, when Reynard has led them a circuitous round, and when their horses are fagged and the sun has climbed well up towards the meridian, they find themselves in the midst of these hot glaring sands. Tongue-parched, and wearied, they have probably felt inclined to sell, not their "kingdom for a horse," but their horse for a bottle of Bass.

With selfish complacency we turn ourselves from the consideration of

these sands and the future of the country in their line of travel, and betake ourselves to noting objects of particular and personal interest. As we look out of the carriage window before reaching Eerste River, we scan the wild flowers close at hand, and we notice amidst the floral wealth some beautiful Ixias, Orchids, Watsonias (just bursting into bloom), with the usual accompaniment of heaths and proteas. In insect life, the specimens of which on the wing could alone be seen, we noted a great number of the common "painted lady" butterfly, also of the white butterfly with black ocelli on the wings. The season appears to have been very favourable to the development of these two species, as we had noticed their numbers while wandering on an excursion near Wynberg some few weeks since. The gratification of our own love in the shape of birds was not permitted to any great extent. In the earlier part of our walk we saw a fine harrier, a few turtle doves, a mouse bird, and some Cape starlings. These, with a few members of the finch family, were all we saw on our journey. Of course travelling rapidly past in a railway is no criterion of a country's richness in objects illustrative of natural history; and we could not refrain from wishing it were possible for our friends, the members of the Cape Town Naturalists' Field Club, to join us in a day's ramble over the Flats in this locality. Eerste River Station was reached at 8·26 a.m., where a delay of ten minutes occurred in waiting for the up train from Stellenbosch, which crosses here. A few of our passengers alighted at this place, while some others were taken up and carried on to Stellenbosch. Soon after leaving Eerste River, the line passes through a rather deep cutting, from which point it trends more northwards, and slopes gradually down into the Eerste River Valley, along the northern edge of which it travels to Stellenbosch. Here, again, the absence of good fences or hedges round vineyards and gardens became apparent. On the left-hand side of the railway might be seen a large field of young potatoes contiguous to the road, along which the farm-cattle, wagons, and general traffic must pass, without even so much as a sand or sod bank being thrown up as a protection. On the opposite side of the railway could be seen, in front of a very respectable farmstead, an unsightly arrangement of sod bank and post and rail covered with tree loppings and bushes, which was used as an ostrich camp. The view of the farm house, with its clean white-wash, green painted windows, and verdant oaks, was quite spoiled by this unsightly appendage. This frail arrangement for keeping ostriches within bounds we have noticed elsewhere as well, and it is possibly due to the proverbial stupidity of the bird that nothing stronger and more durable

has been suggested. Numerous ostriches are kept along this part. In the census of March, 1875, 179 ostriches are returned for the division of Stellenbosch, and the number has now probably largely increased. Our journey is fast approaching an end. Passing along through the celebrated vineyards, now wearing their most lovely garb of green, we emerge again on the open, and find ourselves, at two minutes past 9 a.m., on the 5th November, 1879, at Stellenbosch Station. A great crowd of faces is on the platform, come to receive and welcome friends from a distance, who have stolen away from business for a short holiday. By the aid of a polite station-master and guard, a seat was obtained in a phaeton-carriage of antiquated structure, driven by a coloured man of grave aspect of countenance, who seemed burdened with the responsibilities of an exalted life, and conscious of his dignity. Perched on the coach-box, on the same level of existence therefore as Jehu, we started on the final stage of our journey. With a miscellaneous assortment of tin trunks, portmanteaux, and boxes floating and jolting about between our legs, the drive could not be said to have been comfortable. Threatened, if not with broken bones, at least with abrasion of tissue, we were glad when our drive was at an end, and we found ourselves safe in the village of Stellenbosch. "Bad beginnings have good endings;" so says the proverb, and we verified it in our experience. Reaching the house in K. Street to which we had been directed, we learned to our satisfaction that a bed could be had for the night. Anticipating, however, a large influx of visitors, the condition was imposed that it might be necessary to use the room during the day as a retiring place for ladies. We accepted the proviso cheerfully, as the sleeping room at night was all our requirement. Subsequent events proved the wisdom and foresight of mine hostess. To reach this room it was necessary to mount a terrible flight of stairs. Placed at some angle between 45° and 90°—not very far from 60°—it was a task of some difficulty to get up them. One had to be very careful lest the balance should be lost and an unpleasant roll to the bottom ensue. To persons of nervous temperament, excited by the influence of a heated after-dinner debate, the climbing of these stairs would likely be attended with serious consequences. We soon, however, got accustomed to them, and ere we left, some of the impression of their awkwardness had worn off. From the stoep we were enabled to get a better view of the street than our window afforded. Kerkstraat is about three hundred yards long, extending from the Town Green, named Adderley Square (or as it is familiarly known by the inhabitants, the Braak), to Drostdy

Street on the north. We admired the clean rows of houses, nearly all of which are built in the favourite Colonial Dutch style of one storey high, with gabled roofs under thatch, and with broad stoeps in front, on which the inhabitants sit in the shade of the wide-spreading oaks and enjoy the cool air outside. But late fires have materially influenced the taste of the people—notably in the matter of roofs. Hard corrugated iron has stepped in, and has taken the place of thatch. The one-storey height still obtains, probably on account of the oaks, the tops and branches of which would interfere with the light, in an upper storey. Proceeding up the street, we soon found ourselves at the top, admiring the Dutch Church, with its tall spire, which forms such a commanding feature in the landscape, as the traveller approaches Stellenbosch. Rearing its graceful head far above the tree tops, beneath which occasional glimpses of the houses may be caught, it seems like a solemn sentinel doing watch and guard over the village embowered in the trees beneath. We next made our way to the Government Offices, and paid a visit to the Magistrate's Court. There was only one case : a farm servant charged with deserting his master's service ; previous convictions were proved, and he was sentenced to one month's imprisonment.

We were introduced to the Chairman of the Municipality, Mr. J. G. Mader, in his capacity as chairman of the festival committee. He was superintending the erection of a raised wooden platform in front of the Theological Seminary of the Dutch Reformed Church, formerly the Drostdy Building. This building gives the name to the street leading from it. This street bounds the town on the north side and runs at right angles to Dorp, Kerk (Church) and Plein Streets, the three principal streets, which are parallel to one another. Cross streets at right angles divide the town into a number of square blocks, similar to the divisions of Cape Town. We were told that everybody was very busy preparing for the next day ; but the outward display of energy was to our mind small indeed. Being accustomed to the bustle of town life possibly we could not judge aright. Under directions we made our way to a pleasant spot by the river on the right bank of which Stellenbosch is built. Crossing a wooden bridge, spanning the bed of the river which is at present a stream of about sixty feet wide, fifteen inches deep, and flowing over a rough stony bed, we found ourselves walking under the trees along a shady lane past a farm house well supplied with orchards and vineyards. Suddenly we emerged on the open in front of a badly protected ostrich camp, over the fence of which the birds could easily have stalked had

they been so disposed. The male bird instantly noticed our approach, and drooping his wings, courteously advanced to the gate to receive us. Fearing that the gate would not be far enough, he was searching for a convenient spot in the hedge over which to step, in order the earlier to introduce himself. But as the country was uninteresting in that direction, and as we had no desire to disturb the ladies, we retraced our steps, with a due appreciation of the politeness and kindly intentions which prompted the advance. On regaining the village (as the inhabitants modestly like to call it) we walked down Dorp-street, which is nearly a mile in length. At the head of it, and looking down the street, is the residence of the Rev. Mr. Neethling, the minister of the Dutch Reformed Church. This street, in our opinion, is the finest in the place. In it are the Theological Seminary, the Municipal Offices, Prison, the rear face of the Bloemhof School, and many exceedingly nice residences in both old and new styles. Of the former, one facing Ryneveld Street, was a quaint-looking old place, having the date 1775 over the door, under the low thatched gables. Another house is the one built by the Rev. Meent Borcherds, named "La Gratitude." His son, the late Civil Commissioner, whose memoirs have been published, died there. In endeavouring to decipher the name of a cross street from the indicator at the corner, we were in distress. A respectable coloured man, who was mounted on a ladder and engaged in whitewashing, helped us out of our difficulty by telling us the name was "Papegaai Straat, maar de nomber is dood" (lit. Cockatoo Street but the number is dead). The name is derived from Papegaai Hill, which is on the opposite side of the railway to the west of the town. This hill takes its name from the shooting range having been there in the early days of Stellenbosch, when the "schutters" or volunteers went out practising. Instead of having a target as we now have of iron, with a bull's eye, they employed a wooden object in the shape of a bird to fire at, and the prize-taker was the one who knocked the bird's head off. A drilling master was appointed to this corps in 1686, and Governor Van der Stell, on inspecting them some short time after, was so pleased that he gave them half a leaguer of wine to enjoy themselves with.

(To be continued.)

Notes and News.

THE INTRODUCTION OF THE VINE.

In "Delta's" note in our last number, on the subject of the "Introduction of the Vine," reference was made to Judge Watermeyer's article in the *Cape Monthly Magazine*, 1860, pp. 258-259; but we find that the article in question was one of a series on the history of the Huguenots in South Africa, contributed to the magazine by Mr. John Noble.

THE PHYLLOXERA.

The Cape Town Press is directing attention to the ravages of the Phylloxera in the older vineyards of Europe, and, not too soon, a warning note is sounded as to the necessity of proper means being adopted to prevent the introduction into our Colony of this formidable enemy to the vines. The following letter appears in the *Cape Times* of the 27th instant :—

Allow me to draw the attention of all who have an interest in the prosperity of this country, from the Government downwards, to the following extract from the London *Times* of 25th Oct. last:—"The Phylloxera in Australia.—This dreadful scourge is not content with devastating the European vineyards, but has appeared in those of Victoria, in the district of Geelong. The Bendigo Vignerons have sent a recommendation to the Government that the Geelong vineyards should be at once purchased by the State and destroyed; and in this movement the New South Wales and South Australian Governments have been asked to co-operate. The sum estimated for the purchase is about £30,000." The above came to my notice immediately after reading your leading article in this morning's issue, and, as one having a special interest in the wine production of this country, allow me to follow you in urging upon the Government the absolute prohibition of imports of vine cuttings, so as to lessen as far as possible the risk of a visitation from the terrible pest of "Phylloxera."

WHILE I WAS MUSING.

The Rev. T. W. Swift, M.A., Oxon., Rector of Wynberg, has published a collection of miscellaneous verses under the above title. Many of the pieces contained in this volume made their first appearance either in the pages of this magazine or in the columns of the Cape Town newspapers. They are therefore well known to our readers. The admirers of Mr. Swift's poetry will be glad to have

them published in the neat form in which they are now presented to the public. The poems are the productions of a mind, religious, and patriotic. Feeling strongly on the questions of the day, Mr. Swift flies to poetry as the vehicle best suited for the expression of the thoughts that burn within him. Those who admire his politics will praise his poetry, those who are opposed to his views will not see much in his lines. His simpler and more homely verses will meet with most approval.

EDUCATIONAL RETURNS.

In the *Government Gazette* of the 25th November, the Superintendent-General of Education has published his Returns of Schools and Colleges in the Colony, and the Reports of the Deputy Inspectors of Schools, for the quarter ended 30th September, 1879. From these we have extracted the following figures :—

Undenominational Public Schools—Western Divisions	136
Ditto ditto Eastern Divisions	76
Mission Schools—Western Divisions	180
Ditto Eastern Divisions	159
Native Training Institutions and Day Schools:—	
Colonial, Tembus, &c.—Western Divisions	1
Ditto Eastern Divisions (including Tembuland and Pondoland)	52
Ditto Fingoland, &c.	62
Ditto Idutywa Reserve	11
Ditto St. John's	22
Ditto East Griqualand	22
District Boarding Schools and Boarding Departments—Western Divisions	24
Ditto ditto Eastern Divisions	10
Pupil Teachers—Western Divisions	2
Training Institutions and Day Schools—Basutoland ...	56

The grand total is 813 Institutions and Schools, with an attendance of 50,954 on the books, and an average daily attendance of 35,814.

From the returns of Professorships, &c., in Colleges and Institutions under Act 24 of 1874, we find that in the five Institutions assisted under the Act (viz., the South African College, the Diocesan College, the Undenominational Public School, Stellenbosch, the Grey Institute, and the St. Andrew's College), there are no students at present attending the M A. course, 151 attending the B.A. course, 740 attending the Matriculation course, and 12 the Survey course.

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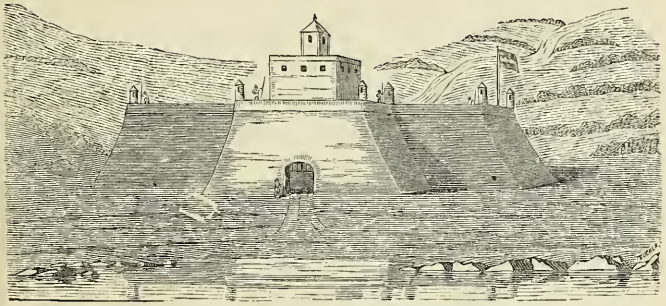
THE CAPE

MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

The Beginning of the European Occupation in South Africa.

FROM DOCUMENTS IN THE COLONIAL ARCHIVES.

(No. V.—1656-1657.)



THE FORT GOOD HOPE.

(*From a picture of the year* 1666.)

DURING the winter of 1656 there was a good deal of sickness among the people, which the Council considered to be beyond doubt a punishment inflicted upon them for their sins. It was therefore resolved to set apart Thursday the 29th of June as a day of fasting and prayer to the Almighty to have mercy upon them. The people were admonished not to sit down to their meals, as some of them had been in the habit of doing, without asking a blessing from God before eating and returning thanks afterwards. Those who disobeyed this injunction were to be fined a shilling for the first offence, two shillings for the second, and so on, in addition to arbitrary

correction. A few weeks later a placaat was issued against bathing or washing clothes in the river above the place from which water for culinary purposes was taken, from which it may be inferred that perhaps the particular sin of which the people had been guilty was a disregard of the laws of health.

In October it was arranged that for the present the Council should consist on ordinary occasions of the Commander Johan van Riebeek, the Sergeant Jan van Harwarden, and the Bookkeeper Roelof de Man. When sitting as a court of justice or as a military tribunal, the constable of the fortress and the two corporals were also to have seats. The records of proceedings were to be kept by the clerk Caspar van Weede, who was also to perform the duty of fiscal.

On account of there being no clergyman here, marriages at this time took place before the Secretary of the Council, but it was necessary that the banns should be published three times by the Sick Comforter. The ceremony was usually performed on Sunday mornings after the reading of the sermon. One or two marriages were solemnized by the chaplains of ships that called, as for instance that of the late Secunde Frederick Verburg, whose bride was the clergyman's sister. Up to the end of 1656 the marriages that took place in the fort were as follows:—Adolphus Bengevoort and Janneken Willems, Jacob Ryniers and Elizabeth van Opdorp, Pieter van Duyne and Sebastiana van Opdorp, Jacobus van der Kerkhoven and Elizabeth Stadtlanders, and Jan Wouters and Catharina, a freed slave, daughter of Anthonie, of Bengal.

Marriages such as this last were encouraged in those days. Mr. Van Riebeek has left on record his opinion of the advantages derived by the Portuguese from the large mixed population of their possessions in the East, without whose assistance their fortresses could not have been held so long, and he thought it advisable that the Netherlanders should have a similar link between themselves and the coloured inhabitants of their dominions. A hundred years later very different views were held, but in the middle of the seventeenth century no distinction whatever appears to have been made between people on account of colour. A profession of Christianity placed black and white upon the same level. The possessions of the heathen

were the inheritance of God's people, and could be taken from them without sin. The heathen themselves could be enslaved, but Christians could not be kept in bondage. The archives of this Colony contain numerous illustrations of this doctrine. A black professing Christianity was spoken of in identically the same language as a white. Thus Catharina, the Bengalese slave girl, who was placed in freedom by Admiral Bogaert, as soon as she was baptized was styled "de eerbare jonge dochter," and the Commander's own niece was spoken of in precisely the same words.

The number of foreign ships that called at the Cape was very small. Mr. Van Riebeek asked the Directors to give him explicit instructions as to the treatment of strangers, and was informed that they were to be allowed to catch fish and to take in water freely, but that they were not to be supplied with refreshments, as the Company needed all that could be obtained for its own ships. Courtesy was to be observed, and the Commander was to use discretion and not give offence needlessly. But the expense of keeping up an establishment at the Cape was incurred solely for the Company's own benefit and not for the accommodation of strangers. In the year 1656 forty-four vessels put into Table Bay. Of these, thirty-five belonged to the Company, five were English, and four were French. The English and French were treated in as friendly a manner as could have been expected under the circumstances. They were permitted to purchase vegetables from those individuals who had gardens, and exchanges of presents were made, though the Commander in writing to the Directors excused his liberality by stating that the beef which on two occasions he sent on board was of unsound cattle.

The preliminary arrangements for releasing some of the Company's servants from their engagements and helping them to become farmers were at length completed, and on the 21st of February 1657 ground was allotted to the first burghers in South Africa. Before that date individuals had been permitted to make gardens for their own private benefit, but these persons still remained in the Company's service. They were mostly petty officers with families, who drew a sum of money instead of rations, and who could derive a portion of their food from their gardens as well as make a trifle

occasionally by the sale of vegetables. The free burghers, as they were afterwards termed, formed a very different class, as they were subjects, not servants of the Company.

For more than a year the workmen as well as the officers had been meditating upon the project, and revolving in their minds whether they would be better off as free men or as servants. At length nine of them determined to make the trial. They formed themselves into two parties, and after selecting ground for occupation, presented themselves before the Council and concluded the final arrangements. There were present that day at the Council table in the Commander's hall, Mr. Van Riebeck, Sergeant Jan van Harwarden, and the Bookkeeper Roelof de Man. The proceedings were taken down at great length by the Secretary Caspar van Weede.

The first party consisted of five men, named Herman Remajenne, Jan Martinssen de Wacht, Jan van Passel, Warnar Cornelissen, and Roelof Janssen. They had selected a tract of land just beyond the Liesbeek, and had given to it the name of Groeneveld, or the Green Country. There they intended to apply themselves chiefly to the cultivation of wheat. And as Remajenne was the principal person among them, they called themselves Herman's Colony.

The second party was composed of four men, named Stephen Janssen, Hendrik Elbrechts, Otto Janssen, and Jacob Cornelissen. The ground of their selection was on this side of the Liesbeek, and they had given it the name of Hollandsche Thuin, or the Dutch Garden. They stated that it was their intention to cultivate tobacco as well as grain. Henceforth this party was known as Stephen's Colony. Both companies were desirous of growing vegetables and of breeding cattle, pigs, and poultry.

The conditions under which these men were released from the Company's service were as follows :—

They were to have in full possession all the ground which they could bring under cultivation within three years, during which time they were to be free of taxes.

After the expiration of three years they were to pay a reasonable land tax. They were then to be at liberty to sell, lease, or otherwise alienate their ground, but not without first communicating with the Commander or his representative.

Such provisions as they should require out of the magazine were to be supplied to them at the same price as to the Company's married servants.

They were to be at liberty to catch as much fish in the rivers as they should require for their own consumption.

They were to be at liberty to sell freely to the crews of ships any vegetables which the Company might not require for the garrison, but they were not to go on board ships until three days after arrival, and were not to bring any strong drink on shore.

They were not to keep taps, but were to devote themselves to the cultivation of the ground and the rearing of cattle.

They were not to purchase horned cattle, sheep, or anything else from the natives, under penalty of forfeiture of all their possessions.

They were to purchase such cattle as they needed from the Company, at the rate of twenty-five guldens for an ox or cow and three guldens for a sheep. They were to sell cattle only to the Company, but all they offered were to be taken at the above prices.

They were to pay to the Company for pasturage one-tenth of all the cattle reared, but under this clause no pigs or poultry were to be claimed.

The Company was to furnish them upon credit, at cost price in the Fatherland, with all such implements as were necessary to carry on their work, with food, and with guns, powder, and lead for their defence. In payment they were to deliver the produce of their ground, and the Company was to hold a mortgage upon all their possessions.

They were to be subject to such laws as were in force in the Fatherland and in India, and to such as should thereafter be made for the service of the Company and the welfare of the community.

These regulations could be altered or amended at will by the Supreme Authorities.

The two parties immediately took possession of their ground, and commenced to build themselves houses. They had very little more than two months to spare before the rainy season would set in, but that was sufficient time to run up sod walls and cover them with roofs of thatch. The forests from which timber was obtained were at no great distance, and all the other materials needed were close

at hand. And so they were under shelter and ready to turn over the ground when the first rains of the season fell. There was a scarcity of farming implements at first, but that was soon remedied.

On the 17th of March a ship arrived from home, having on board an officer of high rank, named Ryklof van Goens, who was afterwards Governor-General of Netherlands India. He had been instructed to rectify anything that he might find amiss here, and he thought the conditions under which the burghers held their ground could be improved. He therefore made several alterations in them, and also inserted some fresh clauses, the most important of which are as follow :—

The freemen were to have plots of land along the Liesbeek, in size forty roods by two hundred,—equal to $13\frac{1}{3}$ morgen,—free of taxes for twelve years.

All farming utensils were to be repaired free of charge for three years.

In order to procure a good stock of breeding cattle, the freemen were to be at liberty to purchase from the natives, until further instructions should be received, but they were not to pay more than the Company. The price of horned cattle between the freemen and the Company was reduced from twenty-five to twelve guldens.

The penalty to be paid by a burgher for selling cattle except to the Company was fixed at twenty rixdollars.

That they might direct their attention chiefly to the cultivation of grain, the freemen were not to plant tobacco or even more vegetables than they might need for their own consumption.

The burghers were to keep guard by turns in any redoubts which should be built for their protection.

They were not to shoot any wild animals except such as were noxious. To promote the destruction of ravenous animals the premiums were increased, viz., for a lion, to twenty-five guldens, for a hyena, to twenty guldens, and for a leopard, to ten guldens.

None but married men of good character and of Dutch or German birth were to have ground allotted to them. Upon their request, their wives and children were to be sent to them from Europe. In every case they were to agree to remain twenty years in South Africa.

Unmarried men could be released from service to work as mechanics, or if they were specially adapted for any useful employment, or if they would engage themselves for a term of years to the holders of ground.

One of the most respectable burghers was to have a seat and a vote in the Council of Justice whenever cases affecting freemen or their interests were being tried. He was to hold the office of Burgher Councillor for a year, when another should be selected and have the honour transferred to him. To this office Stephen Janssen was appointed for the first term.

The Commissioner drew up lengthy instructions for the guidance of the Cape Government, in which the Commander was directed to encourage and assist the burghers, as they would relieve the Company of the payment of a large amount of wages. There were then exactly one hundred persons in South Africa in receipt of wages, and as soon as the free farmers were sufficiently numerous, this number was to be reduced to seventy.

Many of the restrictions under which the Company's servants became South African burghers were vexatious, and would be deemed intolerable at the present day. But in 1657 men heard very little of individual rights or of unrestricted trade. They were accustomed to the interference of the government in almost everything, and as to free trade, it was simply impossible. The Netherlands could only carry on commerce with the East by means of a powerful Company, able to conduct expensive wars and maintain great fleets without drawing upon the resources of the State. Individual interests were therefore lost sight of even at home, much more so in such a settlement as that at the Cape, which was called into existence by the Company solely and entirely for its own benefit.

A commencement having been made, there were a good many applications for free papers. Many of those to whom they were granted afterwards re-entered the Company's service, or went back to the Fatherland. The names of some who remained in South Africa have died out, but others have numerous descendants in this country at the present day. There are even instances in which the same Christian name has been transmitted from father to son in

unbroken succession. In addition to those already mentioned, the following individuals received free papers within the next twelve-month :—

Wouter Cornelis Mostert, who was for many years afterwards one of the leading men in the settlement. He had been a miller in the Fatherland, but followed many occupations in this country. In 1657 the Company imported a corn mill to be worked by horses, but after a short time it was resolved to make use of the water of the fresh river as a motive power. Mostert contracted to build the new mill, and when it was in working order he took charge of it on shares of the payments made for grinding. Bricks and tiles were needed in great quantities, and he contracted to supply them. In 1670 it was resolved to construct a stone watercourse from the reservoir to the jetty, and it was he who carried out the work. He had a piece of ground behind the Devil's Peak, where by means of servants he carried on farming successfully. He was at times a burgher councillor and a militia officer. It is recorded in the journal that he was once surprised by a lion, and only saved himself by hastily climbing a tree. In every respect he is mentioned as a most worthy man, and he was certainly an enterprising colonist. In 1658 he was married to Hester Weyers van Lier, ward of the Senior Merchant Willem Bastink, who called here in the ship *Prins Willem*.

Hendrik Boom, the gardener, whose name has already been frequently mentioned.

Christian Janssen and Pieter Cornelissen, who received free papers because they had been expert hunters in the Company's service. It was arranged that they should continue to follow that employment, in which they were granted a monopoly, and prices were fixed at which they were to sell all kinds of game. They were also privileged to keep a tap for the sale of strong drink.

Leendert Cornelissen, a ship's carpenter, who received a grant of a strip of forest at the foot of the mountain. His object was to cut timber for sale, for all kinds of which prices were fixed by the Council.

Elbert Dirksen and Hendrik van Surwerden, who were to get a living as tailors.

Herman Ernst, Cornelis Classen, Thomas Robertson (an Englishman), Isaac Manget, Klaas Frederiksen, Klaas Schriever, and Hendrik Fransen, who took service with farmers.

Caspar Brinkman, Pieter Visagie, Hans Faesbenger, Jacob Cloeten, Jan Reyniers, Jacob Theunissen, Jan Rietvelt, Otto van Vrede, and Simon Janssen, who had land assigned to them as farmers.

Jan Vetteman, the surgeon of the fort. He arranged for a monopoly of practice in his profession and for various other privileges.

Roelof Zieuwerts, who was to get his living as a waggon and plough maker, and to whom a small piece of forest was granted.

Martin Vlockaart, Pieter Jacobs, and Jan Adriansen, who were to maintain themselves as fishermen.

Pieter Kley, Dirk Vreem, and Pieter Heynse, who were to saw yellow wood planks for sale, as well as to work at their occupation as carpenters.

Hendrik Schaik, Willem Pietersen, Dirk Rinkes, Michiel van Swol, Dirk Noteboom, Frans Gerritsen, and Jan Zacharias, who are mentioned merely as having become free burghers.

Besides the regulations concerning the burghers, the Commissioner Van Goens drew up copious instructions on general subjects for the guidance of the government. He prohibited the Company's servants from cultivating gardens on their own account, but he excepted the Commander, who was allowed to make use of the ground at Green Point as a private farm. As a rule, the crews of foreign ships were not to be provided with vegetables or meat, but were to be permitted to take in water freely. The Commander was left some discretion in dealing with them, but the tenor of the instructions was that they were not to be encouraged to visit Table Bay.

Regarding the natives, they were to be treated kindly, so as to obtain their goodwill. If any of them assaulted or robbed a burgher, those suspected should be seized and placed upon Robben Island until they made known the offenders, when they should be released and the guilty persons be banished to the island for two or three years. If any of them committed murder, the criminal should be put to death, but the Commander should endeavour to have the execution performed by the natives themselves.

Caution was to be observed that no foreign language should continue to be spoken by any slaves who might hereafter be brought into the country. Equal care was to be taken that no other weights or measures than those in use in the Fatherland should be introduced. The measure of length is laid down as twelve Rhynland inches to the foot, twelve feet to the rood, and two thousand roods to the mile, so that fifteen miles would be equal to a degree of latitude. In measuring land, six hundred square roods were to make a morgen. The land measure thus introduced is used in the Cape Colony to the present day. In calculating with it, it must be remembered that one thousand Rhynland feet are equal to one thousand and thirty-three British Imperial feet.

The office of Secunde, now for a long time vacant, was filled by the promotion of the bookkeeper Roelof de Man. Caspar van Weede was sent to Batavia, and the clerk Abraham Gabbema was appointed Secretary of the Council in his stead.

In April 1657, when these instructions were issued, the European population consisted of one hundred and thirty four individuals, Company's servants and burghers, men, women, and children all told. There were at the Cape three male and eight female slaves.

Commissioner Van Goens permitted the burghers to purchase cattle from the natives, provided they gave in exchange no more than the Company was offering. A few weeks after he left South Africa, three of the farmers turned this license to account, by equipping themselves and going upon a trading journey inland. Travelling in an easterly direction, they soon reached a district in which five or six hundred Hottentots were found, by whom they were received in a friendly manner. The Europeans could not sleep in the huts on account of vermin and filth, neither could they pass the night without some shelter, as lions and other wild animals were numerous in that part of the country. The Hottentots came to their assistance by collecting a great quantity of thorn bushes, with which they formed a high circular hedge, inside of which the strangers slept in safety. Being already well supplied with copper, the residents were not disposed to part with cattle, and the burghers were obliged to return with only two oxen and three sheep. They understood the natives to say that the district in which they were living was the

choicest portion of the whole country, for which reason they gave it the name of Hottentots' Holland.

For many months none of the pastoral Hottentots had been at the fort, when one day in July Harry presented himself before the Commander. He had come, he said, to ask where they could let their cattle graze, as they observed that the Europeans were cultivating the ground along the Liesbeek. Mr. Van Riebeek replied that they had better remain where they were, which was at a distance of eight or ten hours journey on foot from the fort. Harry informed him that it was not their custom to remain long in one place, and that if they were deprived of a retreat here they would soon be ruined by their enemies. The Commander then stated that they might come and live behind the mountains, along by Hout Bay, or on the slope of the Lion's Head, if they would trade with him. But to this Harry would not consent, as he said they lived upon the produce of their cattle.

The native difficulty had already become, what it has been ever since, the most important question for solution in South Africa. Mr. Van Riebeek was continually devising some scheme for its settlement, and a large portion of his despatches has reference to the subject. At this time his favourite plan was to build a chain of redoubts across the isthmus and to connect them with a wall. A large party of the Kaapmans was then to be enticed within the line, with their families and cattle, and when once on this side none but men were ever to be allowed to go beyond it again. They were to be compelled to sell their cattle, but were to be provided with goods so that the men could purchase more, and they were to be allowed a fair profit on trading transactions. The women and children were to be kept as guarantees for the return of the men. In this manner, the Commander thought, a good supply of cattle could be secured, and all difficulties with the natives be removed. But the Directors would not give him an opportunity to make the experiment, for the expense frightened them.

During the five years of their residence at the Cape, the Europeans had acquired some knowledge of the condition of the natives. They had ascertained that all the little clans in the neighbourhood, whether Goringhaikonas, Gorachouquas, or Goringhaiquas, were

members of one tribe, of which Gogosoa was the principal chief. Another clan, called the Charigurigquas, was likewise a mere section of this tribe. The clans were often at war, as the Goringhaikonas and the Gorighaiquas in 1652, but they showed a common front against the next tribe or great division of people whose chiefs owned relationship to each other. The wars between the clans usually seemed to be forays upon each other, with a view of getting possession of women and cattle, while between the tribes hostilities were often waged with great bitterness. Of the inland tribes, Mr. Van Riebeek knew nothing more than a few names. Clans calling themselves the Cochoqua and the Chainouqua had been to the fort, and from the last of these one hundred and thirty head of cattle had recently been purchased, but as yet their position with regard to others was not made out. The predatory habits of the Bushmen were well known, as also that they were enemies of every one else, but it was supposed that they were merely another Hottentot clan.*

Some stories which Eva told greatly interested the Commander. After the return of the beachrangers to Table Valley, she had gone back to live in Mr. Van Riebeek's house, and was now at the age of fifteen or sixteen years able to speak Dutch fluently. The ordinary interpreter, Doman with the honest face, was so attached to the Europeans that he had gone to Batavia with Commissioner Van Goens, and Eva was now employed in his stead. She told the Commander that the Namaquas were a people living in the interior, who had white skins and long hair, that they wore clothing and made their black slaves cultivate the ground, and that they built stone houses and had religious services just the same as the Nether-

* There is great confusion of names in the early records whenever native clans are spoken of. Sometimes it is stated that Gogosoa's people called themselves the Goringhaiqua or Goringhaina (the terminations *qua* and *na* being apparently changeable at pleasure), at other times the same clan is called the Goringhaikona. Harry's people were sometimes termed the Watermans, sometimes the Strandloopers (beachrangers). The Bushmen were at first called Visman by Mr. Van Riebeek, but he soon adopted the word *Sonqua*, which he spelt in various ways. This is evidently a form of the Hottentot name for these people, as may be seen from the following words which I have been informed on excellent authority are used by a Hottentot clan at the present day :—Nominative singular, *sap*, a bushman ; dual, *sakara*, two bushmen ; plural, *sake*, more than two bushmen. Nominative singular, *sas*, a bushwoman ; dual, *sasara*, two bushwomen ; plural, *sadi*, more than two bushwomen. Common plural, *sana*, bushmen and bushwomen.

landers. There were others, she said, who had gold and precious stones in abundance, and a Hottentot who brought some cattle for sale corroborated her statement and asserted that he was familiar with everything of the kind that was exhibited to him except a diamond. He stated that one of his wives had been brought up in the house of a great lord named Chobona, and that she was in possession of abundance of gold ornaments and jewels. Mr. Van Riebeek invited him pressingly to return at once and bring her to the fort, but he replied that being accustomed to sit at home and be waited upon by numerous servants, she would be unable to travel so far. An offer to send a waggon for her was rejected on the ground that the sight of Europeans would frighten her to death. All that could be obtained from this ingenious storyteller was a promise to bring his wife to the fort on some future occasion.

After this the Commander was more than ever anxious to have the interior of the country explored, to open up a road to the capital city of Monomotapa and to the river Spirito Sancto where gold was certainly to be found, to make the acquaintance of Chobona and the Namaquas, and to induce the people of Benguela to bring the products of their country to the fort Good Hope for sale. The Commissioner Van Goens saw very little difficulty in the way of accomplishing these designs, and instructed Mr. Van Riebeek to use all reasonable exertion to carry them out.

The immediate object of the next party which left the fort to penetrate the interior was, however, to procure cattle rather than to find Ophir or Monomotapa. A large fleet was expected, and the Commander was anxious to have a good herd of oxen in readiness to refresh the crews. The party, which left on the 19th of October, consisted of seven servants of the Company, eight freemen, and four Hottentots. They took pack oxen to carry provisions and the usual articles of merchandize. Abraham Gabbema, Fiscal and Secretary of the Council, was the leader. They shaped their course at first towards a mountain which was visible from the Cape, and which, on account of its having a buttress surmounted by a dome resembling a flat nightcap such as was then in common use, had already received the name of Klapmuts. Passing round this mountain and over the low watershed beyond, they proceeded onward until

they came to a stream running in a northerly direction along the base of a seemingly impassable chain of mountains, and for this reason they gave it the name of the Great Berg River. In its waters they found barbels, and by some means they managed to catch as many as they needed to refresh themselves.

They were now in one of the fairest of all South African vales. To the west lay a long isolated mountain, its face covered with verdure and here and there furrowed by little streamlets which ran down to the river below. Its top was crowned with domes of bare grey granite, and as the rising sun poured a flood of light upon them, they sparkled like gigantic gems, so that the travellers named them the Paarl and the Diamant. In the evening when the valley lay in deepening shadow, the range on the east was lit up with tints more charming than pen or pencil can describe, for nowhere is the glow of light upon rock more varied or more beautiful. Between the mountains the surface of the ground was dotted over with trees, and in the month of October it was carpetted with grass and flowers. Wild animals shared with man the possession of this lovely domain. In the river great numbers of hippopotami were seen, on the mountain sides herds of zebras were browsing, and trampling down the grass, which in places was so tall that Gabbema described it as fit to make hay of, were many rhinoceroses.

There were little kraals of Hottentots all along the Berg River, but the people were not disposed to barter away their cattle. Gabbema and his party moved about among them for more than a week, but only succeeded in obtaining ten oxen and forty-one sheep, with which they returned to the fort. And so, gradually, geographical knowledge was being gained, and Monomotapa and the River Spirito Sancto and the veritable Ophir where Solomon got his gold were moved further backward on the charts.

During the year 1657 several public works of importance were undertaken. A platform was erected upon the highest point of Robben Island, upon which a fire was kept up at night whenever ships belonging to the Company were seen off the port. At the Company's farm at Rondebosch the erection of a magazine for grain was commenced, in size one hundred and eight by forty feet. This building, afterwards known as the Groote Schuur, was of very sub-

stantial construction. In Table Valley the lower course of the fresh river was altered. In its ancient channel it was apt to damage the gardens in winter by overflowing its banks. A new and broader channel was therefore cut, so that it should enter the sea some distance to the south-east of the fort. The old channel was turned into a canal, and sluices were made in order that the moat might still be filled at pleasure. During this year twenty-six ships visited the bay, of which three were English, one was French, and the remaining twenty-two belonged to the Company.

The documents from which this paper has been condensed are the following:—

Letters. From Commander Van Riebeek and the Council of the fort Good Hope to the Governor General and Councillors of India. of dates 21st April, 15th July, 14th August, 28th September, 1st and 21st November, and 2nd and 13th December 1656, 11th February, 28th March, 12th, 18th, and 26th April, 15th and 29th May, 22nd August 2nd, 8th, and 28th September, 10th November, and 5th December 1657. From Commander van Riebeek and the Council of the fort Good Hope to the Directors or one of the Chambers, of dates 22nd April and 10th June 1656, 5th March, 13th and 23rd April, 17th, 20th, and 21st May, 2nd, 21st, and 25th June, 1st July, and 31st August 1657. From the Governor General and Council of India to Commander Van Riebeek and the Council of the fort Good Hope, of dates 4th December 1656, 31st January, 17th and 26th December 1657. From the Directors or one of the Chambers to Commander Van Riebeek and the Council of the fort Good Hope, of dates 12th April, 6th and 9th May, 21st June, 12th October, 6th, 18th, 25th, and 30th November, and 4th and 5th December 1656, 31st March, 11th, 16th, and 20th April, 15th and 23rd June, 27th September, 9th and 20th October, 22nd November, 6th, 7th, and 9th December 1657.

Instructions. For the Commander and Council of the fort Good Hope, given in the name of the Honourable Directors by their Commissioner Rijklof van Goens, and dated the 16th of April 1657.

Lists of Land Grants. (In the office of the Surveyor-General). Many of the earliest of these have been lost, but copies of the grants to Stephen Janssen, Jacob Cloeten, Pieter Visagie, and a few others, are still in existence.

Journals. Kept by Abraham Gabbema from 19th October to 5th November 1657. Kept by Commander van Riebeek from 6th April 1656 to 31st December 1657.

Resolutions and Debates of the Council, of dates 26th April, 1st, 18th, 21st, and 29th May, 1st, 17th, and 26th June, 6th July, 16th and 26th August, 7th, 29th, and 30th September, 28th October, 6th and 24th November, and 9th December 1656, 1st, 24th, 26th, 27th, and 30th January, 21st February, 13th, 16th, and 28th March, 10th, 23rd, and 25th April, 12th and 24th May, 30th June, 3rd, 13th, 17th, 19th, and 20th July, 8th, 18th, 20th, and 27th August, 10th, 16th, 17th, and 27th October, 6th, 8th, and 30th November, 8th, 17th, 24th, 28th, and 29th December 1657.

German School Life.

The object of the following sketch of life in a German School is simply to induce others to bestow some little thought upon a matter of such paramount importance as that of Education. The writer feels that improvement in the present educational state of the Colony can only be brought about by getting the people themselves to show an increasing interest in this vital question. A hundred education commissions will not with all their resolutions effect a fractional part of the good which an enlightened people can do spontaneously. Statistical tables, reports, and dry historical accounts are the least effective means for interesting, enlightening, and consequently inducing the people to think, speak, act, and carry out any rational improvement. We have to choose the light garment of popular diction rather than the leather-doublet of critical research. These reasons have led me to present this article in its present shape. It is the substance of a paper which, with several others, was intended to be read before a mixed audience in another part of this Colony, and although considerably condensed, still preserves its original form; and it will, I hope, not prove unacceptable to the readers of the *Cape Monthly*.

Though more than a quarter of a century has passed, I remember well when at the age of seven I was first introduced to the venerable white-haired old gentleman who, with the title of "Director" (corresponding to the more commonly used "Rector" in Southern Germany), presided over our Gymnasium. And here it may be as well to state that there is a distinction between the "Gymnasium," or school in which students are prepared for a professional or University career, and the "Real-schule," or school attended by youths who intend to enter a merchant's office or shop. Besides these there are also the "Fach-schule" or professional schools for engineers, gardeners, architects, foresters, sailors, soldiers, and even brewers, in all of which practical demonstration goes hand in hand with scientific explanation. Well, my father took me to the director's house, in order that I might pass my entrance examination. My debut

was a partial failure. After having given some satisfactory proofs of my ability to write and read, I was asked to spell the word "pfannkuchen"—pancake. Now, whether it was that dinner-time was near, and that as the very tangible idea of how pancakes would taste, grew within me and filled my mind with sweet forebodings, so did the spelling faculties of my brain desert me, or what else may have been the cause I know not; but I wrote fankuchen instead of pfannkuchen, and the director, with a hearty laugh, dismissed me, having enrolled me as a pupil in the last class. I thus stood on the lowest step of this great social ladder, the Septima of the Gymnasium or High School, the highest and final step of which I was not to leave until after the lapse of a dozen years. From the three elementary classes, with a two years course of study in each, the student is moved into the classes of the Gymnasium Proper, commencing at Quinta and ascending to Prima, from which, after a final and cruel ordeal called examination, the now bearded and manly-looking youth, who among other accomplishments can play a fair game at billiards and excels in fencing and smoking, is dismissed. The much dreaded and abused doors of the school purgatory are now closed for ever, and the diamond gates of the University Paradise are open wide. Alas! how often does experience prove that these diamonds are but worthless paste! But let us return to the school. It is eight o'clock. The janitor rings a bell, and in pour hundreds of youngsters from the large play-ground in front of the building. Let us follow one of them, as he walks leisurely along, casting a last despairing glance at the small blue book he holds in his hands. What is it? "Rules for the gender of words in the Latin language." Yes, Latin is to be the mainstay of his young life, the source of many weary hours of home and school-work, the cause of many tears, and, more or less frequently, the well and spring of intellectual refreshings. On entering the school four or five lessons a week in Latin are thought sufficient, but in the higher classes twelve hours a week are deemed barely enough to instil the forms and ideas of the Rome of two thousand years ago into the minds of boys of this matter-of-fact nineteenth century. Our young friend is as yet in the elementary

classes. When his Latin lesson is over with its much dreaded repetition of rhymed rules, such as

Those a-e-c
and n-l-t
and ar ur us
are neutrius, &c., &c.,

there is an interval of five or seven minutes. This takes place between each lesson. Now we see our little acquaintance in the playground taking part in one of those wild and noisy games common to all nations and tribes, busily digesting what he has just learnt. Again the bell sounds. This time the faces look less serious, or, I might say less sullen; there is even a look of eager expectation in many eyes. The boys take their places. The master steps in and unrolls one of Petermann's large wall-maps. It is the Geography lesson. The teacher has a most admirable method for rivetting the attention. He calls upon the class to look upon him as the owner of a sailing vessel. As such, he selects his captain, first and second mates, man at the wheel, and crew, from among the boys. He then mentions the ports between which the voyage has to be made. As the ship pursues her imaginary course, various questions are asked as to the points of the compass, the currents, the prevailing winds, the intermediate ports, and their trade, the imports and exports of the countries, the names and courses of the rivers, the position of the mountains, &c., &c. These questions are not put by the teacher alone, but also by the captain and others, and the answers are given with far greater readiness, I feel convinced, than if they had been put in the usual dry and pedantic way. Reading, writing, and arithmetic, fill up the time till twelve, when school is dismissed for two hours. Upon reassembling, two more lessons are heard, and then the day's work is over—that is, the school work. Home work is a matter as strictly attended to as the work in school. Latin and Greek authors, as well as French and English, have to be "prepared," *i.e.*, all unknown words in the given chapter or section have to be written down in small octavo-books, not in a slovenly manner but carefully and neatly,—the Latin, Greek, or English word, with its gender, &c., in one column, the corresponding German term in the other

column. No scribbling whatever is permitted in the text book. Written translations and German essays form another branch of our home work. These are taken home by the master, carefully corrected and returned with a number showing the standing on the general scale of approbation or disapprobation. Latin and Greek in my day took up more than three-quarters of our time. Of thirty-two hours a week in the highest class only twelve were given to History, Mathematics, English, French, German, &c. Thus we had fully twenty hours devoted to the classics alone, a most extraordinary arrangement, the folly of which is only now beginning to be seen by the heads of our school administration. This is the one weak point of our German High Schools. It is opposed to the spirit of the age. It is on the field of science —Geology, Astronomy, Natural History, Chemistry, &c., &c., that the battles of the different views of life, as to the beginning and end of human existence, will have to be fought. It is here that the hammer and the anvil are busy night and day to forge new weapons of attack upon our old established systems of belief, and it is to this forge we must apply for weapons of defence. To leave a boy ignorant of these matters is nothing less than to leave a soldier before the enemy without arms for the defence of his camp. The undue prominence given to the dead languages (and in the two highest classes theological students devote two extra hours to Hebrew) did and does result, as a matter of course, in a total or partial neglect of those branches of learning to which I have just alluded, as well as of the study of modern languages. Of Geology, Astronomy and Chemistry we had nothing, of Physics hardly anything, and the two hours set apart every week for German composition recitation and reading, most curiously contrasted with the time allotted to Greek and Latin. How many boys have I known who wrote good Latin prose, could compose smooth Latin Hexameters, were quite at home in the laws, administration and political discussions of old Rome, could find their way in the dark in ancient Athens, and tell every stone in her fair Acropolis, but who, should you bid them write a proper German essay, or give you a sketch of early German literature, or tell you something as to the functions of an English or German Prime Minister, would be almost utterly at sea. Another

weak point in our schools was, and is, the neglect of wholesome bodily exercise. There are, it is true, some hours a week devoted to what you would call athletic sports, such as throwing the stone, the long and high leap, lifting weights, and various other exercises on the bar or ladder, which in so far as they call into action every muscle in the system, appear to me preferable to football or cricket. But these hours are not sufficient to counterbalance the evil that results from overwork. *Mens sana in corpore sano* ought to be the motto of every school. In the English public schools, such as Eton and Harrow, undue weight is not unfrequently given to the *corpus sanum* alone. Two or three hours compulsory football every day, and many days' training for a boat race, in order to make human beings lose or gain so many pounds of flesh and muscle, appear to me to ignore the demand of an *equal* training of both body and mind, fully as much as the continental system errs on the other side. The most eminent medical men in Germany, however, having taken up the matter, I am happy to say that these drawbacks are about to be removed. As it was, they were but little felt by us boys. In every human being there is a desire of attaching one's self to some organism, a wish consciously and willingly to perform those duties which will serve to promote the honour and glory of the whole. The French call this "esprit de corps." And it was this feeling I suppose that outweighed the disadvantages under which we then laboured. And a mighty stimulus indeed it was to us. Each one felt that to him was entrusted the honour of his class, or school, or club. It was only another proof of the wisdom of our teachers that they tried by all possible means to encourage this *esprit de corps*, by promoting the formation of new clubs, taking an interest in the old ones, and arranging school festivities. One day in June was set aside for the great "Schulfest." Early in the morning the whole school, that is to say, some twenty masters and about two hundred and fifty boys, assembled with banners, and, headed by a fine band of music, marched out to a small village, some five miles to the north of the town, situated in the midst of a splendid wood. Here the day was spent in games till dinner time. The repast was laid under the shade of some wide-spreading beech tree. The professors, magistrates, and other high

functionaries joined us and enjoyed the strains of the band, and listened to the countless toasts which enlivened the proceedings. The afternoon was devoted to cross-bow shooting. Each class had a wooden bird, with large wings, and a crown on his head, fixed to a pole, which varied in height from twenty to thirty feet. The bows were strong, and had to be drawn by machinery. The one who brought down the body of the bird was the conqueror, and was carried shoulder high to the tents, where towards evening the prizes were distributed. Shortly before sunset, after having enjoyed some dancing with the ladies, who had in the meanwhile arrived in their carriages from far and near, we all marched home as we came, preceded by the band. The 10th of November was another festive day in commemoration of our immortal bard Schiller. Scenes of his plays were acted, orations delivered, and there was much music, both vocal and instrumental. The anniversary of the battle of Leipzig, the great turning-point in the career of Napoleon the First in 1813, used to be similarly commemorated; but the 18th of October has given way to the 2nd September, the anniversary of Sedan, which is now a day of patriotic rejoicings throughout the German Empire. All these little festivities aimed at something far higher than a mere passing amusement. They taught the boys to be loyal and mindful of the great men of their nation; and they attached them more firmly to their school, and made its interest their own. Less festive, and, indeed, very solemn were the half-yearly public examinations and promotions well patronized by the parents of the boys. The severity of these examinations was the greater, because we never knew what chapter or even book we were to be examined in. Those of my readers who are able to judge will find the following specimen of a final examination paper difficult enough:

Latin Essay.—Life and deeds of Cato major, 30 pages.

Greek Essay.—Rendering a chapter of Sallust into Greek, and translating a chorus of Sophocles

French Essay.—What profession do you choose, and give your reasons for doing so.

German Essay.—Political and social state of Germany 300 years ago, 30 pages minimum.

Those who were preparing for the ministry would have, in addition to the above, to write some essay on church history, and to answer a Hebrew paper. We had of course an examination in mathematics and a vivâ voce examination also. Now, you must remember, that all these essays had to be written without the help of a dictionary, and without any previous knowledge of what was the subject to be chosen. When this final trial was over, we invited the masters to a banquet; where, over the flowing bowl, songs and toasts succeeded each other till late at night. Numerous were the other means by which the youthful mind sought to break the monotony of school work. Clubs were formed for the study of botany and history, and for music and chess. The members made frequent excursions and gave capital performances. Much fun was indulged in whenever the opportunity arose, whether in class or out of doors. But in spite of occasional outbursts of youthful spirits, the discipline of our schools was and is excellent. No pupil was allowed to absent himself, except in the case of illness, and even then he had to bring an apology to the teacher. The director had the power of expelling any lad for grave breaches of school discipline. Corporal punishment was inflicted in the lower classes only, and then seldom. A Zeugnissbuch, or book of weekly certificates, was kept in the elementary classes, in which every master on Saturdays had to enter his remarks on the conduct of the boy, and the character of his class work during the week, and this had to be returned by the boy on the following Monday, signed by one of his parents. This book of certificates was in the five higher classes changed into half-yearly certificates, which were much valued. No prizes were given. We had learned from the Greeks that it is the prize which gives the value, not the value that makes the prize. Thus the boys were stimulated to exertion, and a way was opened to the parents to co-operate with the teacher. The dux of the class, or Primus as we called him, was also responsible for the order of his class during the interval, and used to keep the attendance book. And now as to the relation of teacher to teacher, and of teacher to pupil. There are two positions in which a teacher ought never to stand. He must not be like an Eastern despot only making his appearance when about to sign a death warrant, but

otherwise separated from his subjects by a gulf as wide as that between the rich man and Lazarus; and on the other hand he ought not to allow himself to sink below his office, to be considered a nobody with regard to his social standing. He ought to be above, and at the same time in the midst of, his pupils. Our teachers in the high schools were all college men ; many of them had not only taken their degree, but had passed also the very difficult "Oberlehrer" —professor—examination. As such they were admitted into, and welcomed by, the best society. The principle that intellectual nobility ought always to supersede a mere money aristocracy is acknowledged and practically acted upon throughout Germany. This of course affects the relation between teacher and pupil, and renders his teaching at the same time more effective. Often, to our great delight, some of the masters would assemble in my father's house to take part in reading the immortal works of Schiller, Goethe, or Shakespeare, or to enjoy a rich treat of classical music. With pleasure we accepted the invitation to read with our teacher privately, or to take tea with him and his family. Thus our "Director" arranged every year what was called a "Livius Abend," Livy evening, for those of the highest class who were about to leave school for college. For two hours we translated without previous preparation the more difficult books of that famous Roman Historian, and afterwards joined the "Frau Director" and the young ladies at the tea table, where a free and cheerful talk was enjoyed, until we bade good night, and all dispersed to meet again in the class-room the next morning. Weekly meetings of the teachers served to give each an insight into the working of the school machinery, and enabled them to co-operate with each other. Throughout Germany every German father, except the upstarts who infest the atmosphere of our large cities, treats the teacher of his children with the utmost respect. I must add that the widespread and pernicious idea that the highest aim and end of a school consists in successful cramming, finds no advocates in Germany. What we learn we learn for the life, not for the school only. As long as the subjects for examination are previously published there is unfortunately no hope of doing away with this "cramming." The absolutely degrading influence of the present system seems not to be felt by the authorities in educational

matters, for there are no signs of improvement. Nay, matters seem to grow worse. Boys who have hardly mastered the Greek declensions and verbs, and who boast of the very slightest acquaintance with a few chapters of Xenophon, have to read the Iliad for examination in 1880. *Risum teneatis amici*, we say with Horace. How different, how much more systematic and thorough is the course of reading in German Schools. From Cæsar and Ovid to Cicero and Horace, from Xenophon to Sophocles and Thucydides and Homer, the progress is steady. Nor does the acquaintance with Latin and Greek authors consist of a few hundred ill-scanned verses of Virgil or Homer, or of a few half-digested chapters of Livy; but the student reads and has explained of Homer the whole of the Odyssey and part of the Iliad; of Livy more than half a dozen books; of Xenophon the whole of the Anabasis, and so on. In our education we recognise that ideas have to be formed, methods of thinking have to be acquired, the mind has to draw food and nourishment from the study of periods which, though they have passed away hundred of years ago, still in their ruins and their literature defy the science and art of modern ages to rival them in their magnificence; above all the character has to mould itself under the hands of a painstaking master, and in daily intercourse with a vast number of different minds.

This brings me to another point, and that is the question of public and private schools. Coming from England or Scotland, where there are half a dozen private establishments to one public school, one is astonished to meet so few of this description in Germany. There is no prejudice whatever here against Government or public schools—no craving for expensive and select establishments where young men may learn to toady to the rich and titled, and to swell that class of snobs Thackeray so unmercifully has lashed.

I have not said a word with regard to religious teaching, chiefly because the subject is so delicate a one. I must, however, attempt to remove a great error. Many believe that religion is not taught in German schools. Now religion (to use the phrase) is taught in German schools, and the daily lessons are generally opened with prayer. But can religion be taught in schools? I think not. You

can teach a language, or fencing or dancing; you can also teach the history of Christianity, morals, and the development of dogmas or creeds; you can teach the facts contained in the Scriptures; but you cannot teach religion as little as you can teach love or friendship, simply because religion is not a conglomeration of rules and observances which if learnt by rote and followed will bring you to the correct sum total. Besides how often is that which is being taught not the spirit of Christianity at all, but Catholicism, Calvinism, or Lutheranism merely. I do not need to say that my remarks are directed only against a much abused and misleading term. There is no doubt to me that Christianity contains the truth, and that unless we gain ever so little actual possession of this truth our lives have been ill-spent, but the training of our religious feelings belongs, I think, to the family and to the Church. The school does not want in the first line to bring up Christians but by working upon the intellectual side of our being, to educate a ζῶον πολιτικόν, a social being. Nevertheless it is highly desirable that the truths of Christianity pervade all schools. And I would say to parents, to teachers, and pupils, if you wish to show forth its power and bring others under its influence, your best plan is to "live the life," and to refrain from those heart-rending denominational quarrels which confound the ever-changing form with the essence, and fill a youthful mind with conceit instead of humility.

E. L. F.

George Frederick Handel.

George Frederick Handel, the son of a physician, by a second wife, was born on the 23rd of February, 1685, at Halle, in the Duchy of Magdeburg, Lower Saxony. His father had determined to make a lawyer of him, but nature had resolved to make him a composer, and the struggle between nature and the father commenced at the very cradle of the future author of *The Messiah*. Scarcely had he begun to speak when he articulated musical sounds. The doctor beheld with concern this early propensity of his son, and took all the means in his power to check this rising passion for music. He, therefore, avoided all musical connexions, and banished from his house every kind of musical instrument. The child, however, notwithstanding the caution of his father, found an opportunity of hearing some performer on the harpsichord, and the pleasure he received urged him to seek the means of practising what he had heard. He therefore contrived by means of a servant, to get a little clavichord or dumb-spinet* secreted in one of the attics of the house. To this he resorted every evening as soon as the family had retired to rest, and thus, aided by the force of simple nature, his hand found the compass of the key-board, and his ear directed it to the production both of melody and harmony. When Handel was about seven years of age, his father determined on a journey to see his son, by a former wife, who was then living with the Duke of Saxe-Weisenfelds, and the young amateur pressed to be permitted to accompany him. On being refused, he watched the departure of the carriage, when, as if governed by a foresight of the influence which this journey was to have upon his future fortune and fame, he followed some way on the road, and adding tears to his solicitations, the tenderness of a father prevailed, and he was taken up. Arrived at the court of the Duke, and being suffered to wander about several of the apartments, he could not resist the temptation of sitting down to a harpsichord wherever he saw one. This escaped particular notice; but a morning or two afterwards, finding means, just after the service, to steal to the organ in the chapel and touch the instrument as the Duke was

* The strings of this instrument were banded with strips of cloth to deaden the sound. They were much used in the cells of nunneries.

quitting the chapel, he attracted his Highness' attention by the unusual style of his performance. He inquired who it was he heard, and his attendant replied that it was his half-brother, a boy about seven years of age. The Duke then commanded both Handel and his father to be sent for into his presence. His Highness expostulated seriously with the father, who still remained firm in his prepossession in favour of the civil law. The Duke allowed that every father had a right to dispose of his children as he thought most expedient; but declared that in the present instance he could not but consider it as a sort of crime against the public and posterity to rob the world of such a rising genius. The result of this conversation was not only a toleration for music, but a consent that a master should be called in to assist and forward his studies. On his return to Halle, the future prince of modern musicians had the happiness to find himself placed under Lachau, a sound musician and organist of the Cathedral Church of that city. After instructing his pupil in the general principles of the science, he put into his hands the works of the greatest Italian and German composers, and, without directing his attention to any of them in particular, left him to form a style of his own. From these pure sources the young enthusiast drank so abundantly that he soon became familiar with the secrets of composition, and when only nine years of age actually composed some *motets* which were adopted in the service of the church; and for three years continued, with scarcely any intermission, to compose one every week. At thirteen years of age, Handel felt himself raised above any instruction that Halle could furnish, and his father was recommended to send him to Berlin. At this city he found the opera flourishing under the direction of Bononcini and Attilio; who afterwards came to England and were at the head of a formidable opposition to him. His precise talents soon attracted general notice, and the King proposed to send him to Italy. This favour, however, his friends were advised to decline, though the motive is not apparent, and he returned to Halle. Shortly after he had the misfortune to lose his father, and, in consequence, he meditated a change of residence. Several places offered themselves to his choice, but as Hamburgh, next to Berlin, was then the city most renowned for its operas, he determined upon going thither. Mattheson, an able musician and writer on music, who resided at Hamburgh the whole time that Handel re-

mained there, gives us the following account:—"Almost his first acquaintance here was myself; I met him at the organ of St. Mary's Church, whence I conducted him to my father's house, where he was treated with all possible kindness and hospitality. I afterwards attended him to organs, choirs, operas, and concerts, and recommended him to several scholars. At first he only played a *ripieno* violin in the opera orchestra, and being naturally inclined to indulge in a kind of dry humour, pretended unusual ignorance in a manner that made the most serious people laugh, though he preserved his own gravity. But his superior abilities were soon discovered, for it happened that the harpsichord player of the opera was absent for a time, and he was persuaded to take his place, on which occasion he showed himself to be a great master, to the astonishment of everyone except myself, who had frequent opportunies of knowing his abilities on keyed instruments."

Mattheson and Handel lived much together, and frequently had amicable contests and trials of skill, in which it appearing that they excelled on different instruments, the latter on the organ, the former on the harpsichord, it was mutually agreed not to invade each other's province; which compact they faithfully observed for five or six years, till the following circumstance occurred. Mattheson composed an opera, called *Cleopatra*, which was performed on the Hamburgh stage, in which he himself acted the part of *Anthony*, and Handel played the harpsichord. It was customary with Mattheson, upon the death of *Anthony*, which happened early in the piece, to preside at the harpsichord as composer; but one evening Handel took it in his head to dispute the point, and would not relinquish the place he filled. This occasioned so violent a quarrel that, as they were going out of the house, Mattheson gave him a slap on the face, upon which both immediately drew their swords and a duel ensued in the market-place, before the door of the opera-house. Luckily the sword of Mattheson broke upon one of his antagonist's metal buttons; or, as other's relate, it snapped against the score of the opera, which Handel was conveying away under his coat. If the latter version be true he might have exclaimed with Horace: *Sic me servavit Apollo!* This rencontre happened on the 5th December, 1704; but as a proof how speedy and sincere their reconciliation was, Mattheson informs us that, on the 30th of the same month he

accompanied his young friend to the rehearsal of his first opera, entitled *Almeria*, and performed the principal character in it, and that they became more attached than ever. This production of a youth of fourteen proved so great a favourite with the public as to be performed thirty nights successively. After composing three other operas, *Nerone*, *Florinda*, and *Daphne*, which had each their share of success, Handel quitted Hamburgh.

Having acquired a sum sufficient to enable him to visit Italy, he set out for that seat of the Muses. To this journey he was determined by an invitation from the Prince of Tuscany, brother to the Grand Duke, John Gaston de Medicis, who had heard his operas at Hamburgh and was ambitious of having such a genius at Florence. Shortly after his arrival there, he composed the opera of *Roderigo*, for which he was honoured by the Grand Duke with a purse of a hundred sequins and a service of plate. From Florence he proceeded to Venice, where he composed the opera of *Agrippina*, which ran twenty-seven successive nights. Here he formed an acquaintance with Domenico Scarlatti, Gasparini, and Lotti. He next visited Rome, where he had an opportunity of hearing compositions and performers of the first class. In this city the elder Scarlatti had brought vocal music, and Correlli instrumental, to great perfection. At the celebrated Cardinal Ottoboni's, by whom Handel was greatly caressed and patronised, he had frequently the advantage of hearing the natural and elegant Corelli perform his own compositions. Here the young German produced a serenata, entitled *Il Trionfo del Tempo*. After this he proceeded to Naples, where he set *Acis and Galatea* in Italian, but totally different from the English composition which afterwards added such honours to his name. Having seen as much of Italy as his curiosity or his profession required, he returned to Germany.

On his arrival at Hanover he found the celebrated Steffani holding the place of first musician to the court. The account which Handel gave to Sir John Hawkins of the manner in which one great genius received another, known to him only by his talents and his fame, is not less honourable to the learned *Kapelmeister* of Hanover than to the illustrious native of Halle. "When I first arrived in that city," said Handel, "I was a young man under twenty. I was acquainted with the merits of Steffani and he had heard of me. I

understood somewhat of music and could play pretty well on the organ. He received me with great kindness, and took an early opportunity of introducing me to the Princess Sophia and the Elector's son, giving him to understand that I was (as he was pleased to call me) a *virtuoso* in music. He obliged me with instructions for my conduct and behaviour during my residence in Hanover; and being called from the city to attend to matters of a public concern, he left me in possession of that favour and patronage which himself had enjoyed for a series of years."

The growing connexion between the courts of Hanover and London raised in the mind of the scientific German a desire to visit England. Impelled by his inherent curiosity and the natural restlessness attending it, he was not long resolving on the journey, though before he left Germany he paid all due filial attention to his blind and aged mother at Halle; visited his preceptor, Lachau, and took leave of some other of his friends. But while preparing to set out, Baron Kilmansegge, whose notice he had attracted in Italy, was soliciting for him from the Elector, afterwards George the First of England, a pension of fifteen hundred crowns per annum. The Baron succeeded, but Handel's desire to go to England was too strong to be conquered. This being made known to his Highness, the musician was permitted to be absent for a twelvemonth, or even more, without either delay or reduction of the grant. On these conditions he accepted the Elector's bounty. When he arrived in England, in the winter of 1710, the opera was under the management of Aaron Hill. The story of *Rinaldo* from Tasso, formed into an opera by Rossi, was put into his hands, and its success corresponded with the high expectation raised by the name of the composer. This justification of the terms in which fame had announced his merits to the British public, drew from our amateurs the warmest and most pressing solicitations to make London the place of his future residence. But he resisted their importunities, and after a twelvemonths' stay in England returned to Hanover.

On taking leave of the Queen (Anne) she made him some valuable presents, and intimated a desire to see him again.

On his return to Hanover, he found that Steffani had resigned to him the mastership of the Chapel. He shortly afterwards composed for the electoral Princess Caroline, afterwards Queen of England,

twelve chamber-duets, less simple, but quite as clear and unembarrassed in their texture as those of Steffani, whose style, in these compositions he avowedly and very successfully imitated. After remaining two years with the Elector, he was permitted to revisit England; his salary still remaining the same. He arrived in England about the latter end of the year 1712, at which time the negotiations for the peace of Utrecht were being carried on. In the ensuing year the treaty was concluded; a public thanksgiving was ordered for the occasion, and Handel received a command from the Queen to compose a *Te Deum* and *Jubilate*. These were performed at St. Paul's Cathedral, the Queen herself attending the service. On the death of the Queen, in 1714, when the Elector of Hanover came over to assume the government of England, he had two strong grounds of resentment against Handel. One of these was, the breach of his engagement to return within a reasonable time to Hanover; and the other, his having assisted towards celebrating, as happy and glorious, an event which by many was considered as detrimental to the interests not only of this Kingdom, but of all the Protestant Powers of Europe. In order to avert the King's displeasure, his former friend, Baron Kilmansegge, contrived an expedient, which nothing but the sincerest friendship for Handel could have suggested. He arranged a party of pleasure on the Thames, in which the King condescended to share a part, and having informed Handel of his design, advised him to prepare some music for the occasion. This counsel he followed, by producing those movements which constitute his celebrated *Water Music;* and which were performed under his own directions, in a barge attendant on that wherein were the King and his party. Upon hearing this music, which has since been so justly celebrated, His Majesty, equally delighted and surprised by its excellence, eagerly inquired who was the composer. The Baron acquainted the King that it was the production of a faithful servant of His Majesty, who, conscious of the cause of displeasure he had given to so gracious a protector, durst not approach the royal presence till he had received an assurance of pardon, which he trusted his future devotion and gratitude would merit. This intercession on having been accepted, Handel was restored to favour, and honoured with flattering marks of royal approbation. As a ratification of this

peace, His Majesty was pleased to double the pension of £200 a year, previously settled on him by Queen Anne, and not many years after, when he was employed to teach the Princesses, another pension of £200 was added to the former grants by Queen Caroline.

His recovery of the royal favour determined Handel to make England the country of his residence. His acquaintance was courted by several of the nobility and gentry, and among others by the highly cultivated and tasteful Earl of Burlington, in whose mansion in Piccadilly he took up his settled abode. At the house of this nobleman, Handel acquired the friendship of Pope, Gay, and the shrewd Arbuthnot, who sided with him in the day of trial. Gay, in his prosaic poem, *Trivia; or, the Art of Walking the Streets of London*, has seized the occasion, in passing before the "fair palace" of Piccadilly, to record the fact of Handel's residence there:—

> "There Hendel strikes the strings, the melting strain
> Transports the soul, and thrills through every vein;
> There oft I enter."—Trivia, book ii.

Here he was left at liberty to follow the dictates of his genius, and freely pursue the course of his studies, which can scarcely be said to have been interrupted by his occasional direction of that nobleman's evening concerts, in which his own music generally formed the most prominent part. At this hospitable mansion he resided three years, during which period he published three operas, *Amadis*, *Theseus*, and *Pastor Fido*, besides a variety of detached pieces, vocal and instrumental. "In 1717," says Mattheson, in the *Ehren-pforte*, "Handel was at Hanover with the hereditary Prince Elector, now King of England," and it was probably during his stay at this place that he wrote the German Oratorio—*The Passion*, of which so little is known. When he returned to London in 1718, Handel received an invitation from the celebrated Duke of Chandos* to undertake the direction of the chapel at his superb mansion of Cannons. It

* The Duke of Chandos was Paymaster-General of Queen Anne's Army, and from the magnificent style in which he lived, acquired the sobriquet of "the Grand Duke."

In his chapel, furnished like the churches of Italy, the cathedral service was daily performed by a choir of voices and instruments superior at that time, perhaps, in number and excellence, to that of any sovereign prince of Europe.

Miss Spence, in her "Journey through England," relates that he used to go to the chapel, although situated but a short distance from the mansion, with true Christian humility, "attended by his Swiss Guards, ranged as the Yeoman of the Guard."

did not accord with his Grace's ideas of magnificence, to have any other superintendent of his chapel than the greatest musician of the kingdom. Settled with this nobleman, he composed those anthems that soon became so celebrated, amounting to about twenty in number, of which Dr. Arnold published twelve in his voluminous edition of Handel's works. During his two years' residence at Cannons, he produced also the chief part of his hautbois concertos, sonatas, lessons,* organ fugues, *Acis and Galatea*, and the oratorio of *Esther*. † These are all so masterly and exquisite in their several kinds, that had the efforts of his genius been limited to them, his name would have been held in reverence so long as the characters in which they are written continued to be understood.

W. Coulson Tregarthen.

(*To be continued.*)

* Among these lessons there is one delicious piece, to which a curious tradition is attached. One day as he was going to Cannons, the chapel-master was overtaken by a shower, in the midst of the village of Edgeware, and took shelter in the house of one Powell, who was a blacksmith as well as parish clerk of Whitchurch. After the usual salutations, Powell fell to work again at his forge, singing an old song the while. By an extraordinary phenomenon the hammer, striking in time, drew from the anvil two harmonic sounds, which, being in accord with the melody, made a sort of continuous bass. Handel was struck by the incident, listened, remembered the air and its strange accompaniment, and, when he returned home, composed out of it a piece for the harpsichord. This is the piece which has been published separately a thousand times under the title of *The Harmonious Blacksmith*.

† Amongst the many fugitive pieces composed by Handel during his stay at Cannons special mention should be made of three hymns :—"*The Invitation*," "Desiring to Love," and "On the Resurrection," by the Rev. Charles Wesley, brother and coadjutor of John Wesley, the founder of the great sect of Wesleyan Methodists. The somewhat singular origin of these compositions is thus explained in a letter from Samuel Wesley, the Organist, to Mr. Rimbault :—"The late comedian Rich, who was the most celebrated harlequin of his time, was also the proprietor of Covent Garden Theatre, during the period when Handel conducted his oratories at that house. He married a person who became a serious character after having formerly been a very contrary one, and who requested Handel to set to music the *three hymns* which I transcribed in the Fitzwilliam Library from the autography, and published them in consequence.—S. Wesley, March 30, 1829."

This Samuel Wesley, as a child, was much more precocious than even Handel, for at three years of age *he improvised upon the organ!* A portrait of him, engraved when he was eight years old, represents him in the act of composition, and at the foot of the table is a volume on which is written, "*Ruth*, an Oratorio, *by Samuel Wesley, aged eight years*."

The writer of this article had the honour and pleasure of studying under a descendant of this celebrated musician—Dr. S. S. Wesley, Organist of Gloucester Cathedral, whose compositions for the Church have placed him in the first rank of English composers, and whose name will be remembered as long as those grand old Gothic buildings, the Cathedrals of our native land, shall last.

A Home Vision.

Half waking in my bed I lay,
And now I mused, and now I dreamed,
While brightly thro' the casement gleamed
The morning sunlight's level ray.

And as I dozed and pondered there
In dream trance, I chanced to hear
The house canary's carol clear
Come echoing up the winding stair.

And something in its rippling song,
Some rapturous trill, recalled to me
The skylark's voice of ecstasy,
In the old country loved so long!

And in an instant, borne away
On wings of thought, I seemed to stand
In some sweet English meadow land,
Upon some showery April day.

The waving grass was wet with rain,
And bright drops glittered on the hedge,
As from the storm-cloud's ragged edge
The hidden sun burst forth again!

And there—a speck that moved along
Across a space of sunny blue,
Swift spreading as the storm withdrew,
The lark showered down a flood of song!

* * * * *

With ruthless haste the vision fled,
And, waking me, itself was lost ;
And restless on my bed I tossed
While home-sick fancies filled my head.

The dream was gone ! Recall was vain—
But in my heart there lingers yet
A longing pain, a fond regret,
For joys I ne'er may feel again !

H. T.

Stellenbosch.

Our "notes" ended last month with a reference to the early Stellenbosch Volunteers and their proficiency in drill, which induced Van der Stell to give them half a leaguer of wine to enjoy themselves with It was on the anniversary of his birthday, 14th October, 1686 (according to Borcherds), and the goodwill usual on such occasions may have prompted this outburst of benevolence on the part of the Governor.

Continuing our walk, we visited the celebrated fruit tree nurseries of Mr. J. A. van der Byl, where are grown the trees which annually find their way to Cape Town and other markets, and meet a ready sale. At a late Agricultural Show this farm produced for exhibition no less than one hundred and sixty-five varieties of fruit, for which, naturally, a prize was awarded. We next visited the Rhenish Institute for the education of ladies, where we were courteously received by the lady principal, Miss Voigt, and her chief assistant, Miss Taylor, who showed and explained to us the general arrangement of the class rooms for teaching. The accommodation for pupils in this as in all the chief educational establishments in Stellenbosch we visited is on the dual system. Each desk is for two pupils only, and the sitting bench is provided with a back, against which they may occasionally lean for rest when their backs grow weak and tired. We are glad that under the influence of criticism and medical statistics, this step is made in the way of progress. By it is to a large extent obviated that large percentage of spinal weaknesses which backless forms induce in growing children, and by it we are enabled to throw off a little of the barbarity which is still a considerable feature in our much praised civilization, and to which we cling with the death-clutch tenacity of unyielding conservatism. This institute occupied a distinguished place in the late University examinations, the first and second places being taken by its pupils, while all who went up passed creditably. It has at present over seventy boarders from all parts of the Colony, including Cape Town and environs, and its connection is extending. Our next visit was to the grinding and baking establishment of one Mr.

Hunt, who is a man of modest demeanour and hardworking habits, and fills a public position as a Town Councillor. We were shewn the machinery in motion, driven by a fine iron water wheel 15 feet 6 inches in diameter, the number of revolutions of which could easily be increased by altering the water supply, which is under simple control. Here we were shewn an orange tree in healthy condition, which some time before had been covered with the *Dorthesia* scourge. By the use of a decoction of blue gum leaves and soft soap, nearly every bug had been killed, and the tree was in its normal state. On close scrutiny one or two might be found ; but these could easily be removed by syringing the tree again. The remedy was not unknown to us, but we had not seen so practical an illustration of its utility. We gladly note this fact, as there is great need of some effectual remedy for getting rid of this pest without having to resort to the extreme course of destroying the tree entirely. The black mouldiness on many of the oranges of late, and the small size of much of the fruit, which cannot fail to have struck the most casual observer, are due to the ravages of this unwelcome visitor. After culling some cherries and loquats from the trees in this garden, we wended our way to the upper part of the town, and visited the premises of the girls' public school at Bloemhof. The class-rooms here, as at the Rhenish Institute, are arranged on the beforenamed dual system of benching. Under this roof is a commodious concert-room, seated on the American system with lounges, like ordinary garden seats and chairs arranged alternately. The furniture is of yellow wood, of neat construction, giving a light and graceful appearance to the room,—a plan of seating which we should like to see carried out in the concert halls in Cape Town. The boarding establishment for the young ladies attending Bloemhof classes is not under this roof; but is some little way off in Plein-street adjoining, in which street is also the public school for boys, named the Gymnasium, of which the Rev. Charles Anderson is Rector. Under his fostering care, this school has grown from an ordinary Government aided school, to be one of the leading establishments in the Colony, having a teaching staff, which includes three togaed professors, supplied and supported under the Higher Education Act.

Stellenbosch has for some years past provided candidates for the University examinations, who have, many of them, taken high places in the list of the successful men. The space at command is far too limited for the requirements of teaching, so much so, that temporary rooms have to be hired on the opposite side of Ryneveld-street, to accommodate the classes of one of the professors At the last examinations (1879), Mr. Charles Murray, of the Gymnasium, a son of Professor Murray, took the first place in honours in both divisions of the B.A. examination.

While we are in Plein-street, we may remark that it is the one presenting the most modern style of house-building; and this is due to its being the street that suffered so severely in the destructive and inexplicable fires which took place in 1875. There were two arches here, but they had been commenced far too late, hence the somewhat unfinished appearance they presented, and to us it seemed almost unnecessary to have them at all, as the village with its avenues of beautiful green oaks, was a continuous triumphal arch, and needed no artificial decorations of that kind, which at the best, could only be a poor imitation, or the bad expression of an idea which was done far better by nature herself. All that was needed was the contrast of colour, and mottoes or banners in red and white would have been most suitable. We next visited the Dutch Church, whose spire we have already referred to, and up which we climbed by means of seven or eight flights of stairs and ladders, some of the upper ones being exceedingly ricketty and suggestive of broken ribs.

From the steeple a splendid view can be had of the country all round, towards Paarl, Franschehoek, Banhoek, Moddergat, Somerset West and the Strand. We saw numbers of carts pouring in, bearing loads of visitors to make up a large gathering. In the belfry are three fine bells, presented respectively by J. M. Beyers, P. A. Myburgh, and C. F. Beyers, all bearing date 1864. The Church itself is built of part of the old Church destroyed by fire—the walls of which were of immense thickness.

The pews, which are of very plain construction and not in keeping with the exterior of the building, are conveniently arranged in concentric circles, with the aisles as radii starting from the pulpit as a centre. By this convenient arrangement all the congregation can

see the minister without obstruction of vision. The pulpit, which is a most elegant structure, is built entirely of colonial wood, resembling light mahogany, and was presented, as the inscription plate states, by J. David Beyers in 1863. It, as well as the Church, was built from the designs of Mr. Hagar, a German architect, at present residing in Stellenbosch. The organ is a splendid instrument, of which the people are justly proud. On emerging from the Church we met a large procession, headed by the amateur band. It consisted of two hundred and ten boys, chiefly belonging to the Gymnasium. They were rehearsing their part of the next day's programme, by marching in sections of fours, to the tune of the most melancholy wailing march it was ever our misfortune to hear. The marching was, however, very creditable considering they had only been drilled during the few previous days.

We accepted an invitation to pass the evening at the house of the gentleman who had been our guide all day. His engagements afterwards calling him to a committee meeting, which we did not elect to attend, left us to enjoy a musical evening in the society of the ladies, to whom we were indebted for a most pleasant hour. We could not help mentally remarking in reference to the music we were favoured with, that a large proportion of it belonged to the class intimately connected with the Terpsichorean art, an amusement which is very severely frowned upon in Stellenbosch by the authorities ecclesiastic, and which is in fact almost unknown. It seemed to us to be a stifled craving after the forbidden, and a kind of underbreathed defiance or struggle of opinion against a power which, if it does prevent a pastime in itself not only harmless but healthful, cannot prevent the dancing of the fingers over the piano keys, in lively waltzes, mazourkas, or quadrilles. Having due regard and respect for the early retiring habits of the good folks of Stellenbosch, we took our leave at a convenient hour, to discover, on getting outside, an ominous pall of Cumulus and Nimbus clouds overspreading the sky, which combining with the shade of the trees and an absence of lights in the streets, made the darkness almost Egyptian. We managed to lose our way; but by careful gropings and inquiries we were enabled to determine the whereabouts of our establishment, on reaching which we went to bed immediately after a good day's exercise in pedestrianism.

November 6th, 1879, a red letter day in the annals of Stellenbosch. On waking we notice that the gloom of the night has continued into the day, and the spirits of the inhabitants are affected in like manner, for there seems to be but little life in the streets. We hear an ominous moaning among the trees, and on looking out discover it is raining softly. While despondently noticing the weather and listening to the fretful rustling of the leaves, our attention is drawn to a cart going down the street loaded with a number of old cannon, which are being taken down to Adderley-square to do duty according to the programme, in firing a salute at 0·45 p.m. Later on we took the opportunity of inspecting these guns, which were far more interesting than formidable. They were about fifteen in number, arranged in "review order" on the square opposite the Rhenish Institute. Seven consisted of short mortar-like pieces, ten inches or a foot long, with heavy handles extending their whole length for carrying them by, with the vent at the side. They were unornamented, and had no date or inscription that we noticed, although made of the same yellow metal as the longer and larger cannons which were of superior construction and mounted—some of them —on wooden carriages. Although these guns were stated in the programme to belong to Van der Stell's time, yet a doubt exists as to whether they are really of this date or a later one. We may only state that on examining them we noticed, on either side of the vents or touch-holes, the three circlets or annulets which figure on two of the quarterings of Van der Stell's coat of arms, as well as on Van Riebeek's, which was introduced at the Town House by Commissary De Mist on 2nd July, 1804. The occasion of granting this coat of arms for the Colony was observed with a fitting display of solemnity and magnificence, in grateful remembrance of the founder and Governor of the Colony.

After breakfast we visited Adderley-square, which presented a most animated appearance. Large tents for refreshment were erected in various parts, flags were flying, and crowds of well and gaily dressed people were moving about, many of whom had just arrived by the early train from town. The decorations were completed, and looked exceedingly well. The Rhenish Institute was prettily ornamented with flowers and evergreens twined round the pillars of the portico, while in the centre, over the entrance, was a

large copy of Van der Stell's coat of arms. The Rev. Mr. Kronlein's residence adjacent presented a very pleasing appearance. Its pink painted front was adorned with the national flags of England, Holland, and Germany ; and the spaces between the windows festooned with garlands of flowers and shrubs hanging in graceful loops. There was near at hand another arch, which we have not before noticed, erected by the Benevolent Brethren of Stellenbosch, a fraternity of coloured men, whose energy and exertions in the amount of their contributions towards the adornment of the town cannot be overrated.

Soon after 9 a.m. crowds of soberly arrayed people began pouring into the various churches, the main stream flowing towards the Dutch Reformed Church, to commence the ceremonies of the day with an appropriate act of religious devotion. All the churches were filled to overflowing with attentive congregations, without, however, sensibly diminishing the number of people in the streets, many of whom being strangers, with limited time at their disposal, probably preferred sightseeing to listening to services of which, perhaps, only the object could be understood. We plead guilty to the indictment ourselves, and, therefore, sympathisingly throw a shield over those who were not influenced by an overpowering spirit of religious fervour; not but what we fully appreciated the excellence of the arrangements which opened the day in so fitting a manner. The special train conveying the representatives of Government House and the Ministry duly arrived at Dorp-street junction. The members of the Reception Committee were there, and having received their guests, conducted them through the town to the residence of Professor Murray, in Drostdy-street, which was reached at 11·30 a.m. Over the entrance door was a gem of decorative art in the shape of a trophy consisting of the Union Jack supported on either side by the Dutch flag, and a skilful crownlike arrangement of flowers and foliage, which excited general admiration and remark. Long ere this the procession had been drawn up in column, on Adderley-square, waiting for the signal gun to fire. The long delay, unnecessarily extended after the arrival of the train, was very trying, and we noticed the various chafings at the enforced tedium—not the least restless being the horse on which the Town Crier was mounted.

The weather meanwhile grew more threatening still, and before the head of the procession had reached the square in front of the Seminary, the rain had commenced falling. Gently at first, the people determined to brave it out; but a heavier burst than usual washed all their courage away, and made them fly to the nearest shelter available.

Lady Frere and party went into the Seminary, where an address was presented by Mr. Mader, and Mr. Theal read an interesting account of the founding of the village. The luckless rain completely marred this part of the ceremony, and we felt heartily sorry for all; particularly for the neatly attired young ladies, belonging to the Bloemhof and Rhenish Institute Schools, who had been ranged on each side of the platform occupied by the Gubernatorial party. In a few minutes the bright appearance they presented in their white and blue trimmed dresses, contrasting with the dark clouds overhead—was changed into a bedrenched, bedraggled limpness, which was chilling to see. After more than half-an-hour's imprisonment, we managed to make a rush for the Wesleyan School-room in Plein-street, where the public tiffin was to be held.

The room had been tastefully decorated by the pupils of the Rhenish Institute—with palm branches, ferns, and flowers. There was a slight hitch in the early part of the proceedings, due to the prolonged delay in the arrival of the chairman of the day, who had been busily engaged in attending to the requirements of the lady portion of the guests who could not attend the public luncheon. In the meanwhile one or two robust and hungry characters voted Mr. L. van der Byl into the chair without further delay.

We will here give, as a matter of interest, the names of some of those who were present at the luncheon for comparison with names gleaned from the Stellenbosch Records before A.D. 1700, and the names of the French refugee families, which came to the Cape after the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes in 1685.

Present at the Tiffin:—Messrs. J. G. Mader, Meiring, Lourens van der Byl, M. J. Louw, T. A. Myburgh, A. de Villiers, jun., Brunt de Villiers, J. J. Roux, D. Bosman, J. de Villiers, jun., H. Dieperink, G. N. Haupt, Johs. M. de Villiers, J. G. van der Byl, Ch. de Villiers, Marths. Beyers, C. Brink, D. de Waal, Prof.

Hofmeyr, J. Rossouw, J. C. Faure, P. D. Myburgh, sen., G. Freislich, Rev. Neethling, Rev. Stegmann, W. A. Joubert, Rev. A. Hofmeyr, J. van der Byl, J. Fischer, A. Korsten, P. A. Myburgh, jun., J. Stadler, Alb. Roux, Blommestein, J. Meiring, J. A. Faure, G. Joubert, G C. Horne, A. du Toit, Ab de Villiers, J. Myburgh, Prof. Marais, Jacs. du Toit, Rev. de Vos, J. Hofmeyr, J. H. de Villiers, Roux, Ard. de Waal, F. W. de Villiers, J. P. Louw, F. L. Joerning, Abr. Bosman, K. Bastiaans, P. J. Bosman, F. du Toit, P. Myburgh, jun., W. A. Krige, J. P. Bosman, D. de Waal, G. J. Krige, A. S. van Coller, P. J. Bosman, R. J. Crozier, A. D. van Blerk, F. Biscombe, F. Weitz, H. de Wet, F. Immelman, and Dr. Smuts.

Names copied from Stellenbosch before 1700 by Mr. Theal:—Bland, Beyers, Botman, Burgers, Botma, Boom, Baghuys, Becker, Booysen, Buys, Borghurst, Best, Coetse, Cloete, Campher, Coopman, Conterman, De Lange, De Beer, De Bruyn, De Vos, Esterhuys, Greef Gildenhuys, Gerritze, Groenwald, Goosen, Huysing, Hendriks, Haak, Hatting, Hugo, Joosten, Jurgens, Kop, Kriegel, Kruger, Kruywagen, Loubser, Lutters, Louw, Mouton, Muller, Mulder, Mol, Maritz, Mouritz, Nel, Odendaal, Pretorius, Pasman, Roode, Roodenburgh, Roos, Roy, Snyman, Smit, Swart, Swanepoel, Schalkwyk, Scheppingh, Scheepers, Tas, Theron, Van der Westhuisen, Van der Merwe, Van der Byl, Van Wyk, Van Staden, Van Jaarsveld, Van Zyl, Van den Bosch, Vanter, Visser, Van der Heyde, Van den Brinck, Van den Bergen, Van Eyk, Van den Venter, Van As, Vosloo, Van Hoorn, Wynanter.

French Refugee Families (Theal. Vol. I, Cap. 7—note).—

Avis, Barret, Bachet, Basson, Bastions, Beaumons, Beck, Bénéret, Bruet, Bota, Camper, Cellier, Cordier, Corprenant, Couteau, Couvert, Crognet, Daillé, Debuze, Debeurieux, Decabriere, Delporte, Déporte, Deruel, Dumont, Duplessis, Dupres, Dutoit, Durant, Dubuisson, Desavoye, Entreix, Fracha, Fouche, Floret, Foury, Ganche, Gordiol, Gounay, Grellon, Jacob, Joubert, Jourdain, La Grange, Lanoy, Laporte, Lapretois, Leclair, Lecrivant, Lefebure, Le Grand, Le Riche, Le Roux, Lombard, Longue, Malan, Malherbe, Mainet, Marucéne, Marais, Martinet, Menard, Niel, Normon,

Nortie, Passeman, Peron, Pinards, Prèvôt, Rassemus, Retif, Richard, Rousseau, Roux, Sebatier, Sellier, Sénécal, Senquette, Simon, Tabordeux, Tailzefer, Terre Blanche, Terrier, Terrout, Valleti, Vattre, Vaudray, Verbal, Villious, De Villiers, Vyot, Viton, Vitreux.

In accordance with the note attached to the foregoing list there can be very few, if any, of the Dutch colonists without some mixture of Huguenot blood in their veins. There are some old family names at the Cape of French origin, however, derived from individuals who migrated from Europe at a later period.

Returning again to the subject of the luncheon ceremony, we must remark that the speeches on the occasion were throughout of an excellent and appropriate character. In listening to them, notably to those of the Attorney-General and the Commissioner of Crown Lands and Public Works, we could not but be pleased in witnessing the good feeling and the enthusiastic expressions of loyal approval which were provoked. Shortly after the tiffin had commenced, the chairman proper made his appearance, when he took his place, and things went on smoothly until the guests were dispersed between three and four o'clock p.m., after enjoying a most substantial collation, accompanied by wines which we were assured were purely and only the produce of the district. The weather had in the meantime cleared up, and the greasy pole climbing and other sports were gone on with on Adderley-square to the delectation of the multitude, who were also regaled with the music of the 91st Highlanders' Band, which played during the afternoon in front of the Rhenish Institute. By this time many people had already left to catch the special train for town, but we were obliged to remain until the ordinary train, which started an hour later. A cabdriver having proved faithless placed us in a quandary for conveyance to the station, and no other carts were available. While in this uncomfortable predicament a commodious country cart drove up to the door of our hostel, and we were kindly provided with a seat on making our want known. The occupants of the vehicle were Mr. B. of the Paarl, an elder of the church, in whose portly frame, smiling blue eyes, and ruddy complexion, some of our readers may, perchance, discover the portrait of an acquaintance or friend, and some ladies. To relieve the monotony of the drive, and to remove any impression

of insularity, we opened a conversation by jokingly stating we belonged to the excise. After a jocular passage at arms we found on both sides, I suppose, that

> Convince a man against his will,
> He is of the same opinion still.

We then addressed ourselves to the ladies in a conversation which lasted until the station was reached. Having secured a convenient carriage in a very crowded train, we left the station at five p.m., and without further noteworthy event reached Cape Town at seven p.m.

Before closing our paper we propose giving a few facts and dates in the history of Stellenbosch.

(*To be continued.*)

Our Records.

In September, 1795, when the Cape Colony changed its rulers, there was in the Castle a great quantity of records, forming an unbroken series from the year 1651 to the date of the capitulation. These documents were of various descriptions, and may be classified as follows:—

1. Resolutions and Debates of the Council of Policy.
2. Proclamations of the Governors.
3. Instructions issued by various Commissioners.
4. Despatches received from Holland and Batavia.
5. Copies of Letters and Despatches of the Cape Government.
6. Records of all Appointments to Office.
7. Records of Grants of Land.
8. Accounts of the Colony.
9. Records of all cases tried before the Council of Justice.
10. Diary of occurrences of note, kept by an officer of government during the whole of that period.
11. Journals of numerous exploring expeditions.
12. Log-books of vessels visiting different parts of the coast.
13. Reports on Native Affairs, including those from officers commanding expeditions against the Bushmen.
14. Petitions and Complaints of Burghers addressed to the Government.

Besides these, there were many other documents of less importance, and a great quantity of papers referring only to the East India Company's fleets.

In each of the country districts there was a complete record of the proceedings of the Landdrost and Heemraad, a record of all military operations, a diary of occurrences of note, registers of the inhabitants made at various times, and numerous other manuscripts of minor value.

These papers amounted to more than fifteen hundred thousand pages of foolscap, of which probably less than one-tenth were of permanent value, but these were so mixed up with the rest that it

would have been necessary to examine all carefully before a separation could be made. They were in different styles of writing, from the old black letter to the modern Italian hand, and they exhibited the changes which the Dutch language underwent during that period. The earlier documents contained contractions and numerous words that had ceased to be used long before the close of the eighteenth century.

From 1795 to 1803 some additions of importance were made to these papers, and from 1803 to 1806, during the government of General Janssens, a large quantity of valuable information was placed on record.

In January, 1806, the Colony fell into the hands of the English as a permanent possession, and then for a long series of years the records were entirely lost sight of. Public writers knew nothing of their existence, and assertions concerning past events were made in print and received as truths, though they were directly at variance with facts. Volume after volume was issued by writers of great ability, but with strong prejudices of nationality, not one of whom ever consulted the records, and the statements of these authors are to the present day the foundations of nearly all that is known of old Cape history.

At length, under the fostering hand of Sir George Napier, an attempt was made to turn these documents to account. For several years, Mr. Donald Moodie and an assistant were engaged in making and publishing translations of some of the papers referring to the natives, but before the work could be completed the government stipend was withdrawn under the plea of retrenchment. Moodie's Records, though the periods of time which they cover are short, are admittedly of great value, but they do not profess to go beyond matters referring to the natives.

Some years later, Judge Watermeyer took the old documents in hand, and as a labour of love arranged a considerable portion of them, and had them bound into volumes. His early death prevented the completion of this work, and deprived the Colony of the benefit of his studies.

The late Advocate De Wet spent a great deal of time in studying the records, and he left behind him manuscripts which are known

to be of great historical value, but there seems to be little hope that they will be published.

A few years ago the Government caused a general catalogue to be framed of that portion of the records which is lying in one of the public offices in Cape Town. Details were not entered into, but one result of this measure has been that the gentleman who carried out the work and who is the most competent authority in South Africa on such matters, was so impressed with the necessity of some steps being at once taken to preserve the documents that are still left and to turn them to account, that he has ever since warmly advocated the undertaking of that task by the Government.

With regard to the old documents in the country districts, a few spasmodic efforts have been made from time to time by the authorities of the day to collect and preserve them. Such efforts upon the whole have been productive of an immense amount of harm, for in some instances the officers employed were without the special knowledge and tastes absolutely needed for such work, and no uniform system was ever once thought of.

It is probable that more than a third of the records which existed in 1806 have now been entirely lost. They have been destroyed by fire, damp, moths, mice, and thoughtlessly by persons who had no idea of their value. Of that portion which still remains, some are mouldering away in old lofts, some are in various district offices, some are in the possession of private individuals, and the remainder are in one of the apartments of the Surveyor-General's office. The room is small and the Archives are arranged on shelves around it. As the office is cramped for space, this apartment also contains the safe in which the Surveyor-General's documents of value are preserved, and it is further occupied as a workroom by two gentlemen of the staff. There is no convenience whatever for persons desirous of examining the Archives, nor is there an index of any kind to the books and papers.

It is thus nearly impossible for a private individual to gather much information from the Colonial Archives. No other colony of the Empire possesses records which in completeness can be compared to these, even in their present fragmentary and decayed condition, but practically the Cape is in this respect reduced to the lowest of Her Majesty's possessions.

It should not require illustration to prove the value of such a collection of papers, but it may not be out of place to mention some striking facts:—

Just before Sir Henry Barkly left the Colony some documents were needed by the Government, and copies were obtained from the Archives of Holland at a cost of about £180. The originals of most of them were actually at the time in Cape Town, and the copies received were taken from duplicates at the Hague.

In the arbitration concerning the possession of Delagoa Bay, Portugal based her claim principally upon uninterrupted possession of that harbour for nearly four hundred years. Documents in the Archives prove that Delagoa Bay was once a dependency of the Cape Colony, that it was governed from Cape Town, that a Dutch garrison was maintained there unmolested, and that hunters were sent there by sea from Table Bay to collect ivory for the East India Company. The names even of the officers of the garrison are stated, and so is the quantity of provisions forwarded yearly from Cape Town.

The circumstances under which many of the Governors of this Colony were appointed are quite unknown, and the dates of the appointments, as generally received, are in some instances very far astray. Next to nothing is known of the transactions of those times, or of the relationship of the Colony to the outside world. Men, having a keen perception of the responsibility of the work they were undertaking, have attempted to write the history of that period, and they have made the most of the material at their command. Who can blame them for having failed to do more than has been done, when the only authentic records of the past are practically beyond their reach?

The present Government has shown itself inclined to do some thing towards the preservation of the Archives. The Ministry placed a sum of £300 upon the Estimates for the present year, as a commencement in that direction, and though the vote was opposed, it was passed by a great majority, who felt that this was a matter far removed from party politics. Under their direction, some of the oldest of the decayed documents are being restored and properly bound. His Excellency the Governor is known also to take a warm interest in all such matters.

Under these circumstances, the present seems to offer a good opportunity for taking the collection and restoration of these old papers in hand in such a manner as to ensure the preservation of their contents, and to form the basis of an accurate history of the past. Several gentlemen have therefore proposed to form an association for this purpose, and to carry out the work in the following manner:—

1. To petition the Government to provide a suitable room, in which the papers can be arranged when collected together.

2. To ask that some competent person shall be employed to collect the documents which are known to be in existence in various parts of the country, and to have this done as thoroughly as possible.

3. To request that some officer of the Government may be made responsible for the safe custody of the papers when collected, and to see that they are kept free of dust and moths.

4. To ask the Government to defray the cost of binding the papers when arranged, so that the originals may be preserved for reference hereafter.

The association, as proposed, will then undertake to examine all the documents carefully, to arrange them for binding, to copy all the most important historical papers, and to have them printed verbatim, together with accurate English translations. Should this plan be carried out, Mr. J. C. Juta has agreed to publish the books, at the rate yearly of two volumes of about four hundred pages each, provided a sufficient number of subscribers can be obtained to cover the cost of printing. It is proposed that every subscriber of a guinea per annum shall be entitled to one copy of each book as it is published, and that the volumes shall be neatly printed and uniformly bound in the same style as the English State Papers.

There is thus some prospect of, at any rate, the commencement of a work which ought to have been undertaken long ago. There are gaps in every series of documents in the Archives, but fortunately they occur in different series at different times. Thus, for instance, the journal for 1675 cannot be found, but the despatches of that year are complete. Again, the despatches of 1794 seem to have been lost, but the journal of that year is perfect. And so it is in many other instances. It will thus be possible for such an association as is contemplated to form a chain of historical events without a single break, from the day when the first party of occupation set sail from the Texel to the last hour that the Batavian tricolour waved over the Castle of Good Hope.

The Kafir Tribes.

How are they to be Governed?

In considering a practical question, such as the government of native tribes lately proclaimed British subjects, it is important not to overlook their own characteristics, on the one hand, and on the other, the necessary conditions of our relations to them.

First, then, their own native form of government is by no means unqualified autocracy; the chief's power is limited by usage and precedent, which gives something like constitutional rights to the people; the laws of inheritance and marriage are strictly defined, those relating to property, such as cattle, are exact, and to arable land sufficiently so for them; but what to them is their dearest right, dear as the Englishman's freedom of the press, as the American's universal suffrage, is freedom of speech.

The Kafir's privilege, his right as a man, his press, parliament, Magna Charta, all in one, is the right to ask a question and expect an answer.

Is there a petty village quarrel arising, perhaps, as is often the case, out of some children's dispute, which, taken up vehemently by their mothers, threatens to disturb the peace of the little community, the men will gravely demand and give explanations, the wrong-doers are reprimanded, and the matter ends.

Is it a case of spoor or of theft, the case of the complainant has to stand a keen fire of questions and cross questions, before it seriously receives attention or satisfaction is given.

Has a fine to be paid, and messengers come to the village from the chief to enforce it, perhaps for a quarrel which has ended in blows or manslaughter, every beast paid is won by dint of hard talking.

Or is some order to be promulgated, something quite new, which generally concerns the tribe, it must be discussed at the chief's in a full meeting, at which every man of any standing can claim to have his say.

In this way the chief has really very little power, and can initiate nothing but what is popular among the tribe, as he is easily overruled, but in a military despotism like that of the Zulus, it was enough that the chief had said it. "No questions were asked in Tshaka's time," stopped the mouths of the Natal Kafirs when the new marriage tax was being promulgated, some

few years ago. Under our regime, of course, unusual orders have constantly to be given ; the hut tax, the census, a new boundary ; in each case the order has to be published ; in each case the ordinary Kafir mind expects reasons to be given for the innovation, and puts pointed questions accordingly, if he has the opportunity ; only, be it remembered, that questions which seem almost treasonable in their incisiveness, are really asked as matters of course, and the order is acquiesced in without difficulty.

When thus coming into contact with our Government, the right of speech centres in the chief, as head of the tribe, and I say, without hesitation, that to lay down a law to be received with unquestioning obedience is inconsistent with their sense of right, and must seem to them only to cover the weakness of our logic.

Yet this is the form in which important measures and orders appear. The decision of a commission about a boundary line, or an order like that of disarmament, comes upon the chief and people like a thunderbolt in the shape of an official letter. Or on the other hand a complaint is laid before the magistrate about some paltry grievance ; he expresses concern either real or assumed, and refers the matter to the Government ; the answer comes still in the form of an official letter, the magistrate takes shelter behind the Government missive, which lies on the table in helpless impassibility, incapable, of course, of being moved by the eloquence of the chief, or of answering his questions. And the chief goes home dissatisfied, and the people think him an injured man, and robbed of his birthright ; and the indignation settles down into a chronic discontent, which fills the popular mind very much as a cloud is charged with electricity, ready to deal forth death and destruction when the proper moment comes.

And all this because the man has no opportunity of asking a few questions, and being answered—and yet, after all, he is generally quite ready to submit to the inevitable ; but the much-desired talk would serve the double purpose of making the chief cut a better figure before his people, and also of silencing awkward questions which they may ask him in the future.

What these people want then is very much what our own kin are insisting upon throughout the world, a voice in their own government : and it would be a fallacy to suppose that they are now passing

through a political bondage similar to that which our English forefathers underwent, and suitable to their rude state ; our ancestors, even when they had resigned to feudalism their primitive freedom, were always represented by their nobles and leaders ; their interests were constantly watched and protected by the Church, and a common blood and language took the sting away from the degradation of political slavery (though even these were not sufficient at times to prevent outbursts of popular fury), but I look in vain for any such representation of our native tribes. I see here no such points of contact and sympathy between the governed and their rulers.

Clearly no scheme of parliamentary representation would be applicable, as the natives themselves are not yet far enough advanced in civilization to return members of their own colour, and no white men could really represent them.

If, then, the mountain cannot be made to go to Mahomet, let Mahomet go to the mountain ; in other words, we must substitute *personal local government.* Instead of men who send every petty question to be solved in Cape Town, we must have men on the spot entrusted with larger powers, and who do not shirk responsibility, and let them govern their districts in reality, and not merely nominally : let difficult questions be fairly faced, by a council of magistrates sitting on the spot ; and let us get rid of our present system of frightening the natives with a bogy called Government, who lives a thousand miles away and writes letters.

The large districts which the country between the Kei and the Umzimkulu has been divided into is doubtless a step in the right direction, but the new regulations just published do not lead to that conclusion ; according to them every case where a fine is inflicted of more than £5, has to be referred to the chief magistrate ; as if the Government was afraid of trusting its officers with responsibility, and wished to centralize still more its authority.

And now, in conclusion, to answer one palpable objection, will this not open the door to endless and unprofitable talk ? I answer, no. The Kafir is amenable to reason. None more so. Especially from the mouth of men of position and authority. And orders given and calmly explained by the rulers of the country, will not fail to outweigh any objections, always supposing, which is essential, that they have good practical reasons to back them.

B. K.

Patriotism.

To us the term "Patriotism," which of all the "isms" ought to be the most clear and intelligible, seems to have become an extremely hard one to define, and we hardly know whether to look upon it in the light of a moral virtue or as a varying instinct of self-preservation. Each nation has its peculiar views about its proper sphere; some having been found to link it very closely with religious crusades and forcible evangelization, others again calling up its magic associations to sanction territorial aggrandisement, whilst not unfrequently both races and individuals have introduced into the meaning of the term sentiments savouring strongly of the mammon of commercia usurpation and monopoly. Of course, at first sight every politician thinks he knows what a true patriot is, and what he ought to do. Metaphorically, if not actually, he will bare his manly breast, flourish his arms, and with much declamation protest his willingness at once to shed his blood for his country. Historical example and tradition can bear him out, and if at all erudite he can cite the patriotic Demosthenes thumping on the Bema, Horatius attitudinising on the Sublician bridge, Boadicea interviewing the Druid beneath his oak, and so on with a hundred others. But patriotism now-a-days does not seem to be of a chivalric, dramatic, and impulsive character, chiefly owing to the fact perhaps that its aims and object are not so clear and manifest, and if we take to task our frothy politician of the great Anglo-Saxon race—for of this kind we would now especially speak—and prune his periods, and bring the dry light of reasoning to bear upon his oratory, we shall find that a term which once awoke a distinct and unequivocal response in our hearts has become involved and complicated in a great many issues, and so be forced to confess that time may have worked a change in the meaning and scope of a national virtue. Yet not so long ago in the history of England

> "That water-walled bulwark, still secure
> And confident from foreign purposes,"

the virtue of patriotism was a plain one, when the sailors of Devon went forth to fight the navies and flotillas of the Great Catholic King, or even much later still, when every Englishman was ready at the blazing of the signal fires to hurl back Napoleon from her

white cliffs. Can it then be true that a national virtue is suffering a gradual obscuration, and that heroism in one of its most glorious and dignified phases is no longer possible to be practised. Has patriotism come to be a word to be bandied about in an unmeaning way by Conservatives and Radicals at political meetings and made a catchword by the partisan writers in daily newspapers? What a desecration for an ancient honourable word! And yet there has been a silent and almost imperceptible departure from the primitive signification of the term from the moment when Anglo-Saxons stept over the narrow boundaries of their island home, sailed away over the high seas and formed separate communities of their own. That the nobleness and chivalry of the term does exist in some honourable garb or other we feel certain, but we experience considerable difficulty in detecting the face and lineaments of an old friend. Neither do we know at the feet of what Gamaliel to sit, and learn perhaps, in a Socratic fashion, the truth by means of an amiable and instructive dialogue. The names of Parnell and Biggar occur to us as persons who have interested themselves especially about the right definition of patriotism, but we are rather afraid of either the one or the other being our "Socrates," and feel somewhat nervous of our discussion being prolonged indefinitely by some rampant obstructionist tactics, and our condition becoming somewhat similar to that of starved jurymen, so we give up the idea of finding our modern instructor in the form of any unkempt Hibernian, both from the above mentioned reason, and because we have personally a faint suspicion that their patriotism may be like the moonshine of Quin in the comic rehearsal of Pyramus and Thisbe, made with "a bush of thorns and a lantern," or like Bottom's wall composed of some fragmentary "plaster or some loam, or some rough cast."

Or shall we solicit an interview with a Transvaal delegate, a Kruger, or a Jorissen, with the hope that the true quality of patriotism, like the bottle of old port or Madeira has been preserved in its original purity and improved by time, though perhaps a little spoilt by too much fermentation, in that *ultima Thule*, where Cosmopolitanism has never intruded its hydra head and brood of countless evils. Or shall we go further East and learn from the savages in Zululand what patriotism means, and see in Cetywayo a modern Vercingetorix, a

captive at the wheels of an imperial triumphal car? We know not —and after all may be compelled to cast about in the chambers of our own mind for a solution. Somehow or other we feel that railways, steamships, telegraph cables, and large hotels, have had some effect upon Anglo-Saxon "patriotism," and that the old quality, with its local colouring, warm attachments, and picturesque surroundings, has been merged with a wide "ism," for which a proper and expressive word is wanted, but which, for the lack of a better, we may call "Cosmopolitanism."

To more accurately describe this Cosmopolitanism by a simile, it seems to us to be like the huge Imperial Hotel, with its gardens and saloons, foreign wines and waiters, elegantly arranged *table d'hôte* and comfortable billiard lounges, which has supplanted the ancient and humble village inn where you remember plain but good living, an honest cut from a joint of beef, and a pot of unadulterated ale proffered by the hands of the worthy and rubicund host himself, who was literally a host in the primitive times. *Vous avons changé tout cela,* and it really seems true that national habits, changed ways of living and travelling, have had a visible effect upon our national virtues—that easier intercourse in clubs and hotels have dimmed and blurred the old lines and canons of patriotism. How Sir Walter Raleigh, whose sole and easily described notion of patriotism was to fight for his Queen and pitch into every Spaniard he met—and this was the feeling of most honest Englishmen of those days—would marvel at the utter change of feelings which seemed to him hereditary and instinctive! Whilst wondering at most things, he would especially wonder where the pillars of patriotism were, and would enquire what in this age is the rallying cry of patriotism in this diffuse empire of ours. He would hardly conceive of a nation developing in such an odd way as to lose its individuality, which was at one time of an unusually strong and decided type. Not even in his wildest dreams, when smoking the fragrant tobacco in company with good Queen Bess, and seeing amid the ascending fumes visions of a Greater Britain beyond the seas, could he have ever foreseen that patriotism should be overshadowed by the great mushroom growth of Cosmopolitanism. Now this self-same mushroom growth has many peculiarities and eccen-

tricities, and betrays in a curious fashion, and by a stray casual glimpse, how it has swallowed up the smaller "ism." Under its ample proportions the old landmarks show themselves in patches and spots here and there, just as a bit of old masonry can be recognized in the structure of a modern pile. But it occurs when you least expect it, and it is by a strange turn in the wheel of fortune not without a moral, that an Englishman can read that Maharajah Dhuleep Singh is a most patriotic fellow-citizen of his, because he has remitted 10 per cent. of his rent to distressed farmers, who tilled his broad acres in an English county. An Indian Prince holds land in England, invests money in English securities, stocks, farms, and preserves like an English landlord, and is eminently patriotic withal. Wonderful outcome of Imperialism, world culture, and cosmopolitanism! Our lands, our homes, our woods and fields, nay, our primitive virtues, are invaded by foreigners? We say nothing of the numberless natives who sing "God save the Queen,"—not always melodiously, but this is not to the point,—who keep the fifth of November religiously and burn effigies of Guy Fawkes, eat plum pudding and roast beef on Christmas Day, and are therefore patriotic —we stand aghast at all this, and our wonder is almost as complete as would be that of the "resurrected" spirit of the Devonshire Knight. To return to our definition. It is certainly easier to say what patriotism is *not* rather than what it is. Clearly, it is not simply the love of soil, for us Anglo-Saxons at least, and because it has lost some of this local colouring, it has, therefore, been bereft of some of its chivalric character. The best time for the exhibition of this latter kind of patriotism is when a nation is just struggling out of its cunabula, and is striving to divest itself of the swaddling clothes of its infancy, and making stronger claims upon individual heroism to maintain inviolate small but beloved limits. Such figures as those of Curtius and Decius Mus seem to disappear when Imperial eagles float over legions which were the pride and stay of a republic—a small clan-community. Imperial power and advancing civilization must in the consummation of ambition claim its victims, and merge the heroic and singular in the commonplace and universal.

When national qualities change the transformation is so subtle and

chemical that we find it hard to eliminate by an exhaustive process that factor which was once so easy to recognise. Considering too what the modern "Civis Romanus" is—this much-travelled, restless, speculating being who carries his patriotism about with him in much the same manner as he does his watch or aneroid—it is hard to classify him as a political unit with definite political feelings and proclivities of his own. We can quite imagine that an Anglo-Saxon, born in one country, educated in another, settled in a third, may feel even more doubtful than Horace, who said of himself "Lucanus an Appulus anceps." Perhaps if one might define vaguely what one's own notion of patriotism may be one might wish that it may be better than the sort which whilst it hugs barren acres in isolation, and better than the radical sort, which shields itself behind the noble motto: "Omne solum forti patria est," owns allegiance to no traditions, and cuts itself completely off from the sacredness of the past and from the noblest results of thought and action handed down by forefathers.

The greatest impediment to a broad view of patriotism, which weds itself to principles, not places, is provincialism, often a mere morbid attachment to "loca serta situ"—and it may be a little trying at first to elevate patriotism beyond these associations, but Smith, Jones, or Brown, if they aspire to hold a fitting place in any potential hegemony of the universe, should see in the evolution of a new "ism" the growth of a wider development and a broader and more common culture, and not upon the slightest provocation join with the mythical Balbus in an unwearying and reiterating wail, that it is "all over" with their country, and their army, and everything else.

W. H. P. G.

Rondebosch.

The University.

On Wednesday, the 10th December, the ceremony of conferring the degrees of the University took place in the Public Library. The Vice-Chancellor, Dr. Dale, delivered the annual address, from which we make the following extracts regretting that space will not permit us to give the whole. The Vice-Chancellor said :—Every man has either to earn his bread, or at least to fulfil his functions in life, through and in a profession or calling, and for this purpose he requires the special knowledge or accomplishment proper to that calling. Every man is also a member of civil society, a participant in a common humanity, has a soul or mind capable of a development or perfection of its own, and for this purpose he may be the subject of a general or humane training and accomplishment. Everyone of us is, consciously or unconsciously, working out this double problem, to combine speciality of function with generality of culture. The different estimates, formed of the value of these two elements of life, immediately influence the conduct of the higher education. The chief improvement that I look for here is the promotion of a more thorough and scientific study of one great department of human knowledge. Professor De Morgan, in a lecture at University College, London, said that few form a true opinion of their own mind, simply because they have not pursued any branch of enquiry to the extent necessary to show them where their power ends, and he recommended that some one subject should be exhaustively pursued, to give proper tone to the mind upon the use, province, and extent of knowledge in general. Apart from all theoretical arguments, we have the experience of the past six years, teaching us that the present range of studies for the B.A. degree is too wide, too discursive, to secure accuracy and thoroughness, and it is wisely urged by many that the length of the examination, spread over nearly a fortnight, is an excessive strain both on the physical and mental powers ; and that some regard should be paid to the admonitions of a climate, which does not permit close continuous study during at least one quarter of the year. To meet the two classes of objections, I shall

advise the council to divide the examination, and to re-adjust the subjects; the former will no doubt be approved as necessary, but the re-adjustment is a matter of great tact and delicacy, because the opinions of competent men advocating, on the one side, the retention of a general course throughout the B.A. curriculum, and, on the other, encouraging the pursuit of a special province of study and research either immediately after matriculation or from the introductory B.A. examination, will have to be weighed and balanced. My own opinion is that the general or (as it is familiarly termed) the *all-round* course of studies now required for matriculation, should go on until the first or introductory B.A. examination; which would be passed about a year after matriculation; then the student would be at liberty to curtail the radius of his circle of study, and pursue the special branch of knowledge in which he proposes to graduate finally. The B.A. course would thus occupy three years at least: one for the general, and two for the special. It would be tedious to discuss here any details of the advanced course of University studies; but I view with favour a proposal to establish four departments, in one or more of which it should be required of a candidate to show a high standard of attainments at the final B.A. examination, viz.: (1), the classical languages and literature, with ancient history and philosophy; (2), mathematics, pure and applied; (3), modern languages and literature, with modern history; and (4), the physical sciences. The two years' special study would justify the importation into the B.A. course of some of the honours subjects from that of the M.A., and in this way I hope to remove an anomaly which arises from our intimate relations with the academical and professional corporations of the mother country. Those who are most distinguished in our B.A. examinations usually go to Europe to complete their professional studies, and when they return to the Colony and become absorbed into the channels of busy life, can scarcely be expected to enter again into the arena of academical contests to obtain the M.A. degree; thus they are debarred from the highest degree in arts of their own University. When the details of these measures come before the council I shall advocate a plan by which those who take high honours at the final B.A. shall be exempted from further

examination for the M.A., whilst at the same time those who merely pass will have, as now, the opportunity of presenting themselves again to be specially examined for the M.A. degree. This will be an approach to the system at Oxford and Cambridge, but we can avoid the objectionable points of the English system, which allows even a pass-man to get the higher degree *pro forma*: so great a privilege should be restricted to those who have obtained honours on taking the lower degree. For directing so much of your attention to these matters I need your kind indulgence. This is the only occasion on which, as Vice-Chancellor, I meet the members of the House of Convocation, and there are many of you who can assist me by the suggestions of your experience. The University has not yet acted upon the powers vested in it by the Legislature, and confirmed by Her Majesty's Royal Charter, to confer degrees in medicine, after examination, upon qualified candidates. The medical departments of the Universities at Sydney and at Melbourne have been for some years in full operation, and there appears to be no reason why a medical school should not be formed here in connection with the Somerset Hospital; the number of beds, the number and variety of cases annually treated, promise as wide a field of practical study as some of the provincial hospitals in Great Britain, where the attendance of students is recognised; and besides, there is a growing conviction in people's minds that the South African types of disease should be the objects of special study. The arrangement in Great Britain for testing the qualifications of candidates in medicine are anomalous; to some of the certificates of qualification issued by the nineteen medical corporations a high public value is attached; to others a very low one. The standards are various, and the recent attempt to give uniformity to the character and scope of the examinations by Legislature has failed; but the Imperial Government, with a scrupulous regard for the lives specially committed to its care, subjects candidates for employment in its service to a Government examination. Without presuming to dictate to those who may have to arrange the course of medical instruction and the final tests of qualification to practice, I must indicate my own views briefly to avoid the misapprehension which arose when I last directed attention to this vital subject. It seems feasible and desirable to

provide facilities for our young men to go through a preliminary course of practical and theological study here ; attendance at lectures and at hospital may fitly occupy them for at least two to three years, when an introductory examination would have to be passed. It might then be required that they should spend a prescribed period, embracing two winter sessions in Europe ; and on returning with satisfactory evidence of the requirements having been complied with, they would be subjected to a final examination for the University medical degree, which would by the consent of the Government entitle them to practice. This would not hinder young men, as now, from taking their whole curriculum in Europe, and getting their diplomas there ; nor would it hinder strangers, as now, bearing medical diplomas from being admitted to practice ; but the Medical Board of Examiners here would be enabled, and should be required, to subject the holders of European or other extra-colonial diplomas to the usual examination in all cases where the character of the diplomas or the fitness of the holder was not sufficiently recognised to justify a licence to practice being issued, without the further practical test. A plain duty has been entrusted by the Legislature to the council of this University ; and we may be fairly charged with neglect, unless the council can show that it is either inexpedient or impracticable to fulfil the functions bestowed on it by law. Special attention has been given, during the year, to the encouragement of thorough elementary instruction. Besides the annual examination in April of boys and girls under sixteen years of age, who wish to obtain certificates of proficiency in elementary subjects of instruction, a higher supplementary examination has been instituted for young persons under sixteen or eighteen, and this will encourage the continuous study of such subjects as are usually included in the superior elementary course, and will no doubt specially stimulate the study of the elements of the physical sciences both in girls' and boys' schools, and will serve as a convenient test of the fitness and capacity of a youth to proceed to the matriculation examination. The gradation is thus marked and regulated ; there is no school so humble which may not hope to secure an honourable place in the lists of the elementary examination ; those who succeed there may thus be lifted to the higher platform

of the school examination for honours; and the next step is to the University matriculation. I believe that no system of public instruction can be satisfactory in a free country like this, with the most liberal and popular form of constitutional government, which does not aim at placing the highest and best education within the reach of the poorest member of the community. Theoretically, that result has been provided for by the University in conjunction with the school system; but it remains for the Legislature to provide those bursaries or scholarships which would enable deserving candidates, who have won the elementary certificate, to pursue their studies at a higher school, and thus to ascend from round to round of the educational ladder. Considering that our sons and daughters, of all classes and ranks in life, and from all parts of the Colony, are admitted to the annual tests, it would be advisable to have the means of giving at least fifty bursaries of £30 each, tenable for two years, to that number of boys and girls whose circumstances require assistance, for the prosecution of their studies at a higher school, and who have satisfied the University of their merit at the elementary examination. Twenty more bursaries of the same amount might be well given to those who wished to proceed to some college or high school to prepare for University matriculation, on the condition that they had shown sufficient merit at the higher elementary examination, now known as the school examination for honours. A sum of about £2,000 thus spent annually would give such an impetus to elementary education throughout this Colony as no other agency that I know of is likely to do. Without in any way depreciating the importance of sending young men to complete their professional studies in Europe, I am constantly reminded that such a course is beyond the means of most of the colonists, and that to the case of our daughters the plan does not apply. It has been my earnest wish to bring the highest available training and teaching into the colonial institutions; this is a duty that we owe to ourselves and our children; and whilst we labour to elevate the degraded savage and to put schooling and all its incidental advantages within his reach, we are bound to maintain the *prestige* of our race, by seeing that our own boys and girls are kept up to the educational level of their peers in Europe. I look, therefore, to the institution of these bursaries, and to the development of the highest type of collegiate schools for girls, as a necessary step. There are several excellent schools for girls, established and directed by voluntary agencies; I would by all means encourage such voluntary efforts; and the higher institution that is wanted should not supersede those private labours, but offer to the advanced students the highest professional teaching in art and science and literature. In arranging the University work in the faculty of arts, it has been always recognised as the paramount object to give unity and consistency to the whole system of graduated school instruction, besides supplying a wholesome and, as it is seen, a very general stimulus.

The direct action of the University is through the arts departments of the collegiate institutions; and then through the subsidiary public and private schools; and from the results it appears that its quickening and guiding influence has more or less pervaded all the grades of the school system. The frame work of the edifice is tolerably complete; but care and judgment are wanted to equip the various sections with the best fittings and appliances; to remedy defects; to strengthen weak points; and to secure more elasticity here, more stability there; thus year by year, as the population of South Africa grows in numbers and in material and intellectual attainments, to give solidity to the whole fabric of the University of the Cape of Good Hope. The conflict is ever going on in the educational world, between the claims of the general culture of humanity, on the one hand, and of the special training to the business of professional life, on the other; but equitable conditions of adjustment and compromise may be arrived at, if, whilst we acknowledge the marketable value of the acquisition of the details of knowledge for success in social life, we are impressed with the high and solemn duty entrusted to us of guiding and controlling the formative elements in the training of the mind, as mind. The presence of the many dignitaries and other representatives of the religious bodies assures me that the University, in pursuing its course impartially and without infringing on the rights of conscience, has their earnest sympathy and support; and I hope that I may interpret the large attendance of the mothers and daughters in our community to mean that the education of their sex is a matter of keen interest to them. Let me say that the University holds a clear and open position as regards the higher education of women. It offers its examinations, degrees, and honours to all, without distinction; but it pronounces no opinion as to the desirability of young women running the academical race. What I say now is rather my own view: that it is necessary for every girl to have a thoroughly sound elementary education; and that where they enter into the higher course, they should be encouraged to follow out exhaustively those branches for which they have special aptitude. Whether in drawing, music, or other fine arts; in English or other modern literature; or in natural science, the teaching should be thorough and the best of its kind; and for those who do not wish to compete for degrees in the University, I should like to institute a system by which each could obtain from the University a certificate of her proficiency in these or any of these special subjects. Those who in witnessing this simple ceremony of to-day find their thoughts travelling back to the "capping days" of the North, or the "commemorations" of the South, will derive some satisfaction from the knowledge that the members of this young academy, when they go to Europe, hold their own ground fairly, and often win high distinction in the wider arena of European Universities.

THE CAPE

MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

The Beginning of the European Occupation in South Africa.

FROM DOCUMENTS IN THE COLONIAL ARCHIVES.

No. VI.—1658.

IN February 1658 it was resolved to send another trading party inland, as the stock of cattle was insufficient to meet the wants of the fleets shortly expected. Of late there had been an unusual demand for meat. The *Arnhem* and *Slot van Honingen*, two large East Indiamen, had put into Table Bay in the utmost distress, and in a short time their crews had consumed forty head of horned cattle and fifty sheep.

This expedition was larger and better equipped than any yet sent from the fort Good Hope. The leader was Sergeant Jan van Harwarden, and under him were fifteen Europeans and two Hottentots, with six pack oxen to carry provisions and the usual articles of barter. The Land Surveyor Pieter Potter accompanied the party for the purpose of observing the features of the country, so that a correct map could be made. To him was also entrusted the task of keeping the journal of the expedition. The Sergeant was instructed to learn all that he could concerning the tribes, to ascertain if ivory, ostrich feathers, musk, civet, gold, and precious stones, were obtainable, and, if so, to look out for a suitable place for the establishment of a trading station.

The party passed the Paarl mountain on their right, and crossing the Berg River beyond, proceeded in a northerly direction until they reached the great wall which bounds the coast belt of South Africa. In searching along it for a passage to the interior, they discovered a stream which came foaming down through an enormous cleft in the mountain, but they could not make their way along it, as the sides of the ravine appeared to rise in almost perpendicular precipices. It was the Little Berg River, and through the winding gorge the

railway to the interior passes to-day, but when in 1658 Europeans first looked into its deep recesses it seemed to defy an entrance.

The travellers kept on their course along the great barrier, but no pathway opened to the regions beyond. Then dysentery attacked some of them,—probably brought on by fatigue,—and they were compelled to retrace their steps. Near the Little Berg River they halted and formed a temporary camp, while the Surveyor Potter with three Netherlanders and the two Hottentots attempted to cross the range. It may have been at the very spot known a hundred years later as the Roodezand Pass, and at any rate it was not far from it, that Potter and his little band toiled wearily up the heights, and were rewarded by being the first of Christian blood to look down into the secluded dell now called the Tulbagh Basin. Standing on the summit of the range, their view extended away for an immense distance along the valley of the Breede River, but it was a desolate scene that met their gaze. Under the glowing sun the ground lay bare of verdure, and in all that wide expanse which to-day is dotted thickly with cornfields and groves and homesteads there was then no sign of human life. It was only necessary to run the eye over it to be assured that the expedition was a failure in that direction. And so they returned to their companions and resumed the homeward march.

The increasing weakness of some of the party caused them frequently to halt, but now they came across some small encampments of Chariguriquas, and managed to obtain a few oxen and sheep in barter. One man died, and another could hardly bear to be carried along for a day or two when he followed his companion to the grave. The night before they reached the fort they were all sitting down partaking of the last ration of bread, when without any warning an enormous lion sprang upon one of them. Sergeant Van Harwarden fortunately had his firelock at his side, and raising the piece he presented the muzzle to the lion's forehead and instantly shot him dead. The man upon whom the beast sprang saved his life, but lost his right arm. Such were some of the perils attending exploration in those days.

Previous to the year 1658, the only slaves in the settlement were some ten or twelve individuals, brought from Batavia and Madagascar. But as labourers were now urgently needed, the Company sent out the yachts *Hasselt* and *Maria* to endeavour to obtain some

negroes on the west coast of Africa. These two vessels cruised for some time off St. Paul de Loanda, in hope of obtaining a Portuguese prize, and when that scheme failed the *Maria* came to the Cape, and the *Hasselt* sailed to the Gulf of Guinea. In the meantime, on the 28th of March, the East Indiaman *Amersfort* arrived in Table Bay with one hundred and seventy negroes. On the passage from Holland, she had fallen in with a Portuguese ship bound from Angola to Brazil, with more than five hundred captives on board. The ship was old, and upon examination it was found that she could not be brought to the Cape. The officers of the Indiaman, therefore, permitted her to proceed on her voyage, after they had selected and removed to their own vessel two hundred and fifty of the most valuable slaves, including all the big boys and girls. Of these, eighty died before the *Amersfort* reached Table Bay, and the remaining hundred and seventy were landed in a miserable condition.

A few weeks later the *Hasselt* arrived with two hundred and twenty-eight slaves, out of two hundred and seventy-one which her officers had purchased at Popo, the remainder having died on the passage. The number at the Cape was now greater than was considered necessary, and one hundred and seventy-two were sent to Batavia. Of those that were left, eighty-nine were sold on credit to the burghers at prices ranging from £4 3s. 4d. to £8 6s. 8d. each, and the Company retained the remainder in its own service.

One of the first regulations concerning them was that they were to be taught the doctrines of Christianity. On the 17th of April a school for their instruction was opened by the Commander's brother-in-law Pieter van der Stael, who in 1656 had succeeded Willem Barents Wyland as Sick Comforter of the settlement. To all of them pronounceable names were given, and they were then sent to school for a short time every day. The reward of diligence which was held out was not exactly in accordance with modern ideas, for it consisted of a glass of brandy and a little tobacco. For some days after the opening of the school the Commander himself attended, for the purpose of seeing that everything was conducted in strict order. He has left on record that the prize offered was observed to stimulate the pupils to application.

As to their food, it consisted principally of seabirds and seals' flesh. Mr. Van Riebeek's testimony is that they were very fond of seals' meat, and there is no reason to doubt the accuracy of the statement. It was procured in large quantities from Saldanha Bay. Four burghers, named Thomas Christoffel Muller, Jurien Janssen, Joachim Elberts, and Gerrit Harmanssen, took out free papers upon condition of becoming coast traders. They purchased a large boat from the Company, with which they plied between Saldanha Bay, Dassen Island, and Table Bay, bringing eggs, fish, oil, seal skins, salted birds, and dried seals' flesh, for disposal. They had liberty to sell freely to any one who chose to purchase, at the highest price which they could obtain, and the surplus was delivered to the Company at fixed rates,—the seals' flesh at 4s. 2d. the hundred pounds.

The captives were subject to the caprice of their owners, though regulations were issued to protect them against gross ill usage. But whether treated well or ill, the natives of Guinea and Angola could not be reconciled to a state of slavery at the Cape, and as soon as they recovered from the effects of the sea voyage they commenced to run away. They knew that their own country was somewhere to the north, and in that direction they set their faces. Their desertion caused no little alarm among the burghers, who had purchased them upon credit, and who now saw no hope of freeing themselves of debt. They at once jumped to the conclusion that the Hottentots, —a good many of whom were then in the neighbourhood,—were enticing the slaves from service, an opinion which was shared by Mr. Van Riebeek. Some Hottentot women, he observed, had often been detected giving them trifling presents of food, the object of which must have been to induce them to desert, and doubtless the Kaapmans were disposing of them by sale to people living further inland.

A few weeks before this, the burgher Hendrik Boom had lost seven head of cattle, which had either strayed away or been stolen from the pasturage in open daylight. Old Gogosoa, the Fat Captain of the Kaapmans, happened at the time to be within reach, and Jan Reyniers with some other friends of Boom immediately arrested him and declared they would keep him in custody until the cattle were brought back. This bold act at first alarmed the Commander, who

feared that it would create enmity far and wide, but no other consequence seemed to follow than that the whole Kaapman clan instantly set about searching for the lost cattle, so that they were recovered within a few hours.

Upon the desertion of the slaves, the principal burghers came to the fort and urged the Commander to adopt the same course to ensure their restitution. Thereupon Mr. Van Riebeek called together a Council, consisting of the Senior Merchant Willem Bastink, of the ship *Prins Willem*, the Secunde Roelof de Man, and the Sergeant Jan van Harwarden, when it was resolved to seize the son and heir of Gogosoa, who was called Osingkima by the Hottentots and Schacher by the Dutch, his brother Otegno *alias* Pieter, and another named Osaöa. These persons were sitting in the courtyard of the fort, unsuspicious of any danger, when they were arrested and conducted to the surgeon's kitchen, where a guard was placed over them. It was then announced that the prisoners would be kept in confinement until the runaway slaves were brought back.

Next morning, Sunday the 23rd of June, there was much excitement among the Hottentots near the fort, and matters seemed so perplexing that the Commander called the Council together again. As soon as it assembled, came the interpreter Doman with the simple face, and tendered his advice. This individual had recently returned from Batavia, where he had picked up more knowledge than the Commander at first was disposed to give him credit for. However, he came back apparently as much attached to the Europeans as before, and even requested to be called Anthony, so that he might have a name like a Hollander. He now recommended the seizure and detention of Jan Cou, one of the chief men among the beachrangers, in order that they as well as the Kaapmans might be compelled to go in search of the fugitive slaves. No one suspected the beachrangers of having had anything to do with their disappearance, still it was resolved to have Jan Cou arrested, that all men might see that the Council did not favour one clan more than another. No time was lost in carrying out the resolution, for Jan Cou, who was with his people in the courtyard, was immediately seized and confined with the others.

A strange scene then took place in the Council Chamber. Eva presented herself, and passionately protested that the beachrangers

were innocent of crime, but she accused the Kaapmans of all manner of roguery. Doman retorted, and repeated an old story of Jan Cou having stolen fourteen of the Company's sheep, besides bringing to remembrance the murder of David Janssen and the robbery of the cattle five years previously. Each abused the other and the clan to which the other belonged. Then Harry entered and informed the Commander that the prisoner Schacher advised that one of the principal men of the Gorachouquas should also be seized, so that all of the three clans might be interested in the restoration of the runaway slaves. The Council at once resolved that the leading men of the Gorachouquas should be enticed into the fort with fair words, and that the chief should then be seized and confined with the others.

This resolution could not be carried into effect, however, for as soon as the detention of Jan Cou became known the Gorachouquas fled from the neighbourhood. The Kaapmans and beachrangers scoured the country in search of the slaves, but only succeeded in recovering two of them. Three others returned of their own accord, having been compelled by hunger to turn back. Then the Hottentots abandoned the pursuit, and reported that they could do nothing more.

On the 3rd of July the Council met again, and as the position of affairs was critical, two officers of ships in the bay were invited to assist in the deliberations. All were by this time convinced that the Hottentots had nothing to do with the desertion of the slaves. It was believed that the Gorachouquas, who had fled inland, would cause mischief, and that the seizure of Schacher, becoming generally known throughout the country, would deter others from bringing cattle to the fort for sale. The prisoners were becoming desperate, for they feared that they would be put to death. They made an offer to purchase their liberty with cattle, and gave it as their opinion that Harry was the proper person to be kept in prison.

Then the misdeeds of the old interpreter were all gone over, and it was asserted that the stock in his possession belonged of right to the Honourable Company, having been purchased with goods entrusted to his care. It was resolved to entice him into the fort with fair words, to seize him, and then to take possession of his

cattle, which were grazing near the old redoubt. An hour later, Harry was in prison with the others, and Sergeant Jan van Harwarden, with a party of soldiers, was on the way to Salt River.

That evening the Council was hastily called together again, for it was feared that the Hottentots would attack the settlement. Sergeant Van Harwarden, upon reaching Harry's kraal, had found the natives hostile, assegais had been hurled at him, and before the cattle could be driven away one Hottentot was shot dead and another was wounded. The Sergeant succeeded in bringing in one hundred and ten head of horned cattle and two hundred and sixty sheep, but it was feared that the natives would retaliate upon the farmers. There were then only ninety-seven European men, all told, resident at the Cape, and twenty of these were invalids who had been left behind by the last fleet. It was, therefore, resolved to land from the *Prins Willem* without delay twenty soldiers with a thousand pounds of gunpowder and two hundred hand grenades, and to mount two pieces of artillery upon the redoubt Korenhoop, which had recently been built to protect the grounds of the free farmers at Rondebosch. The burghers were also to be armed, and any one who did not possess a gun was to apply for one at once under penalty of being fined eight shillings.

The next morning Pieter Otegno was released and sent with a friendly message to Gogosoa, requesting him to come to the fort and make an imperishable alliance, as the Commander was disposed to settle all differences between them amicably. The chief of the Kaapmans with fourteen of the leading men of the clan returned with the messenger, and stated that on their part they were most anxious for peace. This being the case on both sides, the terms of a treaty were arranged without any difficulty. The clauses were in substance as follow :—

Past offences on both sides were to be forgotten.

In future, offenders on each side were to be punished by their own countrymen.

The Kaapmans were to move to the east of the Salt and Liesbeek rivers, and to leave the pasturage on the Cape side for the use of the Dutch. But if they were attacked by enemies they were to be at

liberty to remove to the back of the Lion's Head, where they would be under the protection of the Europeans.

The Kaapmans were to see that their cattle did not trespass upon the cultivated grounds of the Company or of the free burghers.

The Kaapmans agreed to do their utmost to recover fugitive slaves, and for each slave brought back they were to receive as much copper and tobacco as for the purchase of an ox.

The Kaapmans were not to prevent other Hottentots from coming to the fort to trade.

The Kaapmans agreed to sell for copper and tobacco ten head of horned cattle and ten sheep for every large ship that arrived, five of each for every small ship, and two of each every Sunday for the garrison.

One of the Kaapmans with the interpreter Doman should go on board every ship that arrived, and there should be given to him two sacks of bread or rice, two or three pieces of pork, and a small keg of brandy.

These terms having been agreed to, Schacher and Osaöa were released from confinement, when to ratify the treaty the Kaapmans presented the Commander with ten cows and nine sheep, and received from him liberal gifts in return. The beachrangers desired to make terms of peace at the same time, but the Council declined their proposals. Doman and others of his clan were inveterate in their animosity against these people, and, acting upon their advice, the Council finally resolved to transport Harry to Robben Island and detain him there. With him were sent two others named Khamy *alias* Jan Cou and Boubo *alias* Simon, who were informed that they would be kept upon the island until the murderers of David Janssen were surrendered by their clan, when they would be released. After a detention of about two months, however, these last were restored to liberty, upon the urgent solicitation of their friends. As for Harry, he remained upon the island, no one excepting Eva pleading for him. He might have had his wives and children with him if he wished, but he preferred to be without them.

In the meantime the slaves, the original cause of all this trouble, continued to desert from service. Some were recovered by the Hottentots, but many made good their escape, probably to die in the

wilderness. The burghers were kept by them in such a state of anxiety, that at length many of them brought back those they had purchased, and requested the Commander to take them off their hands. They preferred, they said, to employ only such Europeans as the Company chose to release for that purpose, rather than to be worried by slaves. Finally the Council resolved to place all the males except infants and very old men in chains, as the only possible means of keeping them in service.

For some months after the settlement of the difficulty with the Kaapmans, matters went on smoothly between the Europeans and the natives. They did not come much in contact with each other. Gogosoa and his people kept at a distance, and so evaded the fulfilment of the clause concerning the sale of cattle. The Gorachouquas avoided the neighbourhood of the fort, and only the beachrangers, who were few in number, remained. They were permitted to make a kraal at the foot of the Lion's Head, and there they lived in a miserable manner. Sometimes they were induced to collect a little firewood in return for brandy and tobacco, but no other reward was tempting enough to overcome their aversion to labour.

Occasionally a party belonging to one of the inland clans brought a few cattle for sale, but the number of oxen so obtained was insufficient to meet the needs of the Company. In October a large and powerful clan, called the Cochoqua, migrated to within a few hours journey from the fort, when it was resolved to open up a trade with them. This resolution was carried into effect through the instrumentality of Eva, one of whose sisters was a wife of Oedasoa, chief of the Cochoquas. The Hottentot girl acted so faithfully in the interests of the Europeans that a large supply of cattle was obtained in barter, and the Cochoquas were brought to regard the Dutch with great favour. There was a perpetual feud between them and the Kaapmans. Eva visited the clan on several occasions, the first time alone, and afterwards accompanied by Sergeant Van Harwarden and a trading party. She gave them an account of the Christian faith, as she had learned it in the Commander's household, to which they listened with attention. Mr. Van Riebeek was greatly pleased when she informed him that though she left her Dutch clothes behind and put on the greasy skins of the Hottentots when she visited her sister,

yet she never forgot what she had been taught nor omitted to say her prayers night and morning.

In December the farmers presented a remonstrance against some new restrictions which had recently been placed upon them. The Commissioner Van Goens had accorded them the privilege of purchasing cattle from the natives, but at Mr. Van Riebeek's instigation the Chamber of Seventeen had withdrawn that liberty. The local Council thereupon made stringent regulations against such traffic, and as the law now stood a burgher purchasing any animal, dead or alive, directly or indirectly, from a Hottentot, was liable to a fine of £5 for the first offence, £10 for the second, and for the third to be prosecuted for persistent opposition to the Government. All intercourse between the two races was so strictly prohibited that a burgher could be punished for permitting a Hottentot to enter his house. The privilege of going on board vessels three days after their arrival was also withdrawn, because some freemen had secreted themselves in the last return fleet, and special permission from the Commander was now necessary to enable a burgher to visit a ship. Against these restrictions the burghers remonstrated, but to no purpose, for they were informed by Mr. Van Riebeek that not a letter of the regulations would be altered or withdrawn.

In the same document the farmers complained that the price of wheat was so low as not to pay for its cultivation, and desired that it might be fixed at 16s. 8d. the muid. The Commander promised to support this request, which he considered reasonable, when a Commissioner should arrive, but for the present he was unable to raise the price, as it had been laid down by higher authority than his at from £5 16s. 8d. to £8 6s. 8d. the load of three thousand six hundred pounds. The remonstrance was referred to the Batavian authorities, who instructed Mr. Van Riebeek to pay for wheat at the rate of 6s. 8d. the hundred pounds.

In this year, 1658, the culture of the vine was extended beyond Table Valley. The first plants introduced had thriven so well that cuttings were plentiful, of which the Commander himself now set out twelve hundred on a farm some distance beyond Rondebosch, and thereafter called on this account the Wynberg, which farm he had been permitted by Commissioner Cuneus to make use of instead of the

ground at Green Point. The burghers were encouraged to follow his example, but most of them satisfied themselves with planting a few cuttings round their houses. The first maize was brought in the *Hasselt* from the coast of Guinea. The farmers were required by the Commander to plant considerable quantities of it, because the slaves understood its culture, but they set about it very reluctantly. They preferred the fruit and grain of the Fatherland to such foreign plants as the vine and maize, of the manner of cultivating which they professed themselves absolutely ignorant.

When the time arrived to elect a burgher councillor, the free men were called upon to nominate some of their number, from whom a choice would be made by the Council of Policy. They put forward Hendrik Boom, Jan Reyniers, Herman Remajenne, and Jacob Cornelissen. Of these, the Council selected Hendrik Boom, but resolved to retain also the services of Stephen Janssen for another twelvemonth, so that in future there should be two burgher councillors, one of whom was to retire every year.

It had been ascertained that half-bred sheep throve better and increased more rapidly than those of pure Cape blood. The burghers were therefore prohibited from keeping any other than imported rams. As soon as the Company had sufficient stock, each farmer had his flock made up to fifty Cape ewes and one European ram, all other sheep being taken in part payment. The Company at this time kept about five hundred breeding ewes upon Robben Island, where a couple of men were stationed to look after them, and to keep a fire burning at night when ships were off the harbour.

In 1658 twenty-nine ships put into Table Bay. Of these, two were English, and the remainder belonged to the Company. One of the largest of them, named the *West Vriesland*, left Holland for Batavia with three hundred and fifty-one healthy men on board. A hundred and forty-eight days after sailing she put into Saldanha Bay, when her crew was unable to furl her sails. Seventy-two men had died, and more than half the living were then in such a condition from scurvy that they could not walk. In Saldanha Bay they received assistance from the free traders, and supplies of fresh provisions were forwarded from the Cape, so that the crew soon recovered.

The ship depicted upon the Company's seal is a true picture of an East Indiaman of this period, as may be seen on reference to illustrated books of the middle of the seventeenth century. A great advance upon the early Portuguese exploring ship had been made, clumsy and unwieldy as such a vessel as is here shown appears to us.

The following are the documents from which this article has been condensed:—

Letters. From the Governor General and Council of India to Commander Van Riebeek and the Council of the fort Good Hope, of dates 16 Jan and 13 Dec 1658. From the Directors or one of the Chambers to Commander Van Riebeek and the Council of the fort Good Hope, of dates 14 and 16 April, 2 Sept, 10 Oct, and 11 Nov 1658. From Commander Van Riebeek to the Directors, of dates 22 Feb, 31 March, and 9, 10, and 11 April 1658. From Commander Van Riebeek to the Governor General and Councillors of India, of dates 16 and 18 March, 6 and 22 April, 12 and 22 May, 13 and 28 June, 4, 13, and 17 July, 1 and 31 Aug, 17 Sep, and 7 and 30 Nov 1658.

Proclamations, of dates 8 and 25 Jan, 26 Feb, 4 May, 1 and 29 July, 6 Aug, 4, 13, and 30 Sept, 2, 7, 12, and 24 Oct, 11 and 19 Nov, and 6 and 13 Dec 1658.

Instructions. From the Commissioner Joan Cuneus for the guidance of Commander Van Riebeek, dated 18th March 1658.

Journals. Of the Exploring Expedition under Sergeant Jan van Harwarden, from 27 Feb to 21 March 1658. Of Daily Occurrences, kept by Commander Van Riebeek, from 1 Jan to 31 Dec 1658.

Resolutions and Debates of the Council, of dates 7, 13, 14, 23, and 30 Jan, 12, 19, 21, and 25 Feb, 20 March, 4, 6, 14, and 20 April, 8, 20, 28, and 30 May, 22, 23, 28, and 30 June, 3 (two meetings), 4, 5, 6, 8, 14, 21, and 26 July, 5, 20, and 28 Aug, 2, 4, 6, 18, and 30 Sept, 2, 14, 21, 24, 30, and 31 Oct, 8, 13, 22, and 30 Nov, and 3 and 13 Dec 1658.

Stellenbosch.

Part III.—conclusion.

In our concluding chapter we purpose giving a short sketch of the History of Stellenbosch. We have, in writing, had occasion to refer to the following authorities, to which we express our obligations :—Theal's "Compendium of South African History and Geography," Theal's "Paper on the founding of Stellenbosch," Kolben's "Natural History of the Cape," Hall's Geography, and Borcherd's "Memoirs."

HISTORY.

Twenty-seven and a half years after the arrival of Dr. Van Riebeek as Governor of the new settlement of the Dutch East India Company at the Cape, found the reins of government in the hands of Simon van der Stell, the name most prominent of all among the many who held the office of Governor under this great monopoly. He took the administration from Hendrik Crudop on the 14th October, 1679, which, by a coincidence was his birthday (Borcherds). Crudop, as second in command under Johan Bax, had on the death of that Governor in 1678, assumed the direction of affairs, and for two and a half years administered the Government until the appointment could be filled up by the Home authorities. The Colony at this time consisted of the chief settlement in Table Valley; the farms which had been parcelled out along the eastern bases of Devil's Peak and Table Mountain—where Rondebosch, Claremont and Wynberg now are;—and a corn and cattle farm at Hottentot's Holland, near the eastern shore of False Bay. As the "Capian" settlement and adjacent farms were as yet not very extensive, it did not take long for the new Governor to inspect them all. He naturally would desire to become acquainted with the whole territory under his jurisdiction, and would seek the earliest opportunity of doing so. Accordingly, taking advantage of the absence of ships from Table Bay, he determined on visiting Hottentot's Holland, and "at six o'clock on the morning of Friday, 3rd November, 1679, about three weeks after his arrival at the Cape, His Honour,

accompanied by some members of council, rode away from the fort on his ever-memorable journey, leaving Hendrik Crudop in command during his absence." On the afternoon of Wednesday following, 8th, the party returned, and an account of the journey was immediately written, in which the following paragraph appears:—

"Besides the said district, Hottentot's Holland, His Honour inspected a certain tract of country lying at about three or four hours' distance, being a level valley comprising several thousand morgen of beautiful pasturage, also well adapted for culture, having a very excellent stream of fresh running water, its banks ornamented with handsome lofty trees fit for timber or fuel, where he also discovered a little island surrounded with fresh water, and by nature furnished with stately trees, where the commander rested for the night, and as none of the preceding heads of the government had ever been there, it was named Stellenbosch."

The name Stellenbosch was given by the Governor, as it combined his own name with his wife's, whose maiden name was Van den Bosch, in doing which the local name of "Wild Bosch," which had been given by the inhabitants on account of the numbers of wild beasts which infested it, was, in part, preserved.

The ravages of fierce animals were so great, that the Hottentot holders of the soil had been in great measure obliged to abandon it. Soon after this visit the first European settler must have founded his home at Stellenbosch, for a letter addressed to the East India Company, dated 23rd December, 1679, reports this visit of the Governor, and that a burgher had been located there, whose name is at present unfortunately unknown.

As settlers increased, a regular partition of and definite boundaries to property became necessary to prevent disputes, which in fact had arisen at a very early period in the history of the settlement, and on the 8th May, 1680—the same month in which eight families were removed from the Cape to Stellenbosch—land surveyor Wittebol was ordered by the Governor "to draw a diagram of a piece of land for cultivation to be named Stell-en-Bos, and to be divided among certain of the people."

Among the earliest grantees of land are to be found the names of Gerrit van der Byl and Henning Huysingh in April, 1680; Gerrit

Jansz Visscher, Dirk Coetse and François Viljon in 1682; Douwe Gerbrantsz Stein, Jan Cornelis Mostert, Matthys Greef, Hans Jurgen Grimp, Caspar Wilders, Jacob Brouwer and Armont Jansz in 1683; Gerrit Cloete in 1684, and in 1685 Simon de Groot; in addition to which are some titles granted to a few free blacks, and some enfranchised slaves (Theal).

It was not until some years after the first settlement of the new Colony that correct survey charts and title deeds were drawn up, which, at the present day, testify to the painstaking accuracy and conscientious manner in which the surveyors did their work in the olden time. This fact, in consequence, makes it impossible to get the names of the very earliest settlers from the records preserved in the Surveyor-General's office in Cape Town. As a natural consequence, the rapid increase of population rendered provision necessary for the settlement of disputes and difficulties which constantly arise in any community of men, and in 1684 (Theal) the Governor appointed four of the leading inhabitants to form a court for the settlement of disputes and to see that the roads were kept in repair.

They were called Heemraden, and the first appointed were Hendrik Ebertse, Hans Jurgen Grimp, Douwe Gerbrantsz Stein, and Matthys Greef in 1684. In the following year, 1685, the Cape was visited by Baron Hendrik van Rheede—Lord of Mydreght, who was a Commissioner Plenipotentiary of the Dutch Government. He is also known as Lord of Drakenstein, for after him the district so called was named. He made many regulations of importance, some of which, however, appear to have been more honoured in the breach than the observance. Among others, that slaves should be treated mercifully; that the natives—concerning whom Van Riebeek had written in a memorandum for the guidance of his successor that "nothing is more serviceable to the Company than peace with the Hottentots"—should have equal rights with the Dutch in grazing cattle within the settlement; that none but subjects of good character should be made free burghers, and that bad characters were to be sent out of the country. This High Commissioner approved of the Court of Heemraden; but saw that it was necessary to have a permanent president who would represent the Government. Accordingly an officer, termed a landdrost or lieutenant, was

appointed who had power, says Kolben, "to seize and prosecute all criminals, vagabonds and disorderly persons in the colonies for which he was appointed." His powers were undisputed until 1712, when a gang of runaway seamen, who had been committing robberies, were seized by the Landdrost and imprisoned. Two subsequently escaped, but were retaken; one by the Landdrost, and the other by the acting Fiscal of the Cape Division. This Fiscal being a turbulent man and desirous of standing well with the Government thought fit to dispute the authority of the Landdrost in the case and to deny him the right of prosecuting his prisoner.

An appeal was made to the Council, and the Landdrost was summoned before it. On producing his commission from Baron Van Rheede, the Council admitted his right; but to prevent future disputes decreed that the Landdrost should prosecute only for crimes committed in his division, and that the order of precedence should be *Prior tempore; prior jure* (Kolben).

The first Landdrost appointed was Johannes Muller, a Netherlander, in July, 1685. Shortly after Muller came into office the old Board of Heemraden retired, and a new one was chosen, consisting of Gerrit van der Byl, Henning Huysingh (or Henninghuisen), Jan Cornelis Mostert, and Harman Jansen Smith.

The court composed of these members met on a fixed day once a month, and had power to adjudicate in civil cases when the sum in dispute did not exceed fifty rixdollars (about £10).

About 1684 there were but few European females in the Colony, chiefly married people, "and the settlement swarmed with young fellows" who wanted wives as necessary helpmeets. Settlers of the agricultural class were also as much needed, and representations to the joint effect were made by the Governor to Commissioner Van Rheede, who concurred in the views, and submitted a proposal to the Directors of the Chamber of Seventeen to grant free passages to a number of small farmers. Accordingly fifty heads of families with their wives and children, a few mechanics, and forty-eight eligible young women, were dispatched to the Cape and settled about Stellenbosch and Drakenstein. Of the young females Kolben says "On arrival they were, by the Governor to whose care they had been commended, bestowed on such as wanted wives with all the indul-

gence and regard that could be shown to their several fancies and inclinations on such an occasion." Van Rheede also established the first school at Stellenbosch, by increasing the salary of the Catechist, on the stipulation that he should attend daily, from 8 a.m. until 4 p.m.; hear lessons twice a day; teach good Christian morals, and the Heidelberg Catechism; psalm singing, and make the pupils say their prayers every day.

The increasing requirements of an increasing population demanded additional mechanical advantages; accordingly, in 1687, the first corn-mill was built. Wheat was ground at ten stivers (about 7½d) per muid, the revenue from which was administered by the Landdrost and Heemraden. Previously, for grinding corn, they had to employ hand machines like coffee mills, turned by negroes; the labour being such as "to make them perspire vehemently from head to foot" (Kolben), and it can well be imagined.

The persecutions consequent on the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes in October, 1685, had forced as many as could, to fly for precious life the dominion of France and Romish despotism. Escape was difficult in the extreme, guarded as were the frontiers and the ports by emissaries of the papal power. Many were taken and killed, while such as did escape found a refuge in England and Holland. Some of those who fled to Holland were offered a settlement at the Cape by the Dutch Government, who thought that such colonists would be of advantage to the country. The offer was accepted, and in December, 1687, the first shipload left in the *Langewyk*, followed by others, until by the end of the year 1689, nearly three hundred souls had arrived and settled down, chiefly at Franschehoek and Drakenstein, as being localities most suitable to their particular industries, while some few also settled at Stellenbosch. From this time forward Stellenbosch has steadily progressed, with a history of great interest, marked by the usual vicissitudes and trials which declare its participation in the common lot.

The ordeal of fire has often been passed through, for Stellenbosch, like all villages composed of buildings massed together under thatched roofs, may be said to offer a premium to its ravages. In 1710, the whole village, with the exception of two or three buildings, including the church was burnt down during the prevalence of a furious south-

east wind. A negro slave was carrying some "live" coals for his master, one Landdrost de Meurs, to light his pipe with, when the wind carried an ember against the thatch of reeds, and in an instant the whole place was in flames. The village was rebuilt in four years; but the church was not completed for a considerable time after. Peter Kolben, A.M, who wrote the "Natural History of the Cape," a very interesting work, was for a time Secretary at Stellenbosch, and in March, 1711, the first entry in his handwriting appears in the records.

In 1712, in obedience to suggestions made to the Landdrost and Heemraden, one thousand oak trees were procured from Rondebosch and planted along the streets. The grand oaks in front of the Theological Seminary were probably planted at this time From this period onwards, till 1739, the record of events seems void of any remarkable circumstances.

In 1739, one Etienne Barbier, a sergeant, who had been confined in the Castle in Cape Town for misdemeanours, made his escape and incited some of the inhabitants to rebellion. He was taken, tied to a cross and decapitated, and his body quartered and parts hung in various places. The head and hands were exposed at Roodezand (now Tulbagh) and the pole on which they were fixed was seen standing in 1802. In 1739, also, the Bushmen of the Berg River district became troublesome, killing a European servant and several slaves.

In 1740, Governor Hendrik van Swellengrebel, after whom Swellendam was named, found it necessary to convene a meeting of the people. He urged on the Heemraden, militia and others, amicably to do their duty; and the Landdrost to maintain the rights of the East India Company, for which end he had been appointed, and to protect the people.

In 1743, Governor Gustaaf Willem, Baron Von Imhoff, called at the Cape as Governor-General of the possessions of the Dutch East India Company, and was installed with great pomp and ceremony in Cape Town. He remarked that he had observed with great regret the small attention paid to worship and religious exercises; that churches were not sufficiently numerous, and that the morals of the people were affected accordingly. In consequence,

the churches at Tulbagh, Malmesbury and Groot Vader's Bosch (Caledon), were built to meet the requirements of the people.

In 1750 the population of the district was 3,932, owning 14,000 head of cattle and 17,000 sheep, when meetings were held to consider whether the country was not overstocked, and yet meat was only one stiver (¼d.) per lb!

About this time, 1743-45, a corps of mounted men was formed among the residents in the outlying districts, and had to meet for drill twice a year at Klip River; and two Heemraden were appointed for the requirements of the extending population, one of whom had to appear at the Stellenbosch Board once a quarter. A deputy Landdrost was also nominated. But in 1745 the district, of which Klip River was the centre, was formed into a second division under the name of Swellendam, with a Landdrost of its own. In 1762 the Stellenbosch Drostdy House was destroyed by fire, and the next year the building now used as the Theological Seminary was commenced. Fire, however, is not the only ordeal that Stellenbosch has had to pass through, for in 1769 the Eerste River, during Landdrost Faber's rule, flooded and threatened destruction to the upper part of the village. Its course had to be altered and brought into its present channel, under the direction of the Heemraden, and among the men who were particularly distinguished for their great exertions was Mr. Martin Melk, the builder of the original Lutheran church in Cape Town. The prices of produce quoted at this time, are; wheat 4s. 6d per muid; sheep 3s. each; wine about £2 16s. per leaguer, and brandy £6 15s. In 1770, the boundary between Swellendam and Stellenbosch was fixed, a line running E.N.E. along the water-shed of the Olifant's and Gamtoos Rivers, along the Bushman Hills as far as Bruintje's Hoogte in Somerset. Hitherto Stellenbosch had included all the country settled outside of the Cape Division, and before the formation of Graaff-Reinet in 1786 had for its eastern boundary the Great Fish River. In pushing European settlements eastward contact with the native races was inevitable. In 1781 some Kafir Captains crossed the Great Fish River with their followers, and occupied some land on the west, notwithstanding a treaty which had been made with them. On refusing to go back to their own side, they were made to do so by force, and 5,300 head of

cattle, which they had stolen, were retaken and divided among those who had taken part in the expedition. Passing on rapidly, we come to 1795, on the 16th September of which year the Cape capitulated to the British under General Craig, who took the Government from Commissary Abraham Josias Sluysken, who soon after left for Holland.

No alteration took place in the management of affairs at Stellenbosch, for after the first uncertainty was over and no fear to be entertained, Landdrost Bletterman, who had been appointed under the Dutch in 1785, still held his office. He simply stated to the people that being now under the protection of a people before dreaded as an enemy, they were obliged, and in duty bound, while so protected, to be faithful towards them, and that he would administer the oath of allegiance accordingly.

Naturally the change of Government was not wholly unaccompanied by little misunderstandings and difficulties; but with the exception of the temporary excitement of some Boers at Graaff-Reinet, who expelled the Landdrost Bresler sent by General Craig in 1796; a revolt in 1798 at the same place, which was repressed by General Dundas; and the refusal of the Burgher Senate to allow the Town Hall to be used to celebrate the King's birthday in; matters moved on till 1801, when at the Peace of Ameins it was arranged to restore the Cape to the Batavian Republic. In 1803 the final evacuation took place in compliance with the terms of the Treaty, and on the 21st February, the Batavian flag was hoisted, with Janssens as Governor, and J. A. de Mist as Commissioner. Affairs were not altered at Stellenbosch, for the same toleration and liberty prevailed under both Governments. In 1804, another destructive fire took place, and as late as 1875, the same severe experience has been felt. On the 6th November, 1879, the two-hundredth anniversary of the founding of the village was celebrated with much rejoicing, and with this short glance at the History of Stellenbosch we must close the "Notes and Reminiscences."

C. M. S.

A Reverie.

Written after a Season of Dejection.

I rested on a plateau,—it was eve,
The soft sweet air was laden with the breath
Of citron and magnolia; all the sky
Was flooded with a transient haze; afar
The sun was sinking in a sea of gold.
The scene was fair and nature's silent voice
Seemed but to sigh,—to sigh and whisper Peace!
Yet my heart rested not. At last I dreamed
That one before me stood, as stern as Fate
Before whose gaze the spirit in me quailed.
"Thou art the spirit of the Hour," I said
"Let me go hence; behind me lies a dell
Where rapturous roses bloom in garden bowers.
There daisies with their blood-tipped fiery hearts
Ope' to the sun: the primrose, bright as flame
And pure as breath of eve, smiles on the lea:
A fountain I have left in that deep glen
Which flings its spray on all the radiant flowers,
In myriad drops of mystic rainbow hue.
I paused,—I lingered once,—a brief, brief space,
Let me go hence, I would return again
To my heart's garden;—none so fair,—so dear."
My mentor waved his hand, his brow was stern,—
"Thou may'st not there return to rest," he said.
"Canst thou recall an hour that ebbed away
And mingled with the ocean of the past?
E'en now I come to summon thee away.
Life's rest is transient sleep;—thou see'st the sky
Bright with the shadow of the passing eve,
The dawn is on its way, and morning brings
New light, new toils, to suit the newer day.
Thou seest the mountain top, so far away,

It seems to blend with the fair heaven above ;
Yon path is steep and rough, yet to that height
Thou must attain ere thou canst hope for rest ;
The longed-for rest that soothes the weary soul."
I wakened from my trance ; I was alone ;
My mentor had with my strange dream gone by,
Yet my heart felt refreshed. " Oh, can it be," I said,
" That one thus spake to my sad yearning heart,—
One who had climbed that lonesome mountain-path
And left his foot-marks on the thorny way ?
Then,—oh my soul,—waste not the passing hours
In idle musings or in vain regrets,
But be thou ready for thy daily toil ;
Thus taught by Love, who trod that path alone,
And cheered by Faith and Hope—thou mayst aspire."

Cape Town.

On the Religious Sentiment amongst the Tribes of South Africa.

By the Right Rev. Henry Callaway, M.D., D.D., Bishop of St. John's.*

Whilst preparing my notes for the purpose of writing this Lecture I fell in with an article by Professor Blackie, entitled "The Natural History of Atheism" (Good Words, January, 1876), in which I meet with the following words :—

"One of the speakers in Cicero's book (De Natura Deorum) starts this question—'Whence,' says he, 'do you, *i.e.*, the Stoics, who argue from the consent of the human race—prove the opinions of all nations? I verily believe there are many people so lost in savagery that they have not even the slightest suspicion of the existence of God.' Here are two contrary opinions; the one that there is a universal consent of all men and all peoples in the belief of a Supreme Being or Beings; the other that there are nations so sunk in savagery, that they entertain not the remotest notion of God any more than their cattle, their sheep, or their swine; and to make these adverse notions more than opinions, to turn them into knowledge, as Plato is fond of saying, it is manifest that what we want is facts. Now, the facts in this case are to be sought in remote and little travelled places, under circumstances not without danger, and what is worse, often discouraging and disgusting to civilized man. Who is to go and live among wild men of the woods and roving Nomads of the waste for years, till he has thoroughly mastered their language, and by this process acquired the key to their notions and sentiments and convictions about whatever lies behind, above and within that wonderful evolution of beauty and grandeur and power, which we call the world? We naturally look to Christian Missionaries here in the first place. They alone, with very few exceptions, seem to possess the earnestness of purpose, the single-

* The above Lecture, on Ukqamata, the Frontier Kafir's name for God, was delivered some time ago at Kokstad, by the Bishop of St. John's. It is described by him as dealing "with the notion of God as held by Natives, especially on this side the Umzimvubu.

hearted devotedness and the intensity of moral apostleship which could lead civilised men to make a moral experiment of this kind. But even their evidence in such a matter must be looked on with caution, and sifted with care. An intense zeal—without which a missionary would be nothing—so far from implying an impartial judgment in all moral and religious matters, not seldom renders such a judgment impossible. We may say generally, indeed, that a zealous Christian missionary is not the man fully to appreciate the amount of genuine theistic piety that may lie hidden and half-choked beneath the grotesque mummeries and disgusting practices that are all that certain low types of humanity have to show for religion."

I could not better introduce the subject of the following remarks than by these words of Professor Blackie. They bring very distinctly before us some of the most important questions connected with the Religious Instincts of the human race.

1. He points out that there have been in times past as at the present time two sets of thinkers on the subject of the universal existence of such instincts; the one maintaining, the other denying their existence.

2. Then he very properly lays it down that the question is to be settled only by an appeal to facts.

3. He points out what is most important, that for the investigation of the question and the observation of facts relating to it, there is required, as in all other branches of knowledge, the trained mind, which knows how to conduct the enquiry apart from personal and *a priori* prejudices: whilst seeing that the general character and object of Christian missionaries may, in one sense, qualify them to avail themselves of opportunities for observation, which are possessed in the same degree by no other class of men, he shrewdly remarks that, in some respects, the very qualities which go to make a good missionary, are precisely those which are likely to disqualify him for tracing aught of "theistic piety" which may underlie the repulsive ritual of savage religionism. This, with a certain reserve, I think perfectly true; and to this is to be attributed many of the misapprehensions of religion outside the circle of Christian Teaching, which have existed amongst good men, whether engaged or not in missionary work. It does not follow that because a man is thoroughly

instructed in the truths of Christianity and fully persuaded of them, and a firm believer in his mission to teach them, he is therefore possessed of skill to enter into the spiritual perplexities of others, or to comprehend the modes, in which inferior minds express their religious feelings.

4. Another point in Professor Blackie's remarks is, that to prove the universality or otherwise of the Religious instincts, facts must be sought in "remote and untravelled places." By this, I presume, he means, that, except far away from the teaching of a religious system, a priestly caste and the inculcation of religious dogmata, the testimony of man on the subject cannot be trusted; for it may be argued, under such influences human nature is not normally manifested, because it has been perverted by false teachings and alarmed into religious belief by the lessons of "terror-speaking seers;" whilst in untaught, untrained, unaroused humanity we may expect to find human nature as it really is. I confess I am unable to accept this position. I regard it as misleading, and calculated to prevent both a correct investigation of facts and a correct generalization from them. We cannot too strongly assert nor too fully accept the truth that by nature man is only potentially possessed of any great or good quality whatever; and that uneducated, untrained man is but a rudimentary being; and all the principles of his nature, not religious only but intellectual, are undeveloped, awaiting external occasions to become actively manifested to others. Like the photographic film, the human mind requires the presence of light before any delineation can be produced; and the question of the universality of the religious instinct is to be settled not by the fact, whether we find a *tabula rasa*, or an already completed picture, but whether when light is thrown into the *camera obscura* of the human mind a picture is delineated or the tablet remains blank. If the tablet remains blank, there is no religious receptivity; the mind has no religious nature; was not constituted for religious purposes. But if a picture is delineated,—however faint, and feeble and distorted, and unlike the original, there is evidence that the tablet *has been prepared* to receive religious impressions; that man has a religious nature,—was constituted for religious purposes. The religious system and its dogmata; the priest with his sacred

book and ritual, are the creations of man's felt religious needs. There may be great error in the religious system and its dogmata,—great superstitions and follies taught by the priest, and set forth in his book and symbolised in his ritual; but they are the outcome not the cause of man's religious nature. In the remote and little travelled places of savagedom we shall not find a perfect exhibition of human nature or a manifestation of its truest instincts, but only rudiments. And the wise philosopher or missionary will trace in the faintest feeling after God,—ay, even in the unuttered yearnings after the Unknown, an evidence that man is a religious being and made to know and hold communion with the Unseen. And in the beautiful words of Schelling, he will "honour the religious instinct even when manifested in dark and confused mysteries."

For whilst I belong to that class of thinkers who believe that man is 'naturally and differentially religious, and that he is not thoroughly and normally himself unless he be so;" yet, I maintain that the facts of history prove that the masses of mankind are unable of themselves to make themselves truly religious either theoretically or practically, any more than they can make themselves mathematicians or geologists without the guidance and instruction of the wiser and more instructed few. As in other branches of education we start from a faith in the fundamental principles of the human mind, as the sole ground upon which we can found a hope of success; so in religious matters we have a right to expect to find and shall really find and wisely appeal to, fundamental principles of the mind as the starting point of all successful teaching,—the foundation upon which alone a secure religious superstructure can be erected. In a word it would be as unwise, in teaching a people higher religious truths, to overlook the religious instinct and to ignore their past, as in attempting to teach mathematics, to overlook intellectual principles which form the necessary groundwork of all mathematical knowledge.

I have had, now for many years, an opportunity for investigating this intensely interesting question "in remote and untravelled places,"—in converse with savage men, in daily very intimate association with them. In my work on the Religious System of the Amazulu, which I was obliged to leave incomplete, I brought to-

gether a remarkable concurrence of opinions from the writings of various Missionaries in various parts of South Africa, from which it appears that their intercourse with the Kafir races has resulted in the very general belief amongst them, in what may be called the "endemic atheism" of the natives of this part of the world. The only exceptions, so far as I know, are the poet-missionary Pringle, and the great traveller and medical man Livingstone. It may not be amiss to remark in passing that the men, who thus differ in opinion from the others on this subject are just those, who by their character and training were most likely to escape from the narrow trammels of educational prejudices and to be most influenced by the "enthusiasm of humanity,"—the poet by the activity of his instinctive perceptions, and the doctor and traveller by his more extensive intercourse with man and more intimate knowledge of human nature, and his trained habits of minute investigation.

From my own enquiries amongst the Zulus and natives of Natal, I concluded that the Kafirs manifest as distinctly as other people the existence of the religious sentiment, and that it is not admissible to regard them as forming an exception to the Dictum of Cicero, that there is no nation so debased but that it has some notion of God. From the information collected in the work above alluded to, gathered from a great many independent sources, we conclude, that the natives have a traditional belief in a Creator; they address prayers to ancestral spirits and offer sacrifices to them; they believe in another state of being after death; have distinct moral perceptions, and, in a certain sense, a code of moral precepts, and they practically understand the struggles of the conscience between right and wrong. Here we find the elements of a religious and moral nature. And with all this one often meets with an undercurrent of thought which shows that they have some dim notion of a great overruling Spirit or Power, which in some way they conceive to be the Author and Preserver of all things.

Their religion is ancestral, that is, they worship the spirits of the dead. Their great primal ancestor is regarded as the Creator,—the great life-stem of humanity; is regarded as an earth-derived being; as he came into being so he has passed away and is now lost in the hoary indistinctness of long past generations, and is no

longer an object of worship, awe or reverence; is in fact supposed to have given place to newer men of more recent times, who are more likely to comprehend the needs of the present, than one who is alike unknowing and unknown. The great objects of fear and reverence, to which they pray and sacrifice are the Spirits of dead ancestors of the last few generations.

During the last year (1875) in journeying through Kaffraria and conversing with natives of various tribes I have had peculiar advantages for investigation, which have led to a confirmation of my belief that there are to be found evidences of unmistakable character, of the existence of the religious sentiment amongst the Kafir races.

In Pondoland I obtained many interesting additions to the traditional legends of the people, to which I will allude hereafter. But the first great impulse towards a new line of enquiry was given by a Gqika Native on the South of the Kei. Having for the last twenty years adopted the system of writing the language at dictation from the lips of natives, as the only way of attaining that exact knowledge of it which can determine the proper principle of translation, and form the only solid ground upon which an accurate grammar can be built up, during my journeys I have availed myself of every possible opportunity not only of conversing with natives, but of writing down verbatim any narrative I have succeeded in getting them to give. At St. Luke's Station, British Kaffraria, I met an educated, intelligent native of the Gqika Tribe. He gave me first the genealogy of his tribe. I then asked him what the Gqikas said about the origin of things before missionaries came amongst them.

He told me in answer that Inyange ka'Nyange is uhlanga. Now Inyange in the Gqika dialect means a Great-great-Grandfather and is equivalent to the Zulu Unkulunkulu. Inyange ka'Nyange therefore means the Great-great-Grandfather of the Great-great-Grandfather. By this name we may understand the Gqikas as referring, in common with other Kafir tribes, the act of Creation to a far remote Ancestor; and that in their thoughts this word was intended to carry Creation backwards as far as possible from the present time.

His words are :—

Inyange ka'Nyange is Uhlanga. Uhlanga sprang from Uhlanga (ohlangeni). He came out of a hole.

In this sentence Uhlanga occurs twice ; and without referring to the original, much of its significance is lost. Those, who remember past discussions on the meaning of Uhlanga, will also remember that I long ago pointed out, that Uhlanga, a reed, Loc. C. Oluhlangeni or Ohlangeni is a noun in *Ulu*, yet that Uhlanga is sometimes used with personal pronouns, that is as a personal or proper name ; thus proving that whatever the literal signification of Uhlanga, it often means in the Kafir legends a person, and not a reed. It is highly probable that at the first it was used as a metaphor for the Supreme Being (just in the same way as we used the metaphor Spirit, which has now become so etherealised amongst us that we forget its material origin) ; and that the legend of man and other things having sprung from a reed, which the natives themselves regard as silly, arose in subsequent ages, when men wove a myth out of the metaphorical language by which their ancestors attempted to express their faith in the Primal Stem of Being,=the Ἀρχιγενεθλος of the Orphic Hymn.

Again in this sentence, as is so common in all native accounts of the origin of things, Uhlanga is said to have sprung from Uhlanga. Some have seen in such statements a contradiction which renders all native traditions utterly unworthy of consideration. But would it not be more correct to regard them as a necessary consequence of speculation in such questions, which urges the intellect to endeavour to grasp a beginning, but in vain ? for it cannot pause, being pushed onward and ever onward by asking "*and what was before?*" into eternity and infinity, towards another and ever another until it learns to rest at last in the One Source of all things, who Himself has no Source but in His own eternal, underived being,—The Great Uhlanga,—the Primal Stem of all created things.

But what is more interesting and striking, is the following statement which he made respecting the ancient faith of his tribe.

"We used not to say Utikxo [for God] but Ukqamata. When men feared anything they used to say, "May Ukqamata help us." When they were going to the Chief, they used to say, "It is thine,

Kqamata" by which they meant, "We shall have all things managed for us by Thee."

I had heard, I think from a Pondo, this word Ukqamata before and made a note of it, as a word used by the Frontier Kafirs for the Almighty; but this is the first time I had heard it applied definitely; and I have not met with any Missionary or other white man living in the neighbourhood who was acquainted with it.

Here we have hidden in the language of the people, and now rarely mentioned and on the point of being lost for ever, a Word, which shows that long ago before the word Utikxo was introduced amongst them for God, they had a name representative to them of the Supreme,—a being not like Unkulunkulu amongst the Zulus who is sometimes represented as having begun, died and passed away; but one who is even now with them, and to whom they constantly appeal in times of necessity, much in the same way as the devout amongst ourselves appeal to God.

The matter evidently merited further investigation.

On the following day I went to another Gqika a brother of this man; he was working with a native of another tribe; I asked them if they could tell me who Ukqamata was; the latter had not heard the word; but the Gqika at once said, it was an ancient name amongst his people for God.

He said, By Ukqamata was meant something like God; the old men told them that formerly the word Utikxo was not known amongst them but Ukqamata; Utikxo was introduced when they came into contact with the Hottentots. The Ancients said Ukqamata was something perfect, who could do things which men could not do. They spoke as though there was a power above them with the nature of which they were unacquainted. They said nothing about his origin nor of his mode of being. They did not say he gave them rain; but if there was a drought and the inspired priests (for so I believe I am justified in translating Amagqihha * a nemishologa=Izinyanga ezi-netongo of the Zulus,) were unable to produce rain, they said, 'It is Ukqamata's,' by which they meant to say, that it was in his power to cause rain. So if a man was ill, and they had no hope of his recovery, they said, 'It is now in

* *h h* for the guttural aspirate.

Ukqamata's hands.' Or if a man had escaped from a danger, they said, 'Ukqamata saved him.' Or if they were about to make a king, they said, 'May he be elected by Ukqamata.'"

This young man spoke diffidently when he mentioned Ukqamata in connection with Utikxo. He would have said, Ukqamata is Utikxo; but checked himself, as though he feared he was about to utter a great heresy; and said instead, Ukqamata is not quite what you teach us about Utikxo. The Missionary must himself teach these men the connection between their own religious beliefs and that of other people; what they believe already is the proper starting point for higher teaching.

We have ourselves grown up in a religious system, and have inherited opinions which we are disposed to regard as instinctive,—as primitive intuitions of religious belief. I have often endeavoured to strip off the accessories of religion as it is exhibited amongst ourselves, and amongst other people, and to trace out the underlying primary principles upon which all the various religious superstructures have been built. And I have invariably found myself coming at last to the notion of *Power*, as that which suggests itself to the human mind as the first attribute of God, Man's felt need, continually demanding his attention in the overbearing tyranny of his surroundings, which he finds himself unable either to change or to conquer by himself,—standing powerless amidst elemental contentions and the antagonisms of social life, and feeling in himself an instinctive faith that above all this there is a Something greater and more powerful, which can help and protect him, and of which he has a right to expect aid and protection, or whose wrath he must deprecate to escape destruction, he appeals to this Unknown Unseen Something as a Power, which he instinctively personifies, and which according to circumstances of education, temperament or surroundings he may regard as a Malignant Power, who has to be deprecated lest he destroy, or a Beneficent Power on whom he may confidingly lean with a child-like confidence. And here I find a savage tribe of men speaking of Ukqamata, as a Perfect Something which can do what man cannot; a Power above them, with the nature of which they are unacquainted; and of the origin and mode of being of which

they are utterly ignorant. * There are scientific men of the present day who coming back from their researches into nature tell us they have not found God any where, and do not need God to explain the phenomena of material action and reaction. How will they explain this phenomenon that man everywhere instinctively feels after and believes in a Power above himself? Mr. Herbert Spencer gives God the title of The Unknowable. †

Here the savage and the philosopher meet, and both positively affirm what was implied by the question of an ancient of past generations, "Canst thou by searching find out God? Canst thou find out the Almighty to perfection?"

Some three months after the above conversation with the two Gqikas I received a visit from a Gqika, who is living near St. John's River. I asked him if he could tell me anything about Ukqamata. He not only confirmed the statements of the others, but gave me in addition information of a very interesting character.

He gave, like them, various modes in which they appealed to Ukqamata; he said it was a name used by Primitive Men,—a word which existed amongst the first Amahhebehhebe, and which they did not take from any other tribe. He said if a man was ill, they killed a bullock and called on Ukqamata, that he might raise him up from his sickness; when the bullock was killed an old man stood forth and prayed thus, "Kqamata, look upon thy son, and raise him up from his sickness." And before eating the flesh of the sacrifice a piece called Umhhotsho, or Ukqamata's portion was set aside, and when all the rest was eaten, they ate that also.

* Since writing the above I have met with the word Unguna which means eternity or an eternal something; thus Undingan is said to have prophesied the permanence of the Zulu kingdom, in these words, Leli 'lizwe a li yi 'kuya la kciteka; li ya 'kuba unguna. This country shall never be wasted; it shall be eternal. And at the same time I was told by a chief of the Abambo, that they said, Unkulunkulu unguna. Unkulunkulu is eternal.

So Professor Tyndall speaks much of "the solemnity of the problem" of existence. His heart is filled with awe as Immanuel Kant's was, by two things—"the starry heavens and the sense of moral responsibility in man." And this sense of awe he tells us, associates the scientific investigator in his highest moments with "a power which gives fullness and tone to his existence, but which he can neither analyse nor comprehend." *Cont. Rev.*, Jan. 71, p. 172.

They said Ukqamata is a living Spirit (using here not the word Umoya, wind, which the missionaries have introduced for Spirit, but Ukqitela). They said Ukqamata is a living Spirit; but they knew not where it dwells; and if asked where it dwells, would answer, "It goes beside me; and yet I see it not." And they said, Spirits go out of men to go to Ukqamata, to the place where they dwell with him. But, though they said this, they know not where the place is. The corpse does not go to Ukqamata; it is the spirit only which goes to him; the corpse remains in the earth."

We shall suspect, and probably rightly, that some of the statements here made are the results of contact, in some way or other, with European teaching. And it is clear that much remains to be investigated before drawing any positive conclusions. But I would point out that whether the name *Ukqitela olu pilileyo* living spirit, existed amongst the primitive members of these tribes, as the result of their own speculations, or whether they took it over as a satisfactory designation for the Power in which they believed, it is equally remarkable as showing that the human mind, as to religious matters, is not a mere passive *tabula rasa*, but a prepared tabula, like a photographic film, prepared to receive the impression of light; and as such manifests properties or powers as real and as properly objects of investigation, as that action and reaction of material elements to which chemists have given the name of "elective affinities."

I have been long aware that apparently apart from, above and beyond their mere Ancestral Worship, including the ascription of the act of Creation to the First man, the Kafir races, I should suppose from the great variety of independent circumstances under which I have noticed it, universally speak of a Great Itongo, and appeal to it, pretty much in the same way as these Frontier Kafir tribes are said to appeal to Ukqamata. When we come to speak of the Amatongo we shall point out that the word Itongo probably means a sleep-ghost or dream-ghost, and is a word selected to designate the Supreme, on precisely the same principle as we have selected Spirit, as the Gqikas Ukqitela, viz., a word the most completely expressive of the idea of the impalpable and immaterial, we can find.

Before quitting this man's statement I may add that he said that

as they had taken over from the Hottentots Utikxo for God instead of Ukqamata; so they had taken over *ukutandaza* for to pray, instead of *ukukusa*, and prayed thus to Ukqamata, *Wa nga u nga si kangata kuyo zonke intshaba ez' eza 'ku si hlela.* Oh mayst thou be pleased to regard us at all times when enemies shall beset us.*

It is remarkable that there should be this impression that the Hottentots so much influenced the Kafir Races when they came into contact with them, that they took from them a word for God and for Prayer, although both existed in their own language.

I have several times alluded to the fact that the worship of the Kafir Races belongs to that form which is called *ancestral*, the most common form of worship throughout the world, and to a certain extent apparent in all. It is therefore probable that this word *Ukqamata* (the etymological meaning of which I have not yet discovered,) will, upon more extensive investigation, be found to be the name of an ancestor, in accordance with the religious legends of other tribes. Be this as it may, it has evidently been stripped of its anthropomorphism. But as to anthropomorphism, it appears to me that a great deal is said in its condemnation which is thoughtless and devoid of scientific accuracy. For how do men obtain their notions about God, and especially from whence do they borrow the terms with which they attempt to give expression to those notions? It is not my intention to say more than I have already said on the instinctive character of the origin of the religious sentiment, although very much may be said on the mode in which systems of religion have been constructed. But let us note that all expressions used for religious notions from the names for the Divinity to every department of religion are metaphorical; and if traced bring us to material objects, or to something we have noticed in intimate connexion with matter,—that is, they are borrowed from Matter and Force, by which the material universe is constructed. Man's spirit urges him to pass onward from all he sees and handles to something beyond, something that is not material,—something that belongs to another order of things. But to express what he believes of that

* The Itongo has saved him. The Itongo has regarded me this day. The Abelungu remained longer with the great Itongo than the black man and so came forth from him more perfected.

order he has no words belonging to it, but must struggle upwards to it by words which must always be more or less inadequate. In one of Professor Tyndall's works he quotes from Goethe the following, apparently a translation of his own,

> The soul of man too is a universe :
> Whence follows it that race with race concurs
> In naming all it knows of good and true
> God,—yea, its own God ; and with homage due
> Surrenders to His sway both earth and heaven,
> Fears him and loves where peace for love is given.

Hence it is that man following the instinctive promptings of his nature, uses his reason and climbs by created things upwards towards the Supreme,—and sees in the relationships of humanity,—fatherhood and motherhood,—and in human intellect emblems of Infinite Wisdom,—of a love which infinitely transcends that of the mother,—of a judgment and protecting care infinitely greater than that of earthly fathers ; and so he speaks of the Wisdom, and Love and Fatherhood of God by anthropomorphic terms indeed, but terms which he knows to be inadequate, but by which he gains clearer ideas of God and his own relations to God, and is enabled by using such inadequate terms for the present, to attain to better in the progress of his development towards a higher and more perfect state.

The Gqika gave me also synonyms of Ukqamata in other dialects. He said the Amakxosa said he was the man owa vela tanqi, who first came into being, whom they called Umvelatanqi : the man, who begat the Uhlanga which came first into being. They also called him Umz'omzima. The Hottentots called him Utikxo. The northern Kafir tribes, Unkulunkulu.

These names given as synonyms are interesting as showing that the natives themselves detect the unity of idea under the diversity of nomenclature ; and the term man applied to the Supreme by some may be regarded as the mistake of partially instructed minds who apply to God the name of the highest form of Being with which they are acquainted.

To these Synonyms I may add that of *Usanisi*, which the Rev. Joel Jackson informs me he finds the Amaswasi using for the Supreme. He also found them using the word Ukulu-ncande, that

is, The First Grandfather. This word *ncande* is a dialectic word equivalent to nqangi, nqanje, nqanji, tanqi, found in different tribes, signifying first.

Mr. Sykes, a missionary for some years amongst the Amantebele, a Zulu Tribe, tells me that they do not know the word Unkulunkulu, but apply the word Umvelinqangi to the prince who assumes the Government on the death of his father, that is, it is the name given to the reigning chief. The word they use for the traditional Creator is Umlimo; which is Imilimo in the plural; each tribe being supposed to have its own Umlimo. This word Umlimo he—no doubt correctly— supposes to be derived from the same root as the Basuto Molimo or Morimo. It is used of a being supposed to live in a hole in the Amantebele country, to whom offerings of corn, &c., are made by the people. These offerings are received and applied by an officer or priest appointed for the purpose.

Dr. Bleek has shown that the word Molimo means an ancestral spirit, and that [it] is a mistake to give it an etymology which makes it signify —"one who is in heaven."

In the neighbourhood of Lake Nyassa they apply the word Umlungu to the Supreme; and as the Gqikas call Ukqamata an Ukqitela or wind,—there Umlungu is said to be an Isoka, which means Invisible; it is apparently equivalent to Itongo, a dream or sleep-ghost.

Amongst the Pondos I have met with several names applied to the Supreme.

Some call him Unyaoze, and say he is an Itongo. Thus one said,

"Unyaoze is Ukulukulu who moulded the first men. It is said they were made by that Itongo."

And another said,

"Uhlanga delivered the great messages of morality to Ukulukulu; Ukulukulu made Uhlanga (also) that it may create (dabula) all things."

And when asked How it was that Ukulukulu should receive the great messages from Uhlanga, if Uhlanga was made by him, the reply was prompt;—

"Ukulukulu sprang from Uhlanga, and then made another Uhlanga that it might create all things."

I have already pointed out that the confusion in such statements is only apparent.

There are various other names applied by the Pondos to their supposed Supreme Being; which it would be tedious to repeat; all are expressive of antiquity and creation.

I shall mention only one, which was given me by Umhlangayo, a grandson of Faku. He tells me that the name Utabu was that originally used amongst the Pondos until it was displaced by the Missionaries for Utikxo, and it is still a favourite appellation amongst the old people. They invoke Utabu, when a person sneezes as other tribes do Utikxo or Ukqamata; or as Europeans do God. He gave me also a song or hymn, which is an invocation to Utabu, consisting merely of a repetition of the name, but which he says is a great favourite with the old people and was especially so with one of Faku's wives. It was sung in two parts and with the music is as follows.*

You will observe that by a poetical licence it is pronounced Tebu in the hymn.

He also gave me a prayer which they addressed to Utabu, which may be thus translated,

"Oh Tabu, we pray thee that we may have prosperity on the earth; Thou Great Dwelling Place."

This last epithet must be explained. The word translated Thou Great Dwelling Place is *Mz'anzima*. I have often met with it in other dialects as well as that of the Pondos. They will often salute a great man, in whom they trust, by the title *Mzi wetu*, our village or dwelling place; and here they invoke Utabu, *i.e.*, as they understand it, The Supreme Being, so far as they have any knowledge of Him, by the word with the addition of the adjective *nzima*, which means lit: weighty, heavy; but here, solid, full of satisfaction and joy. When a chief leaves his village, they say that without him it is light, that is, without stability or comfort. When he returns they say, the village is heavy, that is, established and full of satisfaction. These men, then, that is The Kafir races, call the Supreme

* The words are "Ah! Tebu, Tebu, Tebu, Tebu, Tebu."

The music which the Editor regrets he is not able to insert in this note is arranged for men's and women's voices.

by this figurative Title, *Great Dwelling Place*, reminding us of the words of the old Hebrew, Thou art our dwelling place in all generations; or again, Be Thou my strong habitation whereunto I may continually resort. What better word could the natives employ to express their sense of the divine presence, and rest and satisfaction in it?

I think I have now brought forward a sufficient number of facts to prove the existence of the Religious Sentiment universally amongst the Kafir Races. And that they form no exception to the words of the Poet,

> "Souls weary and hearts afire,
> Have every where besought Him, every where
> Have found and found Him not; and age to age,
> Though all else pass away, delivereth,
> At least, the great tradition of their God."

George Frederick Handel.

(CONTINUED.)

We are now arrived at the busiest, the most glorious, and yet the most anxious, period of Handel's life. This great musician had reached that stage of existence which Dante calls,

Il mezzo del cammin di nostra vita ; *

when the faculties have attained their utmost vigour. He was endowed with extraordinary natural powers, highly improved by cultivation ; with a hand which no difficulties could embarrass ; a genius original and inexhaustible. Such was Handel when he entered into his engagement with the principal nobility and gentry as composer and conductor of the new establishment, entitled the *Royal Academy of Music.* But though it would seem that the views of the Academy were at first almost exclusively directed towards Handel, yet the institution was scarcely established before Bononcini and Attilio were invited from the Continent. The arrival of these masters was the commencement of a contest, which raged for a long time with fury, and would have continued much longer, had not the belligerent powers come into close action, by bringing their powers into opposition and contrast in a single piece. The great question respecting the comparative abilities of Handel, Bononcini, and Attilio, was determined by their conjunction in *Muzio Scœvola.*

Of this opera, Attilio composed the first act, Bononcini the second, and Handel the third ; and the public judgment, by universally awarding the palm to the latter, terminated the competition, and left him without a rival. The victory, however, did not produce all the consequences that were anticipated ; though it humbled the adversaries of Handel, it did not reduce them to the necessity of a precipitate retreat, or even leave the conqueror in possession of the field. After the decision just mentioned, some of the best compositions of Bononcini and Attilio were produced, and performed with that applause, which candour cannot but allow they justly merited. Handel, however, continued to fulfil his engage

* In the mid passage of our life's career.

ments with the opera subscribers till the year 1726,* when his employment of Signora Faustina, and refusal either to compose for the principal singer, Senesino, or have any further concern with him, in spite of the determination of the noble directors to the contrary, laid the foundation for a dispute which, with other untoward circumstances, terminated in the subversion of the whole undertaking.

After a long protracted and eventful contest with the nobility which lasted more than three years,† Handel was obliged to draw out of the funds the whole of that property amounting to above £10,000, which, in his prosperous days, he had accumulated. He gave np the matter entirely, and discovered to the world that, in this dreadful conflict, he had not only suffered in his fortune, but also most seriously in his health, both bodily and mental.

At length so serious a dejection of mind was brought on, that he was advised to try the waters of Tunbridge. Here, however, his complaint increased to such a degree, that his mental faculties became affected; and to complete his distress, the palsy seized his right arm, and the whole of the limb was rendered incapable of performing its natural functions. Medicines having been found ineffectual for the relief of his disorder, he was, but not without difficulty, prevailed upon to resort to Aix-la-Chapelle. There he

* During the time of his engagement with the directors of the Royal Academy of Music he composed and brought forward the following operas:—

	A.D.		A.D.
Radamisto	1720	Rodelinda	1725
Muzio Scævola	1721	Scipio	1726
Floridante	1721	Alessandro	1726
Ottone	1723	Admeto	1727
Flavio	1723	Ricardo 1°	1727
Giulio Cesare	1723	Siroe	1728
Tamberlane	1724	Tolomeo	1728

† During this time he wrote and produced on the stage the following operas:—

	A.D.		A.D.
Lothario	1729	Arianna	1734
Parthenope	1730	Ariodante	1735
Poro	1731	Alcina	1135
Ezio	1732	Atalanta	1736
Sosarme	1732	Giustino	1737
Orlando	1733	Arminio	1737

received so much benefit from the waters, that at the end of a few weeks, he went immediately from the bath to the organ of the great convent of the city, and performed, in such a manner, that the good nuns imputed his restoration to nothing less than a miracle. He returned to London perfectly reinstated in health, and such was his high and intrepid spirit, and such the unbending firmness of his character, that the same year he actually made another effort at Covent Garden to regain the public favour by the performance of *Berenice*, *Atalanta*, *Justin*, *and Arminius*.*

But these did not at all answer his expectations; and the indifference of the town towards Handel and his productions, now became evident in the fruitless attempt of his friends, to render the above compositions beneficial to him by their publication; the subscriptions proved scarcely sufficient to defray the expense of printing. Convinced at length by severe experience, he gave another and more fortunate direction to his studies, better suited, as he was himself heard to declare, to the circumstances of a man now advancing into the vale of years. He determined to adopt that species of composition so common in countries where the Roman Catholic religion prevails, called *Concerto Spirituale* or *Oratorio*. He was well acquainted with the sacred writings, and was sensible that the sublime and affecting sentiments with which they abound, would afford opportunities of displaying his talents to the greatest advantage. He felt assured, too, that a London audience, struck with the dignity of such music as he felt conscious he could produce, and feeling the propriety of a sacred drama, during the Lent season, would not fail to encourage the annual performance of oratorios in the Metropolis. Of this, the recollection of the applause excited by the performance of his *Esther* at the Academy of Ancient Music in 1731; and of the same oratorio and that of his *Deborah* at Covent Garden in 1733, made him more confident.

* The following are the remainder of the Italian operas composed by Handel about this period:—

	A.D.		A.D.
Berenice	1737	Jupiter in Argos	1739
Faramando	1737	Imeneo	1740
Serse	1738	Deidamia	1741

He accordingly put his plan in execution, and in 1738, *Israel in Egypt*, *Saul*, and *the Messiah*, followed each other in splendid succession.*

As another novelty, he also introduced between the acts of these oratorios a species of music, of which he may be said to be the inventor—the organ concerto. Few, except Handel's intimate friends knew that on this instrument he had scarcely an equal in the world; and he was himself well aware that he had a style of performing on it, which, at least, had the charm of novelty to recommend it. The full harmony of the instrumental parts in these compositions, contrasted with those elegant solo passages with which he interspersed them, had a most wonderful and striking effect.

Strange as it may appear, that most transcendent effort of Handel's genius, the *Messiah*, on its first performance at Covent Garden, in 1741, met with an unfavourable reception. It is suspected, that its ill-success was owing to cabal and faction, for a portion of the old leaven of discord still remained. Aware of this, our spirited composer, whose judgment of its superior merit could not be shaken by the ill-will and injustice of an English audience, determined to try its effect on the unbiassed and more susceptible feelings of a Dublin auditory. Pope, in his Dunciad, alluding to this circumstance, addresses the following well-known lines to the Goddess of Dulness:—

> "Strong in new arms, lo! Giant Handel stands,
> Like bold Briarius with his hundred hands;
> To stir, to rouse, to shake the soul, he comes,
> And Jove's own thunders follow Mars's drums,
> Arrest him, Goddess! or you sleep no more:—
> She heard; and drove him to th' Hibernian shore."

* The following is a list of the Oratorios composed by Handel during his life in England:

	A.D.		A.D.
Esther	1720	Occasional Oratorio	1746
Deborah	1733	Judas Maccabæus	1746
Athalia	1733	Alexander Bælus	1747
Saul	1738	Joshua	1747
Israel in Egypt	1738	Solomon	1748
Messiah	1741	Susannah	1748
Samson	1743	Theodora	1750
Joseph	1743	Jephtha	1752
Hercules	1744	Triumph of Time and Truth	1757
Belshazzar	1744		

On his way to Ireland, he was detained at Chester by contrary winds. Wishing to try some of his music, he inquired if there were any choirmen or others in the place, who could sing at sight. Some of the most likely persons were mentioned to him, and among the rest a printer of the name of Janson. A time was fixed for the rehearsal, but, alas! on trial of a chorus, poor Janson failed so egregiously, that Handel, after swearing in four or five different languages, cried out, in broken English; "You shcauntrel! tit not you dell me, dat you could sing at soite?" "Yes, Sir," said the printer, "and so I can, but not at *first sight*!"

On his arrival in Dublin, he, with equal judgment and humanity, began by performing the *Messiah* for the benefit of the City prison. All was admiration and applause, and the whole was hailed as a wonderful effort of art. Handel was assisted by the famous Mrs. Cibber, and by Dubourg, who was leader of the band. One evening the latter having a *coda* to make *ad libitum*, wandered about so long, that he seemed uncertain of the original key; but at length coming to the shake, which was to terminate this long close, Handel to the great delight of the audience, cried out loud enough to be heard in the most remote parts of the theatre,—"Welcome home, welcome home, Mr. Dubourg!' After remaining eight or nine months in Ireland, where he extended his fame, and began to repair his fortune, Handel returned to London, and recommenced his oratorios.

Taught by the warmer criticism of the sister kingdom, England discovered the excellence to which she had been so wilfully blind, and lavished her praises on what she had before dismissed with indifference. His next sacred production was *Samson*, which the London amateurs, rendered wise by their former error, received with all merited applause. The same season they also made an *amende honorable* to the merits of the *Messiah*, which, for the honour of the public at large, and the confusion of cabal and faction, was received with universal enthusiasm, and from that time to the present hour, this great work has been heard in all parts of the kingdom with increasing reverence and delight It has fed the hungry, clothed the naked, healed the sick, and promoted religious feeling, more than any single musical production in this or any other country. As this

oratorio had now raised him so high in the estimation of the public, Handel, actuated by motives of the purest benevolence, formed the laudable resolution of performing it annually, for the benefit of the Foundling Hospital, which he persevered in to the end of his life. The organ in the chapel of this hospital was likewise a present from the benevolent musician; and he presented the charity with a fair copy of the original score of the *Messiah*. This act of bounty was so ill-understood by some of the governors, that, imagining this deed gave them an exclusive right to its performance, they formed the singular resolution of applying to Parliament to legalize their claim. But, first of all, it was deemed necessary to obtain Handel's concurrence, and accordingly a deputation of these gentlemen waited upon him with their strange, though well-meant, requisition. But the musician, bursting into a rage, which the music he has put in the mouth of Polypheme would but faintly express, exclaimed: "Te deivel! For vat sal de Foundlings put mein oratorio in de Parlement? Te deivel! mein music sal not go to de Parlement!"

But though the *Messiah* increased in reputation every year, yet to some other of his oratorios the houses were so thin as not even to defray the expenses. On these occasions he was wont, as pleasantly as philosophically, to console his friends, when, previously to the curtain being drawn up, they have lamented that the house was so empty by saying: "Never mind, de moosic vil sound de petter." *Theodora* was one of the oratorios thus unfortunately abandoned, and he was glad if any professors who did not perform would accept of orders for admission. Two gentlemen of this description having applied to Handel after the disgrace of *Theodora* for an order to hear the *Messiah*, he cried out: "Oh! your sarvant, meine Herren, you are tamnable tainty! you would not go to *Theodora*—der was room enough to tance there, when that was perform." George the Second was a steady patron of Handel during all his calamities, and constantly attended his oratorios, even when they were abandoned by his court.

It is said by the Dean of Raphoe (Dr. Allot) who was acquainted with Handel, that being questioned as to his ideas and feelings, when composing the Allelujah chorus, he replied, in his imperfect English: "I did think I did see all heaven before me, and the great God

himself." Dr. Beattie, in a letter addressed to the Rev. Dr. Laing, relates the following anecdote: "When Handel's *Messiah* was first performed, the audience was exceedingly struck and affected by the music in general, but when the chorus struck up 'For the Lord God omnipotent,' in the Alleluia, they were so transported, that they all together with the king (who happened to be present) started up and remained standing till the chorus ended." It is from this circumstance that the custom has arisen of rising during the performance of this piece. "A homage," as Mr. Macfarren well says, "which is as honourable to the English public as it is worthy of the immortal composer."

Handel, late in life, like the two greatest of poets, Homer and Milton, was afflicted with blindness. This, however it might dispirit or embarrass him at other times, had no effect on his nerves or intellects in public. Unable to conduct his oratorios, he called in the aid of Mr. Smith, the son of his faithful copyist and friend, a young man of considerable abilities, and not inadequate to this new and honourable position. He, however, continued to play concertos and voluntaries between the acts, with the same vigour of thought and touch for which he had ever been so justly renowned; and placed at the conductor's elbow, still assisted in the general direction of the performance. Nothing could be more affecting than to see this venerable musician, now upwards of seventy, led forward to the front of the stage, to make an obeisance to that public, which he had for so many years charmed and instructed. When *Samson* was performed, and Beard sang with feeling the words,—

> Total eclipse—no sun, no moon,
> All dark amid the blaze of noon,

the association of ideas, and the view of the sightless musician seated beside the organ, affected everybody to tears. Handel continued not only to perform in public after this affliction, but also composed in private. The duet and chorus in *Judas Maccabeus*, *Sion now his head shall raise*, were dedicated to Mr. Smith, after the total privation of sight. This composition, so late in life, and under such depressing circumstances, confirms an opinion of Dr.

Johnson, "That it seldom happens, to men of powerful intellects and original genius, to be robbed of mental vigour by age; it is only the feeble minded and fool-born part of the creation, who fall into that species of imbecility, which gives occasion to say that they are superannuated: for these, when they retire late in life from the world on which they have lived by retailing the sense of others, are instantly reduced to indigence of mind." Dryden, Newton, Dr. Johnson himself, and our admirable musician, are striking illustrations of this doctrine.

He was Handel to the last, for he assisted and performed at one of his oratorios on the 6th of April, and expired that day week, Friday, the 13th of April, 1759.

He was buried in Westminster Abbey, where a monument,* designed by the celebrated Roubiliac, marks the place of his interment.† The ingenious sculptor has placed a scroll in his hand, bearing the words, *I know that my Redeemer liveth*, containing the subject of the melody to which these words are so admirably set in his *Messiah*.

As a subject which may be of interest to the readers of this memoir, I extract the following from the *Graphic* of October 11th, 1879, which I have but recently received from England :—"The tombs of Beethoven, Mozart, Glück, and Hadyn, in the Friedhof at Vienna, are in future to be covered with flowers throughout the year, at the expense of the city, which also undertakes to keep them in repair as long as Vienna is in existence." Which I venture to remark is but a fitting tribute of respect from a great city to the names of four of her most worthy and celebrated children, who will continue to shed the brilliancy of their reputation upon it as long as music and itself shall last.

As a man, Handel may justly rank with the moral and the pious; as a scholar, with the general class of the well-educated; but as a

* This monument, which the author has had the happiness of seeing, is situated in what is called "The Poet's Corner," in which are assembled the immortals: Shakspere, Milton, Dryden, Spenser, Ben Jonson, Thomson, Gray, Garrick, and Sheridan.

† At the funeral obsequies of this truly great man, it is computed that there were not fewer than 3,000 persons present. Dr. Zachary, Bishop of Rochester and Dean of Westminster, preached the funeral sermon.

musician, he is above all rank; * for when we consider the wide range of his powers; when we reflect that the church, the theatre, and the chamber were equally adorned by his talents; that every species of voice, and every kind of instrument, owed new charms to the fertility of his imagination; that, in a word, the lovers of any particular style of music, found in him the subject of their admiration; where is the musician that can rank with him?

He united the depth and elaborate contrivance of his own country with all of elegance and facility of the Italian school. In his instrumental compositions there is a vigour, variety, learning, and invention, superior to every other composer: in his organ fugues, a science that is always free from pedantry, and in his chorusses, a grandeur and sublimity that have never been equalled.

Many excellencies he might possess in common with other great musicians, but in the latter qualifications he stands altogether unrivalled; he has given us feelingly to know that there is a sublime in music, as well as in poetry and painting. This sublimity, by which Handel's works are particularly characterized, will continue to engage the admiration of the world, so long as the love of harmony itself shall exist.

W. Coulson Tregarthen.

Port Elizabeth.

* The patriarchal Hadyn, in speaking of him exclaims, "He is the father of us all;" and said the dramatic Mozart, "Handel knows better than any one of us all what is capable of producing a great effect; when he chooses he can strike like a thunderbolt." The lyrical Beethoven called him "the monarch of the musical kingdom. He was the greatest composer that ever lived," said he to Moscheles, "I would uncover my head, and kneel before his tomb." Beethoven was on the point of death, when one of his friends sent him as a present, forty volumes by Handel. Having ordered them to be brought into his chamber, he gazed upon them with a reanimated eye, and then pointing to them with his finger pronounced these words, "There is the truth."

Charlie de Villiers.

By Otto.

CHAPTER I.

I HAVE not the pen of a ready writer, and do not know where I ought to begin this simple little story. Perhaps, after all, the best place to introduce you to my friends will be on the deck of the royal mail steamship *Hope*, commanded by Captain Reginald de Montmorency, R.N.R. We are homeward bound—ah! well, I mean my home, for I am returning to the Cape. The good ship is crowded with passengers. What on earth becomes of all these people when they land I have often been puzzled to discover! Certainly there are symptoms of a great increase of our European population, for it is not so long ago that the appearance of a new face in the streets of Cape Town would set ninety-nine persons out of a hundred enquiring as to who the owner was, whence he came, and whither going. Now-a-days one only recognises an acquaintance in every seventh or eighth person met, if so often. On board our vessel we have people of all nations and languages. But there is not that Babel of tongues we might expect under the circumstances. English is of course spoken by everyone. Sundry patriotic Germans revenge themselves by clubbing together and discussing business matters at all seasons in the tongue of Fatherland. Dutch is rarely heard, except when used to point a joke, or to relate some laughable anecdote which owes half its fun to the quaint expressions of the Colonial Dutch in which it is told. We have been more than a week at sea, and have come to the conclusion that we and our brother colonists are very like other people. Opposite us sits a gentlemanly looking man of about fifty or upwards, whose courteous manners and grave features, brightened by an occasional smile, tell of a life passed not too far from the busy haunts of men, but whose most pleasant hours have been spent among his books. Children are not afraid of him, and pretty young damsels, to whom the young men are paying devoted attention, look up with a pleasant face when he addresses them, which is

not often. Well read and "chock full of knowledge," as Captain Cuttle would say, he is yet a very silent man, seldom speaking except when addressed. What a contrast he forms to his wife! that brisk little lady with the sanguine complexion, bright blue sparkling eyes, and reddish hair, she, good creature, is as talkative as he is silent. There is no subject too deep for her, and none too light. Only half informed, she nevertheless speaks out bravely as one having authority. In times of sickness or distress she shines. With all her wits about her, loving, tender, self-sacrificing and cheery, the poor patient clings to her as to the dearest friend and only hope. But when health is restored the good angel turns out to be somewhat out of the fashion—too much engrossed in housewifely cares and Samaritan acts; and the convalescent acknowledges to her intimate friends that Mrs. Ogilvie is very good in her way, but it is such a pity she talks so much.

Now we come to the model young man of the Ham and Sandwich Department of the Colonial Government. It will be unnecessary to ask him who of all the present company in his esteem holds the first place. He is faultless in his attire, and moves with all the effected ease of the haw-haw Englishman of the modern day. He is the happiest man I know (when not troubled by his tailor), for he is perfectly satisfied with himself. And yet the young man is not proud, he will reply to you affably and condescendingly as becomes your true aristocrat. He affects the society of officers of the army, is charmingly gracious to pretty young ladies, and wishes it to be thought that at the age of twenty-two he has exhausted all life's pleasures, and that living at all is rather a bore. Some people are annoyed at his airs. I am not. He is not bad by any means, and when he gets rid of his puppy's coat, and has been banished for five years as clerk to the Civil Commissioner of Princess-of-Wales-dorp he will turn out a fine hearty fellow. He will marry the daughter of the principal shop-keeper in the village. The leading inhabitants of his division will inflict an address upon him when he is appointed Magistrate, and it will be found that he really has done more for the good of his people than many another man who, merely because he had no taste for the little fopperies which delight a youth, appeared to be more thorough.

Then we have the "ever young" young lady. She must have been pretty once, and she has a touching little manner about her, suggestive of all the delights of long-past flirtations. If she will ever again see—well, never mind her age. She is happy in the idea that her pretty alluring ways, her fashionable and youthful dress, are as attractive now and as becoming as such vanities were some five and twenty years ago. God bless her! She does no harm, and why should she not indulge in pleasant dreams? I prefer her to the lady who is flirting so desperately with the chief officer. She is a married woman. Her husband loves her, and has never refused a wish that he could gratify. She has lately been home on a visit to her friends, leaving him behind. She is now returning; and there she is "spooning"—I must use that word—with that young fellow in a most barefaced way. Now for a contrast. Look at that vulgar wretch with a sweet and amiable wife he is constantly bullying Then comes a pompous individual, taking the greatest pains to converse in a light and easy manner; and, next him, a young fellow whose nonsense pours out in everlasting streams. That jolly looking farmer roars out his ha! ha! ha! on the slightest provocation; and the sentimental young lady opposite, who has met with a disappointment in love, has at last learnt that all is vanity, and is devoting the rest of her days to the Church. There is the jolly High Church Parson, who takes his beer and smokes his pipe like a man, and tells you in his sermons that if you will only Communicate fasting several times a week you are pretty safe both here and hereafter. Frowning over against him is the Evangelical matron who, though really full of good works, and the most tender soul alive, has a sneaking sort of satisfaction in the thought that all Puseyites and Papists are to perish everlastingly.

Here you have people busily engaged in discovering the faults of others; there you see a few really endeavouring to put the best construction on everybody's motives. Here is a man mouthing common-places as if they were the most wonderful and original products of his own brain; there you have a sweet looking woman on whose face you can gaze and gaze for ever, and feel the better for it, but of whom you have never heard that she has said a single word or done a single act worth speaking about. In short, we have

the world in miniature ; and the good people we have passed in review as well as the good people we have not noticed, are men and women ; and of such is our colonial society composed. They have nothing to do with our story beyond the fact that the people with whom we daily mix must influence our lives directly or indirectly, and so we may let them go on their way while we pay more particular attention to a small group sitting near the stern of the ship.

The group consists of three persons. Leaning back in a Madeira chair, fanning herself lazily, for the weather is rather oppressive, is a young lady about nineteen years of age. I cannot give a particular description of her personal appearance further than that she has a small head admirably set on her shoulders, eyes of a violet blue, a small nose, mouth rather too large for perfection, with exquisitely white and regular teeth. Her complexion is clear, though not fair, and very little causes her to blush in the loveliest way. She is slightly above middle height, with a good figure, and hands not small but shapely. She has rich brown hair, parted fairly in the centre and wound round in coils at the back of her head. Her expression is singularly sweet, and changes, as quickly as an April sky, from the soft and tender look of pity and sympathy to a bright and almost kittenish look of fun and mischief. She cannot be called beautiful, I think lovable would be a better term. Her name is Marie Picard. Stretched out before her on the deck are two young men. You can tell at a glance that the elder of the two is a military man. He is tall, has a soldier-like carriage, jet black curly hair and black moustache, regular features, dark complexion, and a half-lazy half-supercilious expression on his handsome face. Accustomed to the scarcely concealed admiration of the fair sex, he rarely exerts himself to keep the ball of conversation rolling. He leaves the impression on one's mind that in his opinion his presence is quite a sufficient contribution towards the wants of the company. Captain Wallace is the "showman" of the —th, and his regiment is justly proud of him. The third member of the party is my young friend, Charlie de Villiers. Charlie is the third son of a farmer residing in the Somerset Division. The family originally came from La Rochelle, and settled at the Cape when, after the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, a large body of the best sons of France fled from

their homes to seek in foreign lands that right to worship their God according to their conscience, which was denied them in their native country. The Dutch authorities at the Cape felt it to be a nuisance that the European colonists should speak in more than one tongue. And in a very short time they so effectually put a stop to the use of French that Charlie's grandfather and great uncles became more thorough Dutchmen than many of their neighbours who claimed their descent from Holland. His mother, Minnie van Breda, had been a noted beauty in her day, and from her Charlie had inherited his wavy brown locks and fair complexion. His father, anxious that his sons should have a good education, had sent them all to Cape Town. The two elder after leaving school had returned to Somerset, the one to superintend the farm which he was destined to take over, and the other to engage in mercantile pursuits. Charlie, the youngest, had done so well at college, had passed such a capital matriculation examination, and was so undecided as to what profession he should adopt, that his father had allowed him to go to Oxford, that he might finish his university career there, and at the same time might have an opportunity of seeing the world. Behold him now, at the age of twenty-three returning home after having gone through his college course creditably, but having acquired rather more fame as a first-rate shot, a magnificent swimmer, and a capital cricketer. In compliance with a wish of his father's he had travelled on the Continent, and had resided there for some time. His companions on these tours were amused at the enthusiasm with which he plunged into the study of whatever old town was at all famous in history, and were not a little surprised at the amount of curious information he possessed concerning many a spot which had been the scene of some, now almost forgotten, stirring event of former days. But it was all "hallowed ground" to him. It was the land of his fathers, and for him every spot rossessed an interest the depth of which, those who have always lived in the old countries, can but imperfectly apprehend. A tall, well made, frank, pleasant-looking fellow he is, and at the present moment is busily employed in falling as deeply in love with his pretty companion as it is possible for an honest fellow to do. I am afraid I shall never get to the true commencement of my history; but dear

reader if you have had patience with me so far, grant me a few minutes longer indulgence while I tell you who the Picards are. Their story is rather romantic, and as it interested me, I hope, unless I mar it in the telling, that it will not prove wholly uninteresting to you.*

CHAPTER II.

In these days of universal knowledge, when men, women, and children labour under the impression that to pass a successful examination in art literature and science is the chief end of existence, it is with all humility that I venture to offer some little information concerning the city of Lyons. It may happen that among my readers there are a few who left school some thirty years ago in the good old days when examinations were not. In those halcyon days the Superintendent-General of Education knew that provided the three Rs. were thoroughly taught, parents, pupils, and the public wanted nothing more. How changed are the times! I am told that now that eminent and most valuable officer is obliged to slip out of his office by a back door, so as to avoid the crowd of determined matrons and maids who daily besiege his rooms, insisting upon being examined in all the branches of learning, at all times, whether in season or out of season. Even the University has been obliged to extend its borders. Not only are graduates and under-graduates favoured with questions *de omnibus rebus et quibusdam aliis*, but school-boys and school-girls go in for University honours; and it is said that the Vice-Chancellor has a scheme in his head to offer bursaries to be competed for by children in arms. My own children are omniscient, and I do not presume to write for them. Dear middle-aged reader, you are I am sure not ashamed of your ignorance, therefore let me inform you that Lyons is built principally upon a piece of land formed by the confluence of the Saone with the Rhone; in consequence of the low level upon which most of the city stands, and from the great rise in the rivers after heavy rains, it has frequently been the scene of

* I do not remember where or from whom I first heard this story of the Picards. I must apologise to the forgotten source for any mangling it may undergo at my hands, but I shall endeavour to keep as close to my notes as I can.

terrible inundations. In spite of the embankments which have been formed at various points, the floods in the lower parts of the town have often caused such loss of life and property as can scarcely be recognized by people who have never witnessed the destructive power of water But Lyons has memories of more terrible streams than those of the angry rivers pouring through her streets. In 1794, during the reign of terror, Collet d'Herbois, with his associates, sat in the Hotel de Ville, and the blood of their victims was shed like water in the Place des Terreaux. Either from fear lest the populace should rise in mad rage and avenge the brutal massacres, or because the guillotine was too slow in its work, the tyrants changed the place of execution, and across the Rhone, in the open fields on the left bank of that river, the helpless men and women were mowed down by discharges of grape and canister. But these fields are open fields no more. The city is no longer confined to the narrow tongue of land between the two rivers and the opposite bank of the Saone; it now extends to the left bank of the Rhone, and the populous districts of Les Brotteaux and La Guillotin are connected with the parent city by several handsome bridges. The faubourg of Les Brotteaux is built upon the very ground on which the revolutionary massacres took place. Stately buildings are seen on all sides, but the more retired streets are narrow and dirty, with tall houses on either hand, making perpetual twilight, containing family above family in their eight, nine, or ten flats, until an almost incredible population dwells upon a very small superficial space of ground.

I am speaking now of the year 1856, when Emil Picard was returning home, after the fall of Sebastopol. His regiment had been one of the most distinguished for its gallantry as the French troops stormed the Malakoff, and he had been one of the few of his own company who had survived to look back with thankfulness and pride on the glorious achievement. His conspicuous gallantry on this occasion had procured for him the special notice of his commanding officer. It was now the month of May, and as the bronzed young soldier marched briskly through the streets, in the direction of Les Brotteaux, many bright eyes glanced approval of his well-knit figure and manly face. A few feeble rays from the setting sun had managed with difficulty to struggle through the ragged rain-clouds, and the

people had rushed into the street to enjoy the long-missed treat. It had been raining on and on without intermission for several days. The steady downpour had converted most of the streets into turbulent torrents, which brawled and struggled until they reached the great swollen Rhone, where they were swiftly swept along with its huge sea of muddy waters. At last Emil reached his mother's dwelling. Four years he had been absent from his home; but except that he had developed from a slight active youth into a well-developed man, little change had passed over him. Accordingly when his mother who was stooping over some household work, suddenly felt two hands laid upon her shoulders, she did not require to look a second time to be sure that her darling had come back indeed.

After the first loving caresses and tender enquiries had passed, Emil looked round with a sigh of satisfaction at the neat room, with its bright white walls and well-preserved furniture.

"Ah, my dear little mother," he said; "in the trenches a thoughtless young fellow learns to know the value of home, and a good woman to look after him."

"And do you intend to find such a treasure now that you have returned, Emil?" replied his mother.

"Mother, dear, do you think Louise still cares for me?"

"Now you come to the point like a brave man. But how can I tell? Louise is the prettiest girl in Lyons, and she has an army of adorers. Oh, she could spend her Sundays and fete days where she likes, and all the world would be proud to escort her. But she is a silly thing, for the little one spends them all with an old woman like me, and, of course to please me, will listen for hours to my long stories about my absent soldier boy."

Emil caught his bright little mother in his arms, and kissing her, said, "And of course she hears all that is bad about the truant from the scheming old lady;" and then putting her down, he asked after his sweetheart's father, and where they lived.

"He is a great man now, my poor Emil, and I don't know whether he will permit your addresses to his daughter. He is no longer a journeyman weaver, but lives *au troisième* in the same house where he formerly lived *au neuvième*; has the whole flat to himself

and his looms; employs several men under him, and has the reputation of being the most skilful weaver in Lyons."

"Mother, everything is possible to a brave man, and I cannot believe I shall fail in winning my Louise. But I must be off to see them, although the night is stormy and it looks as if it has been raining ever since the Deluge."

Promising faithfully to return in good time, Emil passed out into the darkness. Crossing the Saone, he noticed that the waters were higher than he ever remembered having seen them, but he did not waste much time in reflection; passing rapidly through the streets he came at last to a quarter situated to the east of Les Brotteaux, and turning into a narrow street, stopped at the general entrance of the third house on the left-hand side. Like most of the houses in Lyons, it was constructed of wooden framing filled in with bricks, and consisted of nine flats, which rose in dizzy height, though some of the neighbouring houses were even higher. The street was densely populated, and I fear that I should be charged with exaggeration if I mentioned the number of souls that resided there. Ascending the general staircase, Emil stopped at a door *au troisième* and tapping lightly, he lifted the latch and entered a spacious room.

Large logs of wood were blazing merrily upon the hearth-stone. The room was lighted with lamps, and was occupied at the moment by only two persons. The one was an elderly respectable looking man, the other, who was then arranging the table for supper, was a young girl who was really pretty, and in Emil's eyes angelic. She was not tall, but straight as an arrow. She was slight, but her beautifully rounded figure was shown off to the best advantage by a perfectly fitting dress. Her features were good, her dark brown eyes were shaded by lashes almost black, and her expression was sweet, and exercised an irresistible attraction upon every one who saw her. When she saw Emil her face lighted up, and she sprang forward to meet him with a delighted exclamation, but suddenly she seemed to recollect herself, and shyly drew back with a glowing face as she gave him her hand. Her father's greeting was as hearty as could be wished, and soon he was seated at the supper table between his two friends, relating all his experiences of war and danger during the eventful last two years.

At last Emil, sorely against his will, rose to go.

"I have hardly seen my mother as yet," he said, "and I promised faithfully to be home in good time. I cannot disappoint her to-night."

With many affectionate messages and warm invitations to pay another visit soon, Emil started for his home, far from dissatisfied with his reception. As he passed along he noticed that the Rhone had already risen several feet since he had crossed it earlier in the evening, and in some streets near the Saone he splashed in water up to his knees. But his thoughts were full of Louise, and he heeded not the ominous signs. Ascending the steep hill, on which was his mother's house, he reached home drenched to the skin; and anxious as the good little woman was to have a long chat with her son, she persuaded him to go to bed, and when he had drank some hot coffee she had made for him, she left him to the sleep he so greatly required. For the last three nights, in his anxiety to get home, he had not rested, and now tired nature asserted her right, and he was soon in the most blessed slumbers.

Long before it was light the next morning, his mother roused him from his heavy sleep.

Starting up in a bewildered way, it was some time before he could recollect where he was

"Emil, the floods are out, the Rhone has risen fearfully, and is still rising; they say the quarter in which Louise lives is under water to the second story. Pierre, who came across last night on some business matters, was attempting to return home when by some accident he fell and broke his leg. He is now at his sister's house, and sends you this note."

Emil was dressed and out of the house in what seemed but a single second. The note was from Pierre, the father of Louise, begging him to save his daughter's life.

Descending the hill in the faint wintry morning light a terrible scene lay before him. The rivers, spread out far and wide, were rushing madly along, bearing with them the wreck of whatever had for a second attempted to check their resistless force On Emil dashed with a deadly fear in his heart lest he should be too late. He chose the higher parts, as less likely to present obstacles

in his path, but ever and anon he obtained glimpses of streets in which the water was rushing like a river, where whole rows of houses were melting away ; where boats were passing to and fro, and hastily constructed rafts, laden with women and children just rescued, were slowly moving to some place of shelter. All around were groups of terror-stricken women and wailing children.

Emil hurried on and when near his destination found a small boat which he pushed out into the flood. Standing at the bow with a long pole to guard the boat from the many obstacles which were floating about, he was swiftly borne towards the point he was aiming at. In a few seconds he was whirled round the corner of the street, and then a dreadful scene burst upon his sight.

The water which was bearing him on was up to the third story, and was rapidly rising ; but there was a more immediate danger than from the waters of the raging flood. The two first houses on the left-hand side of the street had fallen in one great crash, whilst the next, the one in which Louise dwelt, was swaying to and fro as the fierce tide dashed against it, and threatened every instant to follow its companions. Emil saw all this, though still at some distance, and saw also a girlish form at the window, just above the water, alone, and clasping her hands for aid.

Through the beams and planks and furniture and all the wreckage which obstructed his course he drove the boat forward with desperate energy. As he neared the place of danger an eddy in the current whirled him in towards a side street, which rose above the water, and on which a crowd stood helplessly watching the falling houses. One or two small boats were there which had been used to carry off the inhabitants of the doomed house, but Louise had been aroused too late, and her presence in the building was not remembered until she rushed to the window after the rest had left. Just then the two houses fell, and the tottering walls of the other seemed to threaten instant destruction to any one who should venture under its walls, while the torrent at the same time appeared to be roaring and raging with redoubled fury. No one now dared to attempt the rescue of the unfortunate girl.

Emil's boat swept in towards the group, but he soon regained command over its movements, and as with one or two powerful

efforts he was urging it once more into the main current his object became evident to the bystanders, and a murmur of admiration arose from the crowd.

"Brave comrade," cried an old sailor, "tie that fast," and he threw a rope into the boat; "and what you do do quickly, or the Holy Virgin herself will not be able to save you."

Emil seized the rope, and knotted it to a seat; then with one desperate stroke the boat shot into the current and was almost dashed against the walls of the trembling house.

Poor Louise had given up all hope. With the agony of despair she had seen men and women on the other side entreating and gesticulating in vain, for no one would face what each felt would be certain death, in a hopeless attempt to save her. To add to her horror she was alone. Her father away, and Emil, ah,—what happy days she might have spent had she been spared to be the wife of Emil. A sudden shock, and she knew that part of the house had fallen. She felt that her time was now short indeed, and shutting her eyes and covering her face with her hands, she commended her soul to God.

"Louise! Louise! Quick! quick!"

Was that Emil's voice? Yes! There was her lover standing in the boat, keeping it close to the window by leaning his whole weight upon the sill.

There was a warning shout from the opposite street—

"Into the boat—quick!" cried Emil. "God grant it may not be too late!"

She sprang lightly down. Emil pushed away from the house. The sailor, who had anxiously watched his proceedings, gave the order to haul on the rope with a will, and the boat was drawn rapidly back across the stream. Not one second too soon; for scarcely were they beyond the shadow of the house, when the whole building fell with a terrible crash; and as the waters hissed and seethed and foamed, and the yellow spray was dashed high into the air, Louise shuddered as she saw the flood roaring over the spot which had once been her home, sweeping away the mass of timbers and furniture as if they were feathers. She shuddered and hid her face. Emil, who up till this instant had been silent, his compressed lips and pale face showing

how fully he appreciated the danger in which they were in, now drew a long breath, exclaiming,

"Thank God, we are safe!"

They were drawn to the shore and landed amidst loud cheers and congratulations, and even amidst the sobbing of many of the more excitable.

Emil turned to the sailor, and thanked him warmly for his help and foresight in passing him the rope, without which he must have been lost. The sailor shook his hand heartily, and taking Louise's soft little hand more gently, he looked admiringly into her face, and, turning to Emil, said with a smile,

"I thought you mad when you started, but now I see you were not such a madman as I thought. For such a face I myself would risk ten thousand deaths. You'll make a pretty couple."

A faint tinge came into the pale cheeks of Louise, and Emil taking the poor girl upon his arm, and winding his way by the more protected streets of Les Brotteaux, got safe across one of the bridges which yet remained unflooded. But all danger was not yet over. At one moment they had to fly from falling houses, at another they met fierce currents forcing their way into new channels. Now they had to avoid the rush of a terror-stricken crowd, utterly reckless from fright and despair. Misery and confusion everywhere—sufferers were being carried on stretchers to the hospitals, frightened children were uttering bitter cries for their lost parents, and sounds of grief and woe wildly rose from every side. At last weary, faint, and drenched, Emil led the tired girl to her aunt's house. No word of love or thanks had passed between them during their flight through the terrible scenes through which they had passed. The door opened. Louise took his hand—looked up into his face and seemed about to speak, but her pale face suddenly became still more deadly pale—the strain upon her nerves had been too great, and if he had not caught her in his arms she would have fallen fainting to the ground. He carried his precious burden into a room in which there was a couch, upon which he laid her down tenderly. He waited a few minutes until there were signs of reviving consciousness, and then hurried to his own home.

The young soldier having relieved his mother's fears, and having

taken some necessary food, would not stay to rest. The miseries he had witnessed, the dangers to which hundreds of helpless women and children were exposed, called upon him to be up and doing. Three days and nights did he labour amongst the suffering people. Where danger was the greatest, where misery was the deepest, there was Emil. Now battling with the floods, now cheering the fearful, now helping to carry some poor wounded being to the hospital, now bearing provisions (which the rich were distributing) to some poor women or persons too weak to struggle to the spot, now helping little children to find their parents, or to some place of refuge. No one who witnessed the horrors of those days can recall them without a shudder. Emil had not slept the whole time. Now and then he paid his mother a hurried visit to assure her that he was safe, and to snatch some necessary food. On the fourth evening he walked wearily in,—

"Well my little mother," he said, "you will be proud to-day. The Emperor has been here. While I was working away up to my waist in water, getting an old woman from the ruins of a house, I heard my name called. I came up to a little knot of persons on horseback, and there was the Emperor, and by his side my old Colonel, and one or two of the principal people of our town. The Colonel beckoned me to come near, and as I stood to attention, he said something to the Emperor. His Majesty called me to him and said something very kind, I was too confused to hear exactly what it was, about my services to the poor fellows during the floods, and he decorated me with the Cross of the Legion of Honour. Then he told me that he had also heard of my gallant conduct, as he called it, in the Crimea and at the Malakoff, and said that such brave fellows as I were the glory of the army, and told me I should have a commission. And so, mother dear, your son is now Lieutenant Picard. It is all very fine, and I knew how pleased you would be, and Louise, But oh, mother, I feel ill, ill, ill."

And poor fellow, ill indeed he was—over fatigue, excitement, the constant exposure, had been too much and he was stricken with a deadly fever.

A hard time he had of it, through the dreary hours of which he was

watched over with all the tender care that two loving women could bestow, for Louise who had now quite recovered the shocks of that terrible night, though still paler and thinner than before, had begged to assist his mother in nursing him. At last their devotion was rewarded, and the disease took a favourable turn. Emil became once more conscious, and the first impressions he had on returning to this world were of a cool light figure gently moving about his room and arranging everything with a noiseless touch which soothed him off again to slumber. When he awoke again his mother was sitting beside him.

"Mother," said Emil, "was not Louise here?"

The mother smiled rather sadly as she recognised that from this time she was to hold only the second place in her son's thoughts, but answered cheerily, "Yes, my brave child, and she has been indeed a help and a blessing to me. Louise," she called.

Louise glided in and stood by the side of the bed.

"Louise, my darling!"

And Louise put her arm under his head and kissed him

You see that in their case the course of true love did run very smoothly. They married. Emil returned to his profession, and soon obtained a captaincy in reward for some other gallant action. But one day whilst riding, his horse fell with him and crushed his leg. The injured limb was set, but on his recovery it was found that it was shorter than the other, and that he was incurably lame. He was invalided, and retired from the army on a pension. In the meanwhile Louise's father had died, and had left Emil and his wife an amount equal to about £400. Emil's mother had also died rather suddenly, and when he was offered by an old friend a post in a mercantile establishment at the Cape where a knowledge of French was required, he gladly accepted it. His steady application and the business-like qualities which he developed, ensured him rapid promotion. He proceeded to the country to take charge of a branch establishment, where he succeeded so well, that, on the senior partner retiring from all active participation in the business, he was offered a share in it, which he accepted.

His sons had been educated in the Colony, but he had always a prejudice against leaving his only daughter in contact with the female

servants of the place, who, he maintained, were with few exceptions too ignorant, coarse-minded, and deceitful to be trusted with the care of young girls. He had, accordingly, at a very early age sent her to England with the daughter of a friend, who spoke in the highest terms of the lady in whose charge the children were to be placed. The praise was well deserved. Emil Picard and his wife had taken a year's holiday to bring their daughter home, after giving her a glimpse of the wonders of Europe, and they found her an accomplished, unaffected, innocent girl. Emil is no longer the gallant looking soldier of 1856. He is lame, bald, and possesses a rotundity of figure which seems incompatible with deeds of heroism. Louiseis slightly matronly in appearance, but is still sweet looking, her daughter declares that she is the sweetest looking person under the sun.

And now I have come back to the good ship *Hope*, after wandering away very far indeed. I shall try for the future to keep on my course as steadily as I can.

(*To be continued.*)

The Mountain Stream.

(From my Scrap Book.)

List to the song of the mountain stream,
From its old rocky chamber springing;
Hailing the earliest morning gleam,
With its frolicking—sparkling—singing!
"Oh! 'tis a glorious thing to bound
Through a world of such wondrous beauty.
The flowers are breathing sweet odours around,
And hark! the old woods with gay music resound;
Pleasure is glancing,
Sunbeams are dancing,
Life is a boon, and enjoyment a duty!"

List to the song of the mountain stream,
As its murmurs are gently swelling,
Bounding along with its noontide theme,
Of the glory of labour telling.
"I'll water the land, and cool the breeze,
And set the young grass-blades growing;
I'll creep round the roots of the old oak-trees,
And call to the cattle their thirst to appease.
Lambs shall come skipping,
Birds shall stoop sipping;
All shall be glad for my pure limpid flowing."

List to the song of the mountain stream,
As it rolls with its heaving motion,
Calmly reflecting the sun's last beam,
Ere it loses itself in the ocean.
"No more through the beautiful vale I'll wend;
I have finished life's changeful story;
Peacefully—thankfully seeking the end,
Where, with the main, my small tribute shall blend,
Mingling—not dying,
Smiling—not sighing,
Singing for ever *His* greatness and glory."

THE CAPE

MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

The Beginning of the European Occupation in South Africa.

(From Documents in the Colonial Archives.)

No. VII.—1659-1660.

In all countries where land is easily obtained, where population is sparse, and the products of the soil bring fair prices, labour will be in demand. It has been so in South Africa ever since the day when freemen were first located on small farms at Rondebosch. The intention of the Company was to create a body of peasant proprietors, who would till the ground with their own hands, or at most with the assistance of a couple of European servants or heathen slaves, and for this reason the largest grant of land to any individual was only twenty morgen. But the farmers already began to aspire to a position in which their work would consist merely in directing others, and everything in the circumstances of the country favoured such a desire. There was thus a constant call upon the government, which may be summed up in the words *provide us with cheap labour*. The Company had imported slaves from the West Coast, but that scheme had not been satisfactory, as has been seen, and now only European servants were asked for. Such of the garrison as were disposed to enter the service of the farmers were therefore permitted to do so, but the number who took out free papers for that purpose was not very great. About twenty-five names are mentioned, but as, of them all, only Hans Jacobs, Tielman Hendricks, and Hans Meyer, remained in South Africa, the others need not be given.

At this time also several mechanics took out free papers, and ground was assigned to two farmers named Philip van Roon and Jan Coenraad Visser. The Council requested the Chamber of Seventeen

to send out some families of poor but industrious farming people, to which a reply was received that efforts would be made to do so, but that it was very difficult to induce such persons to emigrate to a country of which nothing beyond the name was known. A few were occasionally obtained for India, and if any of them chose to remain at the Cape when the ships called, they could do so. Any resident in South Africa could have his friends sent out to him, and proper care of females, whether wives, daughters, or affianced brides, would be taken on the passage.

The Supreme Authorities were desirous of having the country explored, in order to ascertain what prospects there were of pushing trade in the interior, and Mr. Van Riebeek was instructed to offer premiums for any discovery of note. The reward held out was sufficient to induce a party of seven burghers to volunteer to go in search of the powerful nation of Namaquas, of whose wealth and civilization Eva told very wonderful stories. It was believed that these people could be reached in from twenty to thirty days. The volunteers left the Cape on the 3rd of February, taking with them on pack oxen a supply of provisions sufficient to last three months. They travelled northwards for twenty days, suffering much from thirst, for they did not know where to look for water, and from heat, for it was the sultriest month of the year. They reached the Berg River not far from where it empties into St. Helena Bay, and noticed the ebb and flow of the tide in its channel. Their pack oxen were by this time so worn that they gave up the intention of proceeding further, and turned back to the fort, where they arrived on the 7th of April, without adding anything to the existing knowledge concerning the interior of the country.

From the vintage of this season a small quantity of wine was made, for the first time in South Africa. The fruit used was Muscadel and other round white grapes, and the manufacturer was the Commander himself, who was the only person in the settlement with any knowledge of the manner in which the work should be performed. The event is recorded on the 2nd of February, and it is stated that the *Spanish* grapes were not then ripe, though the vines were thriving. There is no mention now to be found of the introduction of vine-stocks from Spain, but this observation appears to

verify the common opinion that the hanepoot was brought from that country. This was not the only importation of plants of which the record has been lost, for the introduction of European flowers is not mentioned in any of the documents of that date still existing, though the rose and the tulip are incidentally spoken of as blooming at this time in South African gardens. Similarly, olive and mulberry trees are stated to be thriving wonderfully well, and currant bushes of three varieties are said to have died.

There was quite as much thought bestowed upon the manufacture of ale, as that beverage was used more generally than wine by the people of the Netherlands, and was considered indispensable for scurvy patients in the hospital. Barley throve well, and there was no difficulty in making malt, but the hop was planted again and again without success, though the greatest care was bestowed upon it. This industry was persevered in for many years, and samples of ale were often sent to Batavia and to Holland, but always became sour before their destination was reached. At length it was found that the heat of the climate prevented ale being made for exportation, and the efforts were then relaxed.

Every burgher was required to have a gun in his possession, and was at all times liable to be called upon to perform military service. Early in this year the freemen were formed into a company of militia, so as to keep them practiced in the necessary drill. They were enrolled in a corps with one sergeant, two corporals, and one drummer, exactly the same as the garrison of the fort. For the first year the Council of Policy selected Stephen Janssen to be Sergeant and Commander of the Militia, and Herman Remajenne and Wouter Mostert to be Corporals, but subsequently all appointments were made according to the established custom of the Fatherland. A Council of Militia was created, consisting of the two Burgher Councillors, the Sergeant, and one of the Corporals, and to this body was entrusted the regulation of all petty matters. Every year the Council of Militia submitted a double list of names to the Council of Policy, from which list the appointments for the following twelvemonth were made.

Election by the masses was not favoured in the Netherlands at this period, and the nearest approach to such a system at the Cape

was in the form of nomination of Burgher Councillors, which was observed for a short time while the freemen were few in number and lived close together. The burghers met in a body and put forward their favourites, from whom the Council of Policy made a selection. In 1659 they nominated in this manner Jan Reyniers, Jacob Cornelissen, Wouter Mostert, and Jan Rietvelt, of whom the Council of Policy selected Jan Reyniers to take the place vacated by Stephen Janssen.

In the ordinary Council of Policy a change was effected by the death in February of Jan van Harwarden, who only a few months before had been promoted to the rank of Ensign by the Admiral and Broad Council of the return fleet. The Fiscal Abraham Gabbema was allowed to have a voice and vote, and was released from his duty as Secretary, to which office the clerk Gijsbert van Campen was appointed. Sergeant Pieter Everaert, in right of his office as head of the military, took his seat at the board.

Early in this year when the Kaapmans moved with their herds to the peninsula, they found large tracts of ground at Wynberg and Rondebosch dotted over with the houses of the settlers. They could no longer graze their cattle on the rich herbage at the foot of the mountains, as they had been wont to do in days gone by, and their hearts swelled with bitter hostility towards the strangers. The white men, though few in number, possessed weapons so destructive that the Hottentots feared to attack them openly, but there was a possibility of driving them from the country by systematic plunder. The Kaapmans and Gorachouquas tried this plan. They came down upon the farmers' kraals at night and drove the cattle away, while by day they were nowhere to be seen. One night Doman disappeared from the fort. He left his European clothes behind, and the next that was heard of him was that he had been recognised as the leader of a party of plunderers. From that time he made his presence felt in the neighbourhood. He knew that in wet weather it was difficult for the Europeans to use their firelocks, and so he selected rainy days and nights for his cattle-lifting excursions.

The harassed farmers soon grew tired of acting on the defensive only, and sent a petition to the Commander to be allowed to take revenge. Mr. Van Riebeek met them assembled in a body on the

Company's farm at Rondebosch, and tried to argue the question with them, for his orders from the Directors were emphatic, that he was not to do the natives harm. He considered also that part of the freemen's losses should be attributed to their own negligence, as some of them often sent their cattle out to graze without a herd to look after them. He warned the burghers that the Company would not give them a second start in life, much less compensate them for any losses which they might sustain in war, but they asserted their willingness to take all the risk upon themselves rather than remain longer in a state of insecurity. They asked that the soldiers should be employed against the Hottentots, or otherwise that they might be permitted to avenge themselves, for which purpose they believed they were strong enough.

The Commander then summoned the Council to discuss the serious aspect of affairs, and invited the burgher councillors to take part in the proceedings. On this occasion there were present Commander Van Riebeek, the Secunde Roelof de Man, the Sergeant Pieter Everaert, the Burgher Councillors Hendrik Boom and Jan Reyniers, and the Fiscal Abraham Gabbema. They placed on record that the desire of the Europeans was to live in peace and friendship with the natives, but it was impossible to do so as matters were going then. If messengers were sent to the Hottentots they would at once conclude that they were masters of the situation, and this could not be tolerated. The Council considered that there was ample cause to attack the Kaapmans and to do them as much injury as possible, that this course would be righteous before God, and such as they could be responsible for. The true object of attacking their enemies was not booty in cattle, nor revenge—for that belonged to God alone,—but to enable them afterwards to live in peace, and that the Company's designs of discovery by means of exploring expeditions should not be frustrated. They then resolved, that as there appeared to be no other means of attaining quietness and peace with the Cape people, advantage should be taken of the first opportunity to fall upon them suddenly with a strong force, and to seize as many cattle and men as possible, avoiding all unnecessary bloodshed, but keeping the prisoners as hostages so as to hold in check those who should escape.

In the settlement at that time there was one Simon Janssen,

usually known as Simon in't velt, a nickname given to distinguish him from numerous other Janssens or sons of men named Jan who had no surnames. This Simon in't velt was looking after some cattle, when Doman and a party of Hottentots suddenly came upon him. He tried to prevent his cattle being driven away, but was overpowered and murdered with assegais. The news of this occurrence reached the fort within an hour after the Council had broken up, and it was followed by a panic. The beachrangers immediately fled from Table Valley, and some of the more timid burghers began to remove their families to the fort for safety. A few commenced to place their houses in a condition for defence, the example being set by Hendrik Boom, who had the best building at the Cape. Among the burghers, who so recently had been clamouring for revenge, there was nothing but confusion. Each one wished to have his own way, and the wildest schemes were suggested, so that the Commander found it impossible to do anything with them as a militia corps.

In this state of affairs, the Council resolved to release the slaves from their chains and to employ them in military operations against the Hottentots. A few days later, those burghers who had ceased to carry on their ordinary employment were formed into a corps, with pay at the rate of tenpence a day each, in addition to rewards which were offered for the heads of marauders. Some soldiers were sent to assist those who remained upon their farms, and ambuscades were planned for the enemy. But it was in vain that attempts were made to surprise them or to draw them into an engagement, for the Hottentots were as difficult to be reached as birds in the air.

A virulent sickness at this time appeared among the horned cattle and sheep, so that of some flocks and herds not less than four out of five died. On Robben Island only thirty-five sheep remained out of a flock of five hundred. What the nature of the disease was is not stated, it is only recorded that famine was not the cause, for stall-fed sheep perished like the others. The Council attributed this plague to the direct action of the Almighty, and recorded their belief that it was sent as a punishment for their sins. They, therefore, resolved to hold a prayer meeting every Wednesday afternoon at four o'clock, to pray that God would withdraw His wrath from them, and help them against their enemies.

Those enemies were certainly doing much mischief. The Europeans were harassed and worn out in looking for them, while they were never seen except where no resistance could be offered. At last the Council thought of Harry, the prisoner on Robben Island, and resolved to make use of him as a guide to the secret retreats of his countrymen. For that purpose they decided to offer him great rewards, but they placed on record that they had no intention of fulfilling their promises. A boat was accordingly sent for Harry, with a suit of clothes and a friendly message from the Commander, but before its return the condition of affairs had assumed a new and entirely different phase.

Oedasoa, chief of the Cochoquas, having heard that the Europeans were at war with his enemies the Cape clans, had moved towards the fort, and was now encamped on the opposite shore of the bay with many thousand people. From his kraals there he sent messengers to the Commander, offering a close and firm alliance, which the Council immediately agreed to enter into with him. Eva and thirteen Europeans were sent with a present and instructions to discuss with him the method of ruining the Kaapmans and the Gorachouquas, these being the common enemy. And so when the boat from Robben Island reached the jetty, before Harry could put his foot on land, orders were given to the boatmen to take him back to his place of exile.

The assistance which the Europeans desired of Oedasoa was merely a party of guides, for they felt themselves strong enough to win a victory if they could only be brought face to face with their enemies. But the chief of the Cochoquas either could not supply such men as were wanted, or was not so fast a friend as he wished the Commander to believe, for though deputations and presents were frequently sent to him, he did nothing more than make promises. In the accounts which are given of interviews of the Dutch messengers with him, his Council is more than once mentioned, and it is stated that this Council consisted of old and experienced men. From this it may be inferred that the government of the Hottentot clans was similar in form to that of the Kaffirs of the present day.

The arrival of a large East Indiaman enabled the Commander to strengthen the garrison with twenty-five additional soldiers, and to

exchange some of his old hands for more useful ones. From another Indiaman he obtained eighty soldiers to assist in an expedition into the country. A Gorachouqua spy was captured, and through the interpretation of Harry, who was brought from Robben Island for the purpose, was compelled by threats of death to lead the way to the camping place of the Kaapmans. The party marched only at night, so as to avoid being seen, and intended to fall upon the enemy at break of day. To encourage the members of the expedition, they were promised a share of any captured cattle, a reward of forty gulden for each prisoner, and twenty gulden for each one of the enemy killed. A premium of a hundred gulden was offered to any one who should apprehend Doman. But the expedition was a failure, though every precaution was taken to ensure success. The enemy always escaped in time, and at last Harry pointed out that the attempt to pursue them was useless, for they had men posted as sentinels on every hill.

Shortly after this failure, the fiscal Gabbema, with three horsemen, almost by accident, encountered a party of five Hottentots and killed three of them. The remaining two were wounded, one of them being Doman, who managed to escape, but the other was taken prisoner and conveyed to the fort. A fortnight later Corporal Elias Giers, with eleven soldiers, came across a camp of beachrangers, which they quickly dispersed, killing three and wounding many. The beachrangers then solicited peace, and were permitted to return to their old location in Table Valley, while the Kaapmans and Gorachouquas removed from the neighbourhood, and for some months nothing was heard of them. Harry was sent back to Robben Island, and with him was sent the captured Gorachouqua spy. One night the prisoners succeeded in launching an old and leaky boat, with which they put to sea, and though the chances were all against them, they were driven ashore on the coast below Saldanha Bay, and safely effected their escape.

As soon as the field was deserted by the enemy, the Council began to debate schemes for protecting the settlement from future attacks. Mr. Van Riebeek brought to mind what he had seen in the Caribbee Islands, and favoured the plan of a thick hedge of thorn trees beyond the cultivated grounds. It was decided finally, as a temporary

measure, to deepen the fords of the Liesbeek, to build three watch-houses along the outer line, and to put up a strong fence, through which cattle could not be driven. A thick hedge or impenetrable belt of thorn bushes was afterwards to be set out. The watch-houses were built, and received the names of Turn the Cow, Hold the Bull, and Look out (Keert de Koe, Houdt den Bul, ende Kyck uijt). Between them a strong fence was made, and in them were stationed a few horsemen, whose duty it was to patrol along the line. This force was the Frontier Armed and Mounted Police of the day, for the line was the colonial border. At the commencement of hostilities Mr. Van Riebeek urged the Batavian Authorities to supply him with a few more horses, as he had then only about twenty, including young foals, and with the return fleet sixteen were forwarded from Java. Some powerful dogs were also received at the same time, so that the Europeans now felt themselves more than a match for a legion of Hottentots.

Towards the close of the year a plot was discovered, just in time to save a richly laden vessel lying in the bay. The surgeon of the fort, William Robertson by name, a native of Dundee, came to learn one Sunday at noon that a large party of men intended to run away with the yacht *Erasmus* that same night, and he at once gave information to the Commander. Thereupon some of the conspirators were arrested, when they confessed that they had planned to desert and march overland to Angola, but that when the *Erasmus* arrived in Table Bay they changed their views and resolved to seize that vessel. Twenty-nine men in all were ascertained to have agreed to this project, of whom fifteen were slaves, and among the remainder were individuals with such names as Colin Lawson, John Brown, John Beck, and Alexander Crawford, all of Dundee, Jacob Born, of Glasgow, and Peter Barber, of Hampstead. The principal conspirators were sent to Batavia for trial, and those who were implicated in a lower degree were heavily punished here. A result of this plot was that the Council resolved to send all the English and Scotch from the Cape to Batavia, so as to rid this place as much as possible of rubbish (omme soo veel doenlijck dese plaetse van alle oncruijt te suijveren). An exception was of course made in favour of the surgeon, who received a reward equal to £10 for having detected and made known the conspiracy.

The losses from cattle sickness and the Hottentot war were to some extent compensated by a remarkably good season for agriculture. The crops exceeded the utmost hopes, and never before had food been so plentiful. During the short time that the Cochoquas remained in the neighbourhood a great many cattle were obtained in barter, so that notwithstanding the mortality the Commander was able to supply the farmers with fresh stock.

One of the regulations made during this year was to the effect that every burgher was to be at liberty to buy or sell anything whatever, except corn and cattle, but the prices of all articles likely to be brought into the market were fixed by the government. The fiscal and the two burgher councillors were required to go round at least once a month and see that everything was sold at the legal rates.

During this year twenty-seven ships put into Table Bay, of which three were English.

In the early months of 1660 the settlement was apparently in a state of peace, but this was only because the Cape clans had removed inland for a time. With their return to the peninsula, it was anticipated that hostilities would be renewed, unless some arrangement with them could be entered into beforehand. For such a settlement as would allow the Europeans to pursue their avocations unmolested, Mr. Van Riebeek and the members of his Council were most sincerely anxious. There was not a doubt on the mind of any one as to the cause of the war. The wounded Hottentot who had been made prisoner and brought to the fort by the fiscal spoke Dutch well enough to be understood, and upon being asked why his countrymen were stealing the farmers' cattle, he replied that it was because the farmers were occupying without their leave land which had from time immemorial belonged to them. They could no longer even drive their cattle to the river to drink, said he, without crossing cultivated ground, which they were not permitted to do, and they had therefore determined to try to force the intruders to leave the country. Soon after making this statement the prisoner died, and from that time Mr. Van Riebeek always gave this as the true origin of the war.

Yet admitting that the natives had natural cause for enmity, as the Authorities at Batavia candidly did, it was not possible to grant

them redress. The question was very simple. Was the right of the nomad Hottentot clans to the soil to be admitted so far that Europeans ought not to deprive them of any portion of it, or was the European justified in planting his outposts in such positions as the Cape? Assuredly there could be but one answer, though it could be admitted at the same time that it was natural for the natives to resist the intruders.

The Kaapmans were the first to make overtures for peace. Early in the year 1660 they sent a message to the Commander from Saldanha Bay by the coast traders, proposing a treaty of friendship. They asked for a written safe conduct, to be signed by the Commander, the Secunde, and the Fiscal, that their delegates might visit the fort. This proposal emanated from Harry and Doman, who had observed that a bond was preferable to a verbal promise. The safe conduct was sent as desired, and under its protection the two former interpreters presented themselves before the Commander and settled the preliminary arrangements.

On the 6th of April, the fat captain Gogosoa, accompanied by Harry, Doman, and forty of the leading men of the Kaapman clan, arrived at the fort and concluded a treaty. The terms were that neither party was to molest the other in future, that the Kaapmans were to endeavour to induce the inland clans to bring cattle for sale to make up for those which they had stolen, that the Europeans were to retain possession of the land occupied by them, that roads were to be pointed out along which the Kaapmans could come to the fort, and that Europeans doing wrong to the natives were to be severely punished. These terms were not arranged until after long discussion and much argument, which was only ended by Mr. Van Riebeek's plain declaration that the ground would be held by the sword. The Kaapmans, after ceding the point of possession of the land under cultivation, entreated permission to be allowed to come within the boundaries to gather the bitter almonds and edible roots found in abundance on this side, but this request was refused, because the bitter almonds were needed for the hedge which was to enclose the settlement. They brought forward numerous instances of ill treatment received from burghers, but were fain to be contented with an assurance that if they reported any such cases to the Dutch Authorities thereafter they would receive ample redress.

Soon after the conclusion of peace with the Kaapmans, the Gorachouquas sent three delegates to the fort to ask if terms would be entered into with them also. The answer was in the affirmative, and on the 5th of May, Choro, with Harry and Doman as his interpreters, and about a hundred followers, appeared at the fort. Ankaisoa, a petty chief of Gogosoa's clan, but who was not included in the treaty of the 6th of April, was there also. They wanted to enter into a discussion about the ownership of the ground along the Liesbeek, but the Commander abruptly informed them that nothing must be said on this subject again. Terms of peace similar to those with Gogosoa were then agreed upon, in ratification of which Choro presented the Commander with thirteen head of cattle, and received in return a gift of copper, beads, pipes, and tobacco.

The Gorachouquas were entertained, as the Kaapmans had been, with a feast of rice and bread, and as much spirits as they chose to drink. A tub was placed in the courtyard of the fort, and was filled with a mixture of arrack and brandy. The Gorachouquas then prepared to celebrate the conclusion of peace with a grand dance after their manner. The men ranged in order, while the women seated themselves on the ground and set up a monotonous chant, clapping their hands sharply at the same time. The dancing, or rather springing up and down and quivering the body, continued for two hours, while one after another the Gorachouquas fell to the ground, overcome by exertion and the strength of the mixture in the tub. As each man fell he was picked up and carried outside of the fort, where he was laid down in the grass to sleep. When at last the dance ended, only three or four men were able to keep their feet. This was the concluding festivity, and the Commander was thereafter enabled to say that he was at peace with all the people of Africa.

Note.—As I am, to my regret, entirely ignorant of the Hottentot language, I submitted the names of the clans mentioned at this time by Mr. Van Riebeek to a gentleman who spent many years of early life in Great Namaqualand, and who is thoroughly conversant with the tongue of the people, with the request that he would inform me if the words had any meaning. He was kind enough to analyse the various titles, and traced the parts of which they are composed to their roots,—for all the words are compound. The spelling, as given by Mr. Van Riebeek, he pronounces to be approximately correct, though no characters to represent the necessary clicks are introduced. A few descendants of the Cochoqua are still in existence at Bethany, Great Namaqualand, calling themselves by that

tribal name. Goringhaikona meant simply "the small tribe living by the water;" Gorachouqua, the people whose chief was Gora or Choro. This last title was therefore simila to that of most of the Kaffir clans of the present day, as, for instance, the Amangqika, the Amandlambe, the Imidushane, &c., &c. One assertion made very positively by Mr. Van Riebeek much surprised me. He states that the great among the Hottentots used a language which the common people could not understand. After some reflection, I thought it possible that perhaps Mr. Van Riebeek had been deceived by a custom similar to that of ukuhlonipa among the Kaffirs, according to which a woman may not pronounce any words in which the expressive syllables of her husband's or his male ancestors' names occur, and is therefore compelled to use a language so different from that of the men that in some instances she can with difficulty be understood. But I am assured that the Commander's statement is absolutely correct, that, in fact, the language spoken on grave occasions by the Namaquas of the present day is so different from that in familiar use that it may be said to be a distinct tongue. It is not indeed different in structure, as is the Hottentot and the Bushman, but the words employed are not the same. I may express a hope that some one better qualified than myself by a knowledge of the language, and with more time at his disposal, will take this clue in hand and work it out. Europeans have been two centuries and a quarter in South Africa, and to-day we know very little about the race which occupied the land before us.

G. M. T.

Documents from which this article has been condensed:—

Letters. From the Directors or one of the Chambers, of dates 9 Jan, 7 and 23 May, 11 June, 4 and 5 Sept, 6 and 28 Nov, and 10, 16, and 22 Dec 1659; 23 Feb and 16 April 1660. From the Governor General and Council of India, of dates 14 Jan and 15 Dec 1659, and 17 Jan 1660. From Commander Van Riebeek and the Council of the fort Good Hope to the Directors or one of the Chambers, of dates 5 Jan, 5 March (a despatch covering seventy-six pages of foolscap, besides annexures) and (3) 26 April 1659; 19 March and (3) 4 May 1660. From Commander Van Riebeek and the Council of the fort Good Hope to the Governor-General and Councillors of India, of dates 16 Feb, 19 and 30 March, 4 April, 17 May, 4 June, 7, 17, and 29 July, 20 Oct, and 28 Dec 1659; 21 Jan, and 6, 14, and 22 April 1660.

Instructions. From the Commissioner Pieter Sterthemius for the guidance of Commander Van Riebeek, dated 12th March 1660.

Resolutions and Debates of the Council of Policy, of dates 1, 7, and 12 Feb, 1 March (2), 17 and 23 April, 1, 17, 19, 21, 27, and 29 May, 2, 7, 20, 21, 24, 28, and 29 June, 1, 3, 5, 10, 12, 13, 21, and 22 July, 9, 13, 16, 19, 27, and 31 Aug, 27 Sep, 7, 9, 15, 21, and 27 Oct, 7 Nov, and 3, 18, 23, and 24 Dec 1659; 7 and 12 Jan, 16 and 17 Feb, 12 and 22 March, and 7, 8, 14, 20, and 30 April 1660.

Journal of Daily Occurrences. Kept by Commander Van Riebeek from 1 Jan 1659 to 6 May 1660.

Proclamations, of dates 7 Feb, 19 and 27 Aug, 20 Sept, 1 and 27 Oct, 6 and 7 Nov, and 3 Dec 1659; 3 and 17 Jan, 21 Feb, and 13 March 1660.

How we go Pleasuring in South Africa.

A SHORT sea voyage from Cape Town, and (it must be confessed) rather a rough jolting over some very primitive roads, brings the traveller in search of our lake and forest scenery into the district of Knysna, situated about midway between Cape Town and Port Elizabeth. Admirers at a distance have named this spot "The Paradise of the Cape," but dwellers in and around it give it the less romantic, but more ancient name of "Knysna," so called by the primitive races who formerly inhabited the district, and signifying "land of waters." With the generality of visitors the first feeling is generally one of disappointment, for imagination has always painted the scene beforehand with impossible pictures, but, after a couple of days, its quiet cheerful beauty grows upon them unconsciously, and they end by giving it one of the first places in memory's picture gallery.

Those who were born and have spent most of their lives under the shadow of the surrounding hills, declare they cannot remain absent any length of time without a longing desire to return, somewhat resembling "mal-du-pays" in its intensity, so strong is the attraction of its calm blue waters and shadowy hills.

It will be needless to describe the place in detail, so I will beg the reader to follow me on an imaginary visit to some of its chief "lions." Our principal pride and glory is of course the Knysna river; besides its beauty we are almost entirely dependant upon the ships it brings to us for our supply of bread-stuffs and groceries. It attains its greatest width after passing Belvidere, when it widens out into a large lake-like basin, capable of holding a number of vessels. Its entrance, which is 180 yards wide, is guarded by two perpendicular rocks, known as the Knysna Heads. Of a warm red colour, they form a bold and pleasing contrast to the dark green scrub bush with which they are partly clothed; and within these gates the sea rages and swells over its treacherous sunken rocks on the least approach of stormy weather, and tossing the crests of its white mane high in the air, bids defiance to any unlucky vessel waiting patiently outside for admittance. The hills on either side are low, with deep hollows

between, where in the evening the shadows lie grey and cool; the western bank is clothed to the water's edge with low bush, but several farms are scattered about on the opposite shore, whose green corn-lands and white houses are set like gems in the landscape. Of the village itself there is little to be said. On first entering, a stranger is struck by the number of wooden houses of all shapes and sizes of which it is chiefly composed, but on second thoughts, it seems only natural that the villagers should have taken the poet's advice in thinking

> That is best which lieth nearest,
> Shape from that thy work of art;

even though the said work of art be in this instance only a wooden house with a couple of rooms. It is usually whitewashed, but occasionally the taste of the inmates is displayed in a coating of green, brown, or even pink. There are green lanes and bye-ways leading out of the main street dignified by grand names as streets, but showing, by the freshness of the grass and the countless flowerets with which they are studded in spring-time, how little traffic they have ever known.

So much for the village; now for a sail to the Heads, and then a peep at our forest primeval. We will suppose that there are ladies among our sight-seers, so that we are anxious to provide them with the most comfortable means of gratifying their curiosity and enjoying life at the same time; gentlemen can manage for themselves, and are generally more intent on the capabilities for hunting and shooting which the neighbourhood affords, than on admiring the beauties of nature; so that after a ride to the Heads, and a cursory glance about them, they vanish to the forest after more exciting pleasure.

An impromptu picnic is soon made up, and a boat secured; so we start from the jetty on a lovely spring morning, with just enough breeze to fill our sails, and with light hearts and happy faces give ourselves up to thorough enjoyment.

Onward we float, past the loading vessels with all their ropes and tackle, and past the great flat island, which (though it forms the chief delight of all the horses and cattle in the neighbourhood, who

get across at low tide, and do not abandon their favourite pasture-ground till evening, even at the risk of a long swim) is nevertheless a blot in the great expanse of waters, and has been the subject of many a useless wish for its removal. A little excitement is caused now and again by the boat getting aground, the coxswain being too over come by the "dolce-far-niente" to pay over much heed to the repeated warnings of the more experienced ones, and so, if the tide is coming out very fast, we find ourselves at a standstill until some one volunteers to jump overboard and push off the boat; then onward again through the clear limpid water—so still, that the white sand below is at times plainly visible. Very often the wind suddenly drops about midway, then there is nothing for it but to have patience and admire the scenery; if any of the party are musical, the time passes away pleasantly enough in that dreamy quiet, with the continual lapping of the water against the boat to lull one into a reverie. But it does not last long; some impatient spirits grow tired of the monotony, and applying themselves vigorously to the oars, row us swiftly to our destination.

We step out on the stones, and following a footpath over a slight ascent find ourselves on a narrow pebbly beach, surrounded on three sides by rocks, one a steep overhanging cliff, partly covered with green, others only high enough to make one climb them immediately, and scramble about over their jagged peaks, at the risk of falling at the slightest false step, but all looking bright in the sunlight, with the great waves rolling and dashing about at their base. One forms a natural bridge, upon which we climb and look down over the precipice, listening to the waves rushing under it with a hollow booming sound. There is usually a pretty general anticipation of luncheon, and every one keeps within hail of the baskets, which are brought under the shadow of a cliff close to the water's edge, and soon unpacked by willing hands. What a merry party we are as we all gather round! and how delicious everything seems to appetites sharpened by that fresh sea breeze! Every little incident supplies food for mirth; and though the tide comes up and wets the feet of one, and the dress of another, and a sudden breeze brings a shower of sand to pepper the sandwiches and salt the wine, these small accidents only make us merrier.

Luncheon over, we all disperse in various ways to amuse ourselves till the inevitable tide turns to take us home. Lovers of shells grope about among the shingle in graceful or ungraceful attitudes, according to the taste of the individual; others find their way to the caves, and search for Bushmen remains among the shells and rubbish lying there, only too happy if they discover an ancient bone of very doubtful origin to treasure as a relic. The most active and least tired set out to walk up the hill to the flag-staff, and are there rewarded for their trouble by a glorious view, embracing miles of sea and land, and far away in the distance a long low range of blue mountains standing out clearly against the sky. No doubt they feel rewarded, but the lazy ones always think otherwise, and commiserate them on being heated and fatigued, while they themselves have been sentimentalising quietly in the shade. There is a pretty little vine-covered cottage within a few yards of the beach where rooms can be obtained, and many a pleasant week spent, recruiting both mind and body under the influence of the fresh breeze, and the never-wearying sound of the long waves on the sea beach. The evening shades at length warn us to leave, however reluctantly, and we repair to the boat and sail home in the cool evening, wakening the echoes and scaring the sea-gulls with many a song or round, or may be, only a pleasant chat, till at length we find ourselves once more alongside the jetty, and part for the night with many a promise of meeting again on the morrow for our forest trip.

The Forest can be reached either by a few hours travelling in a cart or bullock-wagon, the latter mode being the slowest, but most preferable, in that the road is very steep for horses, and also that a wagon is capable of holding a much larger number comfortably, which in a quiet village like ours, where an excursion like this is a rare treat, is a matter of consideration.

The first thought of a great number of young people on the morning appointed for the picnic is, "Is it a fine day?" the next, "I wonder what time it is, we were to start at six?" and the first action is to draw the curtains and take a peep out. Hurrah! a glorious morning! The sun, but just risen, gilds the hill-tops with its rays, and a cool breeze heralds a lovely day. We dress in haste, and proceed to the packing of sundry good things for our journey,

"pat-cos" as the Dutch call it, and at length the party begins to muster by twos and threes at the rendezvous. Of course someone is late, and there is delay somewhere; was ever a picnic without it? But at length the great tent-wagon comes lumbering up, with a good span of strong oxen. Poor, patient creatures! how indifferent they look to it all! human beings or logs of wood, it matters but little to them of what their load consists; it all comes in to the day's work, and their motto is, "The sooner it is over, the sooner to feed!"

The ladies find their places inside, and some of the gentlemen who prefer riding mount their horses, and so the cavalcade sets forth. The journey occupies about four hours, and various are the means resorted to to wile away the time. Of course the scenery along the way, and the different views of the River and Heads as you go along, call forth many exclamations and explanations; talking, singing, story-telling, and flying scraps of conversation with the mounted cavaliers, who with difficulty manage to curb their impatient steeds into keeping pace with the wagon even for a few minutes, varied by intervals of walking, gathering flowers and blackberries, fill up a good portion of it. To strangers from England there is always some amusement afforded by listening to the driving of the oxen, and their various names, the laziest one in the span being generally dignified by the name of "Englishman," or "Gentleman," and so getting most of the thrashing. They seem easily driven, and require only two different calls to perform the important operations of stopping when required, and then continuing their progress. A prolonged call from the driver of "Ha-a-a-a-no!" the voice being raised to its highest pitch about the middle of the word, then gradually diminishing, and accompanied by the significant action from the leader of a volley of pebbles thrown in their faces, brings them to a stand-still, and a quick, loud "trek," with a crack of an enormous whip, soon sends them on. Some excitement seems to be going on outside the wagon; there is the sound of repeated blows, and several heads are being thrust out of the tent to see what is going on, when a gentleman comes up with a great snake hanging over his riding-whip, which, after having been duly examined and commented upon, is pronounced by all parties a "nasty-looking thing," and is finally hung over the branch of a tree. Long snake-stories are the order of

the day now, stories of wonderful adventures and escapes, which, though they make one shudder, leave one rather surprised that in a country where they so abound, and it is such a common thing to walk bare-footed among the thick grass and bushes, there are yet so few fatal accidents. Among the natives there exists a superstition that should the snake escape after having bitten you, death is certain, as they believe that the reptile will retreat into some hole, and, rolling into a tight coil, remain there, wishing for and awaiting the death of its victim, with the maliciousness of an evil spirit, until it actually takes place.

Meanwhile the day grows hotter, and the wagon creeps slowly along, up-hill and down-hill, over sand and across water, keeping up the same monotonous motion, only varied by a slight remonstrance in the shape of a creak from some part of the woodwork, or, as the wheel tumbles into a rut, a sudden jolt which throws you into the arms of your opposite neighbour. But the forest, which has been in sight for some time, is now beginning to resolve itself into definite shape, and expectation becomes more eager; then a sudden turn of the road brings it into full view, and, after a slight detention at the toll-house, the wagon passes on under the trees, and we are actually in the veritable forest.

There is an unanimous agreement that as the forest is mostly all alike, and we have set our hearts on reaching no particular spot, we will soon abandon the wagon, and wander about for the rest of the day on foot. A wagon-road passes straight through the forest by which the timber is brought out, and numerous slip-paths branch off in all directions to the places where the logs have been felled, so it is only necessary to follow one of these in order to explore the beauties around. Creeping ferns and blackberries line the sides of the road; such splendid berries, hanging in rich black clusters from their slender stems, and growing in such profusion that in five minutes everyone has an abundance of the ripe cool fruit. How refreshing the cool shade is after being exposed so long to the hot sun; and what a pleasant crackling the dead leaves make under our feet as we walk along. The beaten paths are soon forsaken for the more intricate ones, where you can bury yourself to your heart's content among cool green leaves and ferns. Overhead, through the canopy of green, the little patches of blue sky seem so far away, and the sunligh

streams down through the trees, and casts little flecks of gold over the brown gnarled stems and the dancing leaves. But why try to describe what is truly indescribable? rather let me recount the adventures of our party, and leave imagination to picture the scenery.

For a short time everyone was content to sit quiet and admire, enjoying themselves too thoroughly to talk much about it, till at length one mischievous young spirit, overflowing with mirth, threw a great handful of berries on the prostrate form of her neighbour, lying looking up at the sky through the green network, with half-shut eyes, and then springing up, broke her way through the branches, and declared her intention of looking for ferns. So the spell is broken, and the party disperses in different directions. On we go through the sombre forest, waking the echoes with our exclamations of surprise and pleasure, and starting the birds from their mid-day nap among the leaves. On either side rises a green wall of trees; intersected here and there by the gnarled trunk of some tall tree, or a poor fallen giant, shorn of all his glory of branch and leaf, lies across our path, and looking at it half regretfully one notices a new colony of delicate ferns growing in the crevices of the now decaying bark and wood; tree ferns, so tall that you can stand comfortably under them, grow all around, and droop their long fronds, like great feathers in the still air, their brown stems edged with the most delicate green fringe of fern; and many a tiny stream of clear water crosses our way, murmuring its soft low music to the flowers and ferns that line its banks, and bend over its waters to catch a glimpse of their own reflection. Here and there, a noble old yellow-wood raises its lofty crown far above its brethren, seeming almost to rejoice like a living thing in its great strength and beauty, and lending a helping hand to the long coils of monkey rope which tumble up and down among its branches in all manner of strange knots and twists.

And so the hours pass away, and by degrees detachments of hot, tired, but happy-looking people arrive at the spot fixed upon for a meeting-place. Rather a different looking appearance they present to the tidy trim-looking folk who started in the morning, for the brambles have made sad havoc with flounces and rufflings, and the fortunate individual who possesses pins is in great request to repair damages.

Neither have the gentlemen passed unscathed, for the thorns have had no more respect for their coats than for the ladies' dresses, and some even appear in pitiful condition—with the border of their hats torn, and hanging over their faces in fantastic guise.

Roaming in the forest seems to conduce quite as much to a good appetite as wandering on the beach, so luncheon is as welcome under the trees as it was by the sea-shore, and just as well enjoyed. While it is going on, a sound of loud but not unmusical voices in eager discussion is heard approaching, and presently there passes the stalwart form of a Kafir, swinging along at a rapid pace, and carrying the inevitable blanket slung on a stick across his shoulder. A few steps behind follows his wife, laden with the household treasures, —a tin pail in one hand, a bundle in the other, a roll of matting under her arm, and on her head a box, out of the top of which appear the heads of a pair of ducks, who by repeated quacks, protest vehemently against this novel conveyance. To add to the ludicrous effect, the box containing them had probably belonged once to some passenger by one of the coasters, and was labelled "Private Effects," in large white letters on a black ground. Totally unconscious of what was giving rise to the peals of laughter about her, the woman passed by with only a glance at the pic-nickers, and continued her conversation all the more volubly. The figure was graceful enough, even clothed as it was with only a short petticoat of red blanket, and a piece of the same draped round her in such a manner as to leave one shapely arm quite free, and show off the strings of blue and white beads round her neck; brass rings round ancles and wrists completing her costume.

The meal over, the elders of the party rested in the shade, some even managing to enjoy their usual afternoon's siesta, while the younger ones strolled, adding more ferns to their already numerous collection, and memorializing their visit by a great carving of names and dates on the largest tree within reach; passing away the time so pleasantly that there is some difficulty in getting them together again for the homeward journey; and by the time this is done, wagon inspanned, and horses ready, it is six o'clock, and there is no prospect of reaching home before dark. We bid a reluctant good-bye to the old forest, watching it as far as the road will permit. As the daylight fades, some of the ladies grow

nervous about the state of the roads, and strain their eyes to discover precipices and mud-holes, but soon the kindly moon smiles down upon us from her throne, and we are able to see how slight the danger is after all, and so grow merrier, and wile away the time till we reach the village again, about nine o'clock, startling the quiet inhabitants by our laughter and songs.

"It has been so pleasant!" exclaims everyone, as we stand together a few minutes before parting; and somehow those two days pleasuring together have brought us near to the strangers whom we may perhaps never meet again, and so reluctantly we bid them a hearty good-bye, only hoping that the travellers may have as pleasant a remembrance of their visit as we entertain ourselves.

Knysna. K. H.

Troubles of the Newly Married.

This extract from "My Scrap Book" is evidently the production of a morose old bachelor.

To judge from the smiling emblems with which the fancy of the poets has invested the fact of being married, one would suppose it to be a matter of unmingled jocundity. Hymen, the Graces, every better looking deity, is pressed into the service of the young couple, and he who is not happy on his marriage day is set down as one who will never be happy. I fear, on the contrary, that, in a great majority of cases, the nuptial era is one of the most disagreeable that occurs in the course of a lifetime. This character, I would say, may not belong to it through any fault in the parties, and certainly through none in the great institution itself, but in consequence of a vast variety of little fretting troubles which hardly ever fail to attend the devising and accomplishment of a matrimonial union—troubles only the more pestilent that they seem so inappropriate to a time from which such different results were expected. From the moment, indeed, that a marriage is suspected to be on the tapis, to the time when the world has ceased to think of it, all is annoyance and perplexity, at least to the gentleman—insomuch that I sometimes wonder how people can venture on purchasing even a life's happiness at the expense of such a severe preliminary trial.

It is needless, however, to wonder at this so common adventure, seeing that it is generally entered upon under the influence of a maxim which would perhaps be found at the bottom of more wonderfully hazardous enterprises than we are aware of—that it is better to go on than to draw back. A youth falls into the dream styled love; he looks and sighs, as he thinks, in secret; under thousands of pretences wonderfully imposing upon himself, he contrives to perform thousands of little services to the beloved object; he even attempts verse, and, thrusting into the young lady's album a few anonymous pieces of his own, in which he thinks he has expressed all his romantic feelings, sees with mortified but excusing surprise, that she appreciates nothing about them but the neatness of the penmanship. For weeks, for months, he goes on thus, contriving all kinds of unalarming pleas for visits, spending the time of these visits in a kind of subdued transport, and yet wondering when he retires that he did not enjoy them more. When sensible that it would be improper to

call, he has a consolatory pleasure in approaching the part of the town where she lives, and, if he can get a real business reason for passing her abode, it is—almost as good as a call. By night, the lamp which he sees in her window is as a harbour-light to which tend all the thoughts that form his spiritualised existence. He can gaze on it for hours, and, when it is extinguished, feels as if himself, not she, were involved in darkness. By day, to meet but her school-boy brother, whistling unreflectingly along, is a pleasure to him. The very dogs and cats of the establishment have an interest for him. And all his callings, his obsequiousnesses, his watchings, his abstractions, he believes to be unobserved. No one, he supposes, pays the least attention to what he is about, or forms any conclusion from his conduct. He sees, for his own part, no harm in it; he looks forward to no consequences; he never once thinks of what it is all tending to—when suddenly, some fine day, a free-spoken friend astounds him with—"Well, I hear you're going to get Miss Graham!" Going to get Miss Graham! Cupid protect us! He can only blunder through a denial, and faintly smile away the horrible impeachment. Going to get Miss Graham! To hear her whom he has pictured as the ideal, the angelic, thus spoken of as a mere Miss, capable of being married! To be himself brought—he, the boyish, the bashful, who but last year could hardly face his partner at a dancing-school ball—to be himself brought thus suddenly into the presence of so appalling an idea as matrimony! In a moment, the ridicule which he knows the bare mention of such an event would excite among his friends, rushes before him. He feels himself like one awakening on the brink of a precipice over which he was about to walk. He resolves never to call again, to fly from the world, to bury himself and his sorrows in some wild solitude: at all events, he sees Maria no more—a proceeding which Maria either does not remark at all, or prudently overlooks, from a consideration of her lover's circumstances. But all the swains to whom the imputation of an intention of marrying Miss Graham is made, are not such green youths as this. Many of them are mature and established young men, whom it would be worth while to marry. Perhaps in the very beginning of the entanglement, there might in such youths be a latent notion of matrimony—an occult proclivity—a

kind of hazy half-confessed inclination to fall into the toils. But even in such cases there was always a belief that they were, and would continue to be, at liberty. Not the most distant suspicion was entertained of their ever feeling themselves under any kind of compulsion. Having accordingly allowed themselves to tamper with the outer threads of the network, they are gradually induced to advance a little farther—their very security encouraging them in their progress—till at last the whole world, with the exception of themselves, looks upon the affair as settled, and they discover that the road to the temple of Hymen, like that to the lion's den, has no backward footsteps. Thus it is all managed by a kind of delusion—and necessarily so; for what man, with open eyes, and in sane mind, would begin at the point where retrogression is impossible? No, he must be first pleasantly inveigled into a compromise of his free-agency. So regular is this principle in its operations, that I have formed a peculiar theory of my own respecting celibacy. The individuals suffering under that unhappy condition are not, in my opinion, so often the victims of an indisposition to matrimony, as of an inconvenient perspicacity and coolness, which has disabled them for being deceived. They have never been able to put themselves for a week or two under the influence of a little salutary folly.

One of the earliest of the troubles to which the youth thus unwittingly subjects himself, is the very raillery which usually gives him the first notice of his situation. To the gross and inconsiderate world, that appears only a good joke which to him is a matter of the most profound and affecting sentiment. They accordingly scruple not to assail him with innumerable waggeries, which, though he might have been most ready to join in them had the case been another's, now give him all the pain which a pagan worshipper feels at seeing his idols treated disrespectfully. Under these profanations of his most sacred and endeared idea, he has to writhe up to the marriage day, long ere which they are apt to be lost sight of in other thick-coming miseries, the grandest of which usually arises from the friends of the parties. Who, I would ask, ever heard such a sentence as, "Mr. Wilson is engaged to Miss Smith," without its being immediately followed by another, "And I hear the friends are," &c. —ten to one, something to the old tune of the course of true love

never did run smooth. One thing may be calculated upon for certain, that the friends of *one* of the parties are dissatisfied, seeing that those very circumstances which conciliate the one side, make the opposite party think themselves wronged. Men are reputed to be, in general, very jealous respecting their own interests, and very selfish in the following of their own inclinations; but no man is ever by half so jealous or so selfish in those matters as his friends. Where a common eye would suppose there was the most perfect equality and appropriateness, and where the foolish pair themselves are quite content, the friends will pick you out a depreciatory flaw on one side or other, in a manner quite astonishing. The pecuniary circumstances of the gentlemen and the genealogy of the lady, as well as the genealogy of the gentleman and the pecuniary circumstances of the lady, are scanned with a disinterested solicitude, which would be beyond all gratitude if it only were not so tormenting. The parties may be willing to be happy, but their friends have their interests too much at heart to allow of any such thing. No, no; if you are to be happy, you must be happy upon proper grounds, and, above all things, consistently with the honour of the family. Even supposing all such preliminary difficulties overcome, and the tormentors are at length willing that the parties should seek happiness their own way, how beautifully do they strike in with new plagues at the wedding! "My friend Miss Smith is going to be married next week; but she is terribly perplexed about her friends. She does not like to have a racket, and the room, too, is small; but, then, how to make a selection? She cannot have her aunt Thomson's family without having her uncle Johnson's. For every Black she asks, she must have a White; and you know the Blacks and the Whites were at daggers-drawing all last winter. And then there are Mr. Wilson's friends also to be attended to, who are such strange people—she does not think they will agree at all with her own friends. In short, it is quite a dilemma." Uncles, moreover, expect their advice to be taken about the situation of a house, and aunts about the choice of curtains and crockery; and the gentleman must drag his bride through fifty streets he never was in before, to visit friends whom he has not seen more than once since he was a child, but the half of whom, feeling a reviving interest in him at the present crisis of his life, are mortally offended, if he do not pay them a proper degree of homage.

The unfortunate youth has perhaps lived all his days happily, without reflecting that he had friends: they were people out of his sight and out of his mind, and all connection appeared to have ceased. If he had any acquaintance of them at all, it was only kept up by a nod of recognition once in three or four years across the grave of some mutual kinsman; and having parted at one churchyard gate, he never met them again till they were thronging in at another. But as a battle taking place in a habitually peaceful country would be sure to collect the usual birds of prey, even though they had previously appeared to be extirpated, so does a marriage call up thousands of these friends, with their dim and half-forgotten claims of notice and courtesy. He now hears of cousins, nephews, and grand-aunts-in-law, whose names he scarcely knew before; and as the very novelty and singularity of the circumstances render it difficult to give to each the exact degree of attention that is due, he is sure to send four-fifths of them back to their customary obscurity, with pleas of offence, of which perhaps he does not enjoy the full benefit till his own children are to be wedded, when the whole circumstances are of course renewed.

Another trouble arises from acquaintances. The gentleman and the lady have both had acquaintances, with whom they have respectively lived very happily till now. Marriage, however, alters the face of one's visiting list. There is, be it observed, an eclat in being married, as well as a temporary consequence in setting up house, which, even where neither party is at all elevated by the match, is apt to give them some rather ambitious views. They also, somewhat inconsistently, entertain fixed intentions of economy. They are not going to have great loads of company—only a few very genteel friends now and then. Indeed, they have always looked forward to each other's society as what was to give the chief charm to the connubial state; and the lady for her part declares, that she does not care though she should henceforth hardly see a single soul besides her husband. These notions introduce at the very first an exclusive feeling, which cannot be carried into effect without much pain, and perhaps some remonstrances, from kinsfolk—the eternal friends—one of whom takes offence at the rejection of the Williamsons, another at the overlooking of the Lawrences, and a third at the open disrespect shown for pleasant old Mrs. Johnson, till all is

again in a flame, and the pair, finding themselves deprived of all independency of will, at the time when they are most disposed to exercise it, fret themselves out of all comfort, and almost wish they were still unwed. In addition to all this, there is the chance of the lady, not liking some of those friends whom the husband has introduced, and of the gentleman slighting those of the lady, and the difficulty, at the very best, of causing them to amalgamate properly when they happen to meet—for just as surely as that there must be some presumed disparity in the condition of the parties themselves, will there be a disparity in the status of their respective troops of acquaintances. Altogether, there is usually a very pretty amount of troubles and perplexities on account of the acquaintances.

They are not yet done, however, with the kinsfolk. Mothers-in-law and sisters-in-law and brothers-in-law have to be conciliated and made *real friends* of on both sides; a task requiring so much abject deference and such persevering attentions, that not one person in a hundred will accomplish it without tiffs and storms innumerable. This is a trouble usually most trying for the lady, and the first of the above-mentioned relations is that from whom she generally suffers most. It is not apparently in human nature, except in very rare circumstances, for a woman to take kindly to her daughter-in-law. An injury is felt at the very first to have been inflicted, which to "forgive" would be indeed "divine." Under the influence of this feeling, the elder party can hardly, by any degree of philosophy in herself, or virtue in the other, by any amount of proffered affection, or any sum of advantages which the world may suppose the bride to have brought into the family, be induced to treat her as otherwise than an alien and an intruder. She may profess to feel differently, and may think that she does; but nature is nature, and four of every five, in their secret hearts, justify that remarkable principle in our old ballads, which invariably represents mothers-in-law as odious in that relation.

Such are a few of the more common vexations of the newly married, and it must be allowed that they form a strange enough introduction to a condition which not only perfects immediate happiness, as far as that is possible in this sphere of being, but is the foundation of all those affections by which we are elevated, purified, and blessed through life.

Fishing off Robben Island.

Some years ago a series of papers appeared in the *Cape Monthly Magazine*, on that much-neglected subject "Cape Fishing;" they were written as much to supply a want, as to give, it may be but scanty, information on a subject never before touched in its pages, and although they bore no scientific impress, they appeared to have met with some favour.

Almost surrounded as our peninsula is with water, teeming as the sea does with fish innumerable of various sorts, and conveying therefore the means for unlimited sport, it yet appears to be thought quite a red-letter day, when any of the civilised nomads of Table Valley go forth in search of fish, except at the market. Indeed, in a very long experience I cannot point to a single piscatorial brother, or one who persistently year by year pursues fishing, or who has sustained its traditions for any period beyond the limit of a week or two. It would seem that the love of such sport is not inherent in, or does it form any part of the physiology of our city men, it may be and often is want of opportunity, in many a decided want of taste, or the more practical and immediate results of *mal de mer*, but whatever the cause, it remains an established fact that as amateur sportsmen we are not distinguished.

Regretting not so much the degeneracy of the times, as the sad want of discriminating power in the men who build up our sporting world, I shall now attempt to give a few of my own experiences, and show what can be enjoyed by those who pursue sport, not for profit, or the world's applause, but for its own sake, and for the occasional production of the curious and rare specimens which sometimes emerge from the deeps of the sea, and which assist to adorn the shelves of many a museum, and private collection of the lover of science.

It is not many months ago, it may be six, that I got up what may be deemed a private fishing party; it consisted simply of myself, my good tried and valued friend of years, a strong built dingy, ten feet by four and a half, two galjoen nets, each one hundred and fifty feet long, a fishing box, or box of tackle containing everything for catching fish of any size from a klipfish to a red steinbrass, and a trenchant harpoon. Armed in this formidable and very satisfactory

way, full of ardour, and longing for the fight, I started from Mouille Point some three quarters of an hour before sunrise, feeling as jolly and as happy as a school boy on his first nutting expedition. The morning was delightful, the sea a veritable mill pond, and the promise of sport magnificent. My destination was Robben Island, my propellers a pair of capital scoop sculls each eight feet long, glorious for a long row, and my trust lay in a clear, smooth, quiet day.

And a remarkably beautiful morning it was, scarcely a breath the whole length of the way, not even the soft breathing of a new-born zephyr; the water everything that could be desired, smooth as a mirror, and of that clear bright colour so dear to the heart of a fisherman. Rowing under such very favourable conditions was a pleasure indeed, and as the grand old sun rose, and shed its radiant beams in golden light on the ocean I found myself nearly half way over, and very much refreshed by the display of the changing colours sunrise had evoked. I felt like a poet, and less like a fisherman than ever I can remember, but as the sun gained a more commanding position in the heavens, the poet sank lower in his own estimation, and the fisherman felt the triumph was his, as it undoubtedly ought to be under such very favourable and congenial circumstances.

On an expedition of this kind the true "professional amateur," if he can be so called, has nothing to prepare, nothing to consider, he has only himself to consult, and if he has any of the sailor or the soldier element in him, his preparations for the day or the week are matters of but a few moments. On which principle my war material is always ready and at hand, my commissariat can be called upon at a word, so that there is no delay in starting, and when one goes on an occasional holiday the value of time is a very important element in the calculations and anticipations of the full day's outing. It ought not to be wilfully thrown away, as every moment is valuable; from sunrise to sunset there are but very few hours, and as times flies very rapidly when on a fishing expedition, punctuality in starting is a very serious factor in the arrangements. Another matter is the proper preservation of your fishing tackle. Whenever I return from a piscatorial foray my first care is to dry all lines and nets before returning them to their normal receptacles, and the second thing is

to replenish the hook case, so as to be in immediate readiness for anything that may turn up. So that if a shoal of snoek appear in the Bay I am ready for them without the anxious preliminary work of looking for lines and hooks in odd dusty corners, where they are generally heedlessly thrown by the uninitiated, and where in nine cases out of ten they cannot be found. So the opportunity passes, and the amateur feels he is the victim of his own negligence; with the careful, therefore, even in fishing, virtue is its own reward.

I trust my good-natured readers will pardon this digression, its subjects are really of value, and if I have even a little gone out of the regular path it is because I feel a deep interest in their own good. Full of enthusiasm myself I would be much gratified if only a little of its rays could be made to shine upon others.

There are two modes of determining the half way route, or distance between Mouille Point and the island, one is the opening out or appearance of the little sugar-loaf hill lying to the eastward of the Hout's Bay mountain as viewed from the sea, the other is when the centre of the three peaks of the Tigerberg range comes directly over the farm-house at Platte Klip. This last is generally looked upon as the surest index, as the farther you steer to the westward after passing the line of the old lighthouse, the sooner the sugar loaf peak will appear, while neither an easterly or a westerly course seems to make any difference in the apparent fixity of the Tigerberg peak as a sure and safe indication. This would appear to me from long observation to be a correct guide, and I know how longingly the afflicted on board the *Gnu* look for this half-way house, and how much more longingly they wish to be put on shore when the short, but oft-times very rough and stormy, passage is over. It seems to me that the second half of the distance to Robben Island is the longest. After you have marked your time and taken the mean of your beacons, and you feel sure you are just half way over, it is a long and weary row before the other half is covered; almost convincing you, if such were possible, that it must be multiplied by two.

After exactly two hours, very pleasant and easy rowing I reached the island, and passing the flag staff on its eastern point I went on steadily to Murray's Bay, where I proposed to set my galjoen nets. Murray's Bay, or a little beyond it, is a famous place for the galjoen fish, especially in south-west and south-east winds, but then comes the

often disastrous drawback, sharks abound there. It is not the trouble they give during the day, but at night they swarm inshore and your net in consequence will be a twisted cord in the morning, not only filled with dead, dying, and living sharks, but adorned with graceful festoons of entangled crawfish which have been attracted by the unusual accumulation of food, and assist to decorate, while they materially help to destroy, the net. Crawfish are exceedingly impartial fellows, they always deal out even-handed justice, the scales never suffer in their hands; they object to nothing living or dead; so long as its foundation is composed of something they can eat, and they can get at it, they are there. Even the human face divine has no terrors for them, indeed they rather like it. They are terrible scavengers, and just now Table Bay is uncomfortably full of them.

Now nets for catching galjoen are set at right angles to the shore, they are as it were anchored at each end, and as the net is so fitted that the lower side shall reach the bottom, it is necessary to furnish a buoy at the outer end, attached to a rope two or three fathoms long so that you may haul them up to the surface; the weight of the leads being always so arranged as to more than counterbalance the buoyancy of the corks. It is therefore that a net of this kind can only be marked like a ship's anchor with a buoy, and only by such mark is its precise locality known, even to its own setters—that is the fishermen who set the net. It must be remembered that a galjoen net is but ten or twelve feet deep, and when the place in which it is set may sometimes have three and four fathoms of water, a buoy is a very necessary adjunct, for without such an indication your net would be nowhere.

So I set my two nets in what I conceived to be two excellent stand-points, one net some quarter of a mile from the other, and so set that any fish, no matter of what kind, coming along shore at that portion of the Murray Bay side, must as an inevitable result be entangled; and it was therefore with the most perfect equanimity that I set out for the grounds where fish were to be caught by the hook. And yet, notwithstanding the glories of hook-fishing there is a certain degree of excitement in net-fishing; the two, I know, are totally dissimilar, though culminating in the same result. Now not many months ago I had a very long galjoen net set opposite my house at Mouille Point. I came from office at half-

past four, a very respectable sea was running, and a strong westerly wind was blowing, but I made up my mind to visit that net, for I had an instinct something was in it. Well off I went, rowed through the channels of the rocks, though surrounded with foam, and got to the net. It was just sun-set. In it there were galjoen fish, sharks, dog-fish, a magnificent horse-fish, which I failed to capture, and an enormous sting rae, crawfish also hampered the net exceedingly. The sea running was too high to enable me to do more than take out the galjoen, clear the net of the sharks and dog-fish, and regret I hadn't brought a harpoon to secure the sting rae, a fellow of some four feet beam; but my regret was far more for the loss of the horse-fish, which I had promised myself to send to my old friend, Trimen, for I felt sure such a magnificent stranger would have been cordially welcomed at the Museum.

This is a paper of digressions; and my readers must pardon me if I run about in a random manner to describe matters which only can be descriptive in the way I put them. I am sure my professional brothers, my Rogge Bay friends, won't mind it, for many of them with their far more constant and extended experience can tell tales to which my little history is but a mere fleabite, and thus will only be too glad to endorse this mere trifle,—a trifle in comparison with their far more substantial knowledge. What a pity it is they don't write, or that there is not some fisherman of true genius to tell the story as it should be told; a mine of literary wealth I feel is left unexplored. My diggings are but on the surface, and as such I hope they will be taken, and all shortcomings forgiven.

After I had set my two nets as above described, I quietly paddled along shore before seeking the spots where the Hottentot fish and white stumpnose most do congregate, and as I glided along I occasionally stopped the ship just to look over the side. I was at this time perhaps a hundred yards from the rocky beach; and yet in water not three fathoms deep and as clear as crystal. I beheld swarms of large plethoric aldermanic Hottentot fish swimming lazily below, not a fellow under five pounds weight, their great blueish-looking tails lazily moving from side to side, for the day was too hot for swift locomotion, and they didn't in consequence crowd

too much together, nor were any of them remarkable for activity, for like ourselves they doubtless felt the warm influence of the hour. I tried all sorts of inducements to persuade them to come out of the wet, none were of the slightest use, my fat friends in the pure bright shallow sea were evidently too wide-awake, and with a disappointed heart I sought, in deeper places, fresher fields and pastures far more new.

So rowing on and on I reached at last a fair forest of fine sea-weed and anchored so as to secure a clear pool just under the boat's stern. There was an unmistakeable look of sport about the whole locality, about the marine landscape generally, which assured me I would not be disappointed ; the water was the correct colour and the depth five fathoms ; the occasional whisk of a blueish tail near the surface told me my friends were ready, and as the result proved most gallantly ready they were.

I fished with a hand line and with Limerick hooks Nos. 3 and 2, tied to double gut, prepared by myself, and one after another, as fast as I could haul them in, came up bouncing fat Hottentot fish, varied now and then by a grand white stumpnose, a huge klip-fish, or an occasional galjoen. With the largest sizes a considerable amount of play was necessary,—one fellow of seven pounds weight kept me going for some minutes, while an occasional mackerel varied the assortment. With all this small fishing so-called, I kept a large line overboard baited with half a harder for geelbeck or gabeljouw or indeed anything really big. It was not long before my leg was nearly pulled out of the boat, for to that appendage while catching the smaller fish I had tied the line, and like a shot I had my friend in hand—it turned out to be a gabeljouw of the largest size, and much trouble he gave himself, before he would be induced to enter the boat, it was only by the persuasion of a stout kerrie that he was finally coaxed into accepting the invitation so cordially offered him. It must have been very gratifying to his feelings to know I was only too glad to see him. A little after this a six foot shark had a shot at the harder, and was hooked in an instant ; I quickly tied a couple of corks to the end of the anchor line and slipped ; wherever the shark went, the boat being light followed, the line was very strong, and the hook equally so ; the shark getting tired of this amusement I got him alongside, cut him down through the back bone near the head with a sharp knife, and let him go, as an accept-

able present to the crawfish he delights to prey on, when after changing their skins they are so very helpless; this was an act therefore of retributive justice. Exciting as the sport had hitherto been it was very well sustained by my friends below, and it was only the imperative call the galjoen nets had on me, that induced a visit to them both. Fastening two large corks to the anchor line to mark the spot on which I had gathered so many sporting laurels, I hove the end overboard and proceeded in shore to see what the ocean snares would render to their owner.

The wind was westerly, a light breeze, the sea still very smooth, so my row of a mile was a delightful change from the pleasant inaction of exciting sport. When I came to net No. 1 I hauled on the buoy rope, and lifting the lower seam, examined it fathom by fathom until the shore end was reached,—the result was, first a galjoen, second a fine white stumpose, third a spotted dog-fish, then a sand-creeper (a species of flat-fish), followed by more galjoen in single file, until ten had been numbered. In the second net at first starting three galjoen produced their credentials; these in their turn were followed by a couple of sharks, while the remaining portion of the net produced fourteen galjoen and a white steinbrass. Altogether a very fair idea of quantity as well as quality. I now was pretty well off, and might have gone home with kudos. I had in the boat already some fifty large Hottentot, a gabeljouw, a couple of geelbeck, ten white stumpnose, several small fish, and the produce of the nets, but I felt at the early hour of one o'clock I was not sufficiently rewarded. So I lunched—Spartan fare—plain cold corned beef, and a little weak whiskey and water, nothing more. When a man goes in for sport and sport only, like a soldier in the field, he should keep himself in training, for without self-denial in abnormal luxuries fishing cannot be properly enjoyed. When men make up fishing parties they as a rule either get a huge sailing boat, or a large rowing boat, fill her with any amount of ammunition, both solid and liquid, and forget before very long the main object of their expedition. Such men are not fishermen, they dishonour fishing by making it the pretext for a spree, and come home elated certainly, but not with sport. In short they don't mean to go fishing, it is oftimes so laborious and so very slow, and with the impatient it

is intolerable, therefore some other stimulant is absolutely necessary, and must be called in to assist, at all events to enliven, if not really to comprise, all the sport.

After lunch I again gladly resumed my task, and found my limpid friends again all I could possibly wish. From fifty Hottentot I ascended the hill till I reached a hundred; I added to my store of white stumpnose, and another patriarchal gabeljouw honoured my hook Altogether the sport so far as the day had advanced, was everything I could possibly wish, and as the afternoon continued very fine, as the winds were hushed and it was deliciously smooth, I made up my mind at three o'clock to pick up the galjoen nets and row home. One after another the two nets were hauled in the boat, containing another dozen of galjoen, besides the usual normal shark, one or two of which had twisted each his particular part, giving me some little trouble to unravel the uncanny knots so tied; and then being duly knocked on the head were allowed to submit to the established law of gravitation by sinking to the bottom.

The steamer was lying quietly at anchor, and I could have placed my boat on board, and so have returned, but it was so lovely, the weather so delicious, the water so lake-like, that I determined to paddle up; the row down had been so enjoyable that I looked forward with pleasure to the row up, and a sweet little voyage it was: the sun trended to setting when I was within a mile of the Mouille, and just at that moment I tumbled on a shoal of snoek; the work, as might be expected, was short, sharp, and decisive. In fifteen minutes I had thirty-two in the boat, and as it was quite as much as I cared to do after my long day's work, I very gladly paddled along till I reached the welcome shelter of my dear home rocks.

Thus have I essayed a brief sketch of one day's fishing at Robben Island, single-handed fishing: I came home very fairly loaded, and when I reached my own welcome little Bay I confessed even to myself that not for many a day have I had such sport, combining as it did exercise with excitement, excitement with health, and hopes for the future of many a similar enjoyable time. It must be borne in mind that I am a social being, and would much like a companion on these long excursions; but when my friends see my little craft, they shake their heads, and thus I find myself invariably in a minority of one.

C. W.

On the Study of Literature.*

When in the Middle Ages a candidate was promoted to his Degree in Arts, what was he supposed to know? When the student (say) of the University of Paris, having received his "licence to teach" from the Chancellor of the Cathedral of Notre Dame, appeared before the Rector of the University to receive the bonnet of Master of Arts, what was the range of knowledge over which he was understood to have gained mastery? What were the arts or *fitnesses* he was supposed to possess? He was supposed to have studied aud mastered the seven Liberal Arts of the *trivium* and the *quadrivium*—the *trivium* or foundation course embracing the three studies of Grammar, Rhetoric and Logic or Dialectic, the *quadrivium* embracing the superstructure of Arithmetic, Geometry, Astronomy, and Music.

Can we then recognise the course of to-day in the University course of six centuries ago? Leaving science apart for the present, to be treated by more worthy hands, we see that, if in different material, yet in virtually the same method and for the same purposes, the attention of him who aspired to the name and standing of scholar and gentleman was directed very earnestly and continuously to the study of words. In the mediaeval interpretation of the words, "Rhetoric included poetry, history, composition,—the humanities in general; dialectic took in the whole of philosophy." But, before the aspirant could begin the systematic study of these "humanities," long and systematic drill had to be undergone in Latin grammar. Latin grammar, Latin dialogues, Latin hymns, Latin composition,—this, continued for three years, was the preliminary discipline of the great monastery schools in France; and the University feeling and legislation on the subject was epitomised in the proverb "Qui nescit partes, in vanum tendit in artes." †

But it may be said, surely you are acting unwisely in holding up before us a study and state of things which have no connection with the study you are charged with; you are using an argument which tells for the study of Latin literature, and so far encourages the exclusion of English literature! To this it may be answered, *first*, that it does us good at all times to be brought into contact (even *historical* contact) with men who did what they thought best to be done with all their heart and strength;

* Opening Address in the Class of English Literature, Stellenbosch Gymnasium, 1879.

† Matthew Arnold: *Schools and Colleges on the Continent*, ch. i.

and, *secondly*, that it is of great importance to call attention to the fact that the long tradition of the most highly civilized nations of the world enjoins the "study of words" (using the phrase in a generous interpretation) as a necessary part of the education of all who would claim to be considered *free-born*. That literature on which mediaeval study was concentrated may have had to give way, so far, to those fair daughters of her own, the literatures of the nations who were nursed upon her finest thought; but still the fact remains that in all noble education some share (and that a large share) of time and strength should be given to literature.

At the commencement of another period of our common study of English literature, it may be well to endeavour to acquire some definite conception of the nature and aims of the study of literature in general.

Literature is a sublimated form of what is contained in and expressed by those "letters," which are the instruments of our earliest discipline. Our education begins with our "letters;" and yet we designate one who has given more than ordinary care to the perfecting of his education—"a man of letters." What connection is there between our earliest school study and the most mature? What is our alphabet? *Now*, our letters are symbols of sounds, as they in turn are symbols of thought; once upon a time men's writing was pictorial, that is, men painted the figures of the things about which they were thinking. But whether by actual imitative lines or by conventional signs for sounds, all alphabets, all letters, are but means more or less fit to convey from mind to mind the matter upon which thought has been busy and the result it has come to.

Alphabetic writing, "letters," may be employed for many purposes which do not fall within the scope of literature. You have inscriptions on palaces, bridges, tombstones, on stamps and seals and coins and rings. On all these you may find "letters;" do all these belong to literature? Again, take all books, journals, newspapers in print, all essays, diaries, note books, and correspondence in manuscript; are all of these to be classed as literature? Take again many of your books of study, books on chronology, geography, physiology, chemistry. Do you class these together with, or apart from, such works as the Canterbury Tales, Shakspeare's Plays, the Paradise Lost, Scott's and Dickens' and Thackeray's novels, the Idylls of the King? If apart, why? Can you point to any distinction, by applying which you may be able to select out of all things printed and written all that you would be disposed to call literature?

Let us try to get at the distinction in another way. Compare the account of the battle of Waterloo, as given in an ordinary school history, with the verses of Byron, beginning, "There was a sound of revelry by night." In the one you have an account more or less accurate, and full of facts; in the other the storm of the three terrible days is suggested in the lurid light of the clouds, which give warning of its approach, and in the cold ghastliness which settles upon the soaked and trampled clay, when its fury is spent. The difference between the two accounts does not lie in the fact that they differ in length, or that one is in prose and the other in verse; the difference is in the choice of the points to be made prominent, and in the arrangement of these so as to reveal the writer's state of mind, and reproduce it in the reader. In Byron's verses we are enabled to get sight of the writer; we feel that he has told the story in his own way, that his personality colours and modifies his statement. We understand his statement, but we are further conscious of receiving a special and high degree of pleasure from the mode in which the statement is made; the *matter* has not been neglected, but the *form* has received great, if not supreme, consideration. We are conscious of the writer's *power*; and all such writing of *power* we distinguish from books merely of *fact and information*, by the name of literature. Literature will include all books in which the *form* of saying is an important, or the all-important, thing; all books in which the writer has infused himself into his writing. All books of power are powerful over men in the measure in which they contain *humanity*, or moral and intellectual leverage.

Let us pass from literature in general to English literature, the books of power written in the English language. These books, written in our English tongue and by our English kindred, are full of power, as being the outcome of a large and vigorous *humanity* developed in the centuries of change and struggle and progress that have made the English Nation. The tongue has shared the vicissitudes of the people who speak it, and literature and language together reflect strangely, yet faithfully, the nation's history.

Fourteen centuries ago bands of heathen German and Danish pirates began pouring across into Romanized Britain, bringing with them new institutions, a new language, and at least one work of a great new literature. For six centuries, more or less, they fought and conquered and ruled, divided lands, made laws and books, made and unmade kingdoms, and built castles and towns and churches, having thrown off their

wild wandering ways and accepted the religion of the "white Christ." At the end of six centuries there came a change. Far off kinsmen of theirs, who had lived for nearly three centuries in the adjacent land of France, and had established there a powerful military organization, laid covetous and conquering hands upon the fields and castles and wealth of Angleland. With the conquerors came new laws, a new language and civilization, and so much at least of a new literature. Then came three centuries of struggle, during which a gradual approximation and assimilation took place between conquerors and conquered; and Chaucer and Wycliffe appear together in the close of the Hundred Years' War, which severed the kings and nobles of England from interest* in the soil of France, and welded Saxons and Normans into one compact English people. Two centuries later still, England accepted the Reformation, and cast in her lot with those nations of Northern Europe who finally renounced the authority that had succeeded the old Roman Empire. The Wars of the Roses had been over for a century; printing had been invented, and America discovered; the Reformation had been accomplished and the Armada destroyed. It was the age of Elizabeth, the age of Burleigh and Frobisher, and Drake and Raleigh; and by a coincidence which was no mere chance, it was the age of Spenser and Shakspeare, the age from which we currently date our modern English form of speech.

Much more might be said in illustration of the strange sympathy subsisting between a nation's history and its language and literature. Sufficient has been said, if the truth has been impressed that English literature is the net product left in writing of the most varied moods of the most cunning workers with English words, as they have watched, opposed, yielded to, or governed, all the currents of influence straining through our varied national life during at least twelve centuries.

Here, then, is a sufficiently wide field for the strongest worker and the longest life. But, though the field is already vast, we have also to bear in mind that it is constantly extending. Through twelve centuries we look back to Caedmon in Northumbria, chanting in Saxon speech his story of Creation to the men whose ancestors brought over from Friesland the old story of Beowulf; our eyes and thoughts travel reverently and slowly over the intervening names of Layamon, Langland, Chaucer,

* From interest, that is, in French Domains held as fiefs from the King of France as feudal superior. Further contests took place on the footing of renunciation of fealty; but these further contests only fused the elements of the English nation more completely.

Spenser, Shakspeare, Bacon, Milton, Bunyan, Dryden, Pope, Johnson, Cowper, Wordsworth, and De Quincey, to Tennyson and Browning, and Ruskin and Carlyle. But even then we are not bid to pause. The vista of our hope and pride is not closed. No "sign set in the heavens" forbodes as yet the extinction of the national life, out of which this magnificent literature has sprung as the splendid flower and finish; and, if at some distant day in the future England shall have fallen from her place among the nations, then in that "Greater Britain" of the Western world and Oceania, her descendants and pupils will reverently study and loyally perpetuate the literature, whose seeds were sown and whose first fruitage ripened in that land, which her greatest literary son has lovingly styled

> "This little world,
> This precious stone set in the silver sea. . . .
> This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England. . . .
> This land of such dear souls, this dear dear land,
> Dear for her reputation through the world."

When the field is so vast, and is still widening, and when life (or that portion of it which we can give to literature) is so short, there is need for thought as to the disposal of the short time we have. In this respect, if in no other, our brief period of common work may be expected to be of some little service to those who wish for guidance in private study.

Much as to the matter and method of study will depend on the spirit in which, and purpose with which, the study is undertaken. Books may be read, simply that they may be labelled in the memory and spoken of in society as having been read. Those who read in this spirit will find enough to occupy them in the books of the season, and the journals of the hour and day. Books may be read simply to kill time; but they who read in this spirit will not likely trouble themselves to catch the distinctive aroma of true literature, will not find any delight in watching the delicate workmanship of speech with which the true word-artist adorns his theme, as with encrusted gems; such readers have given themselves up to "intellectual dram-drinking," and they have paid the penalty of all excess in the loss of healthy relish for the true and beautiful and good. Books may be read to qualify their readers for examinations upon their contents, and entitle them to prizes and distinctions; and of such readers we may say, "Verily they have their reward!" But, even when their desire has been granted, leanness has been sent into their souls, if no higher, purer craving has been excited, urging them to a goal beyond that to which they first girded their loins to run.

To state fully the characteristics of the true student of literature, would require the selection of the choicest passages of our best writers. For nearly every one of them, with more or less emphasis and exultation, has claimed citizenship in the republic of letters, and professed himself a lover of good books and the men who have written them. With Chaucer, we should have to love, even while we laugh at, the Clerk of Oxenford, who sacrifices much that he may keep his beloved books. We should have to listen to the impassioned champion of free thought, free speech, and a free press, as he declares that, "a good book is the precious life-blood of a master-spirit, embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life; . . . and revolutions of ages do not recover the loss of a rejected truth, for the want of which whole nations fare the worse." The reverence for good books, which Milton thus expresses, is cherished too by methodical, hard-working Southey, as, sitting in his library, he sings softly his gratitude for the companionship of his books :—

> "My days among the Dead are passed;
> Around me I behold,
> Where'er these casual eyes are cast,
> The mighty minds of old:
> My never-failing friends are they
> With whom I converse day by day."

We should have to listen to one of our greatest living orators, a man who enjoyed no University training, and has been all his life engaged in private as well as public business, revealing one secret of his wonderful charm of speech, when he tells us that he has endeavoured every year to read and master at least one great English book of power. With more of this thorough and self-surrendering spirit of study, this desire to wait upon and at last enter into the spirit of the great teachers, there might perhaps come a larger infusion of the spirit to which Dean Alford was wont to give expression, when he said that on closing any great and good book, he felt prompted to rise to his feet and return thanks for what he had received, as if he had been sitting at a King's banquet.

These quotations and notes may help us to understand some of the motives, methods, and responsibilities of true students of literature. Recognizing that literature is the fine art of speech, they will patiently study the choice of word and structure of line and sentence, that thus they may more truly grasp the thought of the writer, and the feeling which lives and pulses under and through the thought. They will try to find in word and tone some image of the "living, thinking, feeling man,"

to whose companionship they have joined themselves over a gulf (it may be) of centuries; they will try to see how he bore himself under the burden and heat of *his* day, that they may find relief and change from the burden and heat of their own, or perhaps even counsel and encouragement. And as with the history of the individual so with the history of the nation; *its* life is mirrored not less truly, if not so clearly, in its literature. The old Viking spirit of enterprise and adventure, combined with a yearning love of home; strong self-reliance united with, and based upon a recognition of Divine control over the destiny of nations; personal independence, joined with law-abiding patience;—all phases of the national spirit and all changes in the national fortune are reflected in the national literature. Thus the true student of English literature cannot help becoming a student of England's history, a not unconcerned spectator of her present position, and (let us hope!) an intelligent and willing co-operator in advancing her best and highest interests.

> "Love thou thy land with love far-brought
> From out the storied Past, and used
> Within the Present, but transfused
> Thro' future time by power of thought.
>
> True love turn'd round on fixed poles,
> Love that endures not sordid ends,
> For English natures, freemen, friends,
> Thy brothers and immortal souls."

Only one wider circle of sympathy remains, namely, when we forget patriotic exclusiveness and acknowledge our brotherhood as men. Into this circle also the study of literature will bring us, if pursued in the proper spirit. The book which is powerful through the humanity of the writer ought to widen the human sympathy of the reader.

T. W.

Rough Notes on Comets.

"The extraordinary aspect of comets, their rapid and seemingly irregular motions, the unexpected manner in which they often burst upon us, and the imposing magnitudes which they occasionally assume, have in all ages rendered them objects of astonishment, not unmingled with superstitious dread to the uninstructed, and an enigma to those most conversant with the wonders of creation and operations of natural causes." Thus did Sir John Herschel, writing in 1848, introduce the subject of comets in his "Outlines of Astronomy." And now, in 1880, I do not know that there is occasion to qualify any word in the sentence. A comet has recently appeared, unpredicted, in our skies; and though more than one theory of comets has been brought forward, who can say that the enigma is solved?

In the following pages I propose to set down a few notes upon cometary facts and theories. Though undoubtedly imperfect, I hope they will not be found inaccurate.

The Appearance of Comets.—The ordinary conception of a comet is that of a body, more or less bright, shaped somewhat like a lady's nearly closed fan. At one end there is a brighter portion, often called the head of the comet—the rest is tail. So essential is this tail to the full conception of a comet in the minds of most people, that I believe there are many who could not by any stretch of the imagination picture to themselves a tail-less comet. And yet, when a comet first makes its appearance, while it is yet *far from the sun*, it is seen as a small round or somewhat oval nebulous body, quite destitute of tail, and having a minute point of more concentrated light eccentrically situated within it. Such, for example, was the appearance of Halley's comet. As it nears the sun the comet rapidly developes a tail. In some cases this is of enormous length, that of the comet of 1769 extending, as Sir John Herschel tells us, ninety-seven degrees. In other cases the single long tail gives place to several, which may assume the form of a partially spread-out fan. But besides this magnificent appendage, which, as we shall see, always points away from the sun, a comet often shoots forth from its nuclear portion bright jets of light, which struggle for some distance

towards the sun, but soon seem to be blown backwards as if by a strong wind. "In this way the *coma* or hairy envelope of a comet's head often presents a curious appearance of many strata ranged round it like the coats of a leek, and continued backwards to the tail."—(Tait.) And not only does the head of a comet thus change in form, it changes also in size; its volume being smallest when it is nearest the sun. Finally, it appears that "no solid nucleus has yet been certainly observed in any comet. In fact fixed stars, even of small magnitude are readily seen—without any visible displacement—through all parts of the tail, and even of the head, of a comet."—(Tait.)

The orbits of Comets.—The orbit of any astronomical body is the imaginary line which marks its course in the heavens. Such an orbit is always approximately one of three conic sections, an ellipse, a parabola, or an hyperbola. To understand what these conic sections are, imagine an ordinary cone standing symmetrically upon its circular base. A section parallel to the base and perpendicular to the axis gives the circle: a section parallel to any side of the cone gives the parabola: a section the inclination of which is intermediate to these gives an ellipse: while a section more highly inclined than the parabola gives an hyperbola.

To make this matter clearer I give a description kindly drawn up at my request by a friend:—"A *cone* proper consists of two infinite circular pyramids, one upon the other, apex to apex, so that their infinite axes form one straight line. Cut off perpendicular to the common axes of the pyramids equal definite portions. We now have what popularly would be termed one cone standing upon another. Take a knife. Cut through (say) the lower cone, perpendicular to the common axis, and we have a section called the *circle*. Cut in a slanting direction, so as not to intersect (though as a limit you may graze) its base, and we have the section called an *ellipse*. Now cut so that you do intersect the base, but, if you raise the knife, you do not, as yet, intersect the upper cone. We obtain what, for the moment, we will call *unclosed* curves. We shall obviously have these unclosed curves in all sections from that which is the last ellipse, when the knife just grazes the base, until the knife is cutting in a direction parallel to the surface of the cone proper. A greater

inclination of the knife gives us a double section called the hyperbola; the knife now slices off equal portions from the upper and lower cones. Imagine that our two (so-called) definite cones are prolonged indefinitely so as to produce the real cone. What were before unclosed curves on the definite cone, become, with one exception, closed curves (ellipses), on the infinite and real cone. The exception is when the knife cuts parallel to the infinite surface. This one section is called the *Parabola*. It is the limit between the ellipse and the hyperbola."

With regard to these three conic sections this is to be noticed. The ellipse is a re-entering curve, or one which returns into itself. The hyperbola and parabola are not re-entering curves. Suppose an ellipse be traced on the surface of a cone. If a fly walk along the trace, he will ere long find himself coming back to the spot from which he started. But if such a fly start along either a parabolic or a hyperbolic trace he will never return to the same spot again.

Now the orbits of the *planets* are ellipses. The imaginary line which a planet traces in the heavens is not, indeed, a perfect ellipse, "for the orbit itself is revolving about the sun; it is getting elongated and then flattened in turns, and even the plane in which the motion takes place, sways slowly from side to side of its mean position." We may, however, safely say that the orbits of all the planets are approximately ellipses. All the planets, moreover, revolve around the sun in the same direction; and all the planets, with the exception of some of the asteroids, revolve very nearly in the same plane. That is to say, if we make a model of the solar system on the dining-room table, the models of the sun and planets will not be far from their true relative positions if they all rest on the table.

On the other hand, the orbits of all the known comets are not ellipses; some seem to be not unlike parabolas; a few appear to be hyperbolic. Now those comets which move in apparently parabolic, or in hyperbolic orbits, have, in all human probability, never been seen by man before, and will, in all human probability, never be seen by man again. From the depths of space they have emerged—to the depths of space they will return. Those, therefore, who say that an astronomer should be able to predict the advent of *any* comet, talk nonsense. But not only in the form of their orbits do comets differ from planets. They differ also in the fact that they do not

all revolve in the same direction—some are retrograde, some direct; and they differ again in the fact that they do not all revolve in the same plane: "they are just as likely to dash into our system from above or below, as they are to come into our system on the same plane as the planets."

For these and other reasons, astronomers believe that even those comets, which now form part of our system, are comparatively late importations—wandering masses which have been drawn into our solar eddy by the influence of the larger and more distant planets. Somewhat may however be said for the view that the Comets are *true*, not imported, members of the solar system.

The motions of a Comet in Orbit.—In an elliptic orbit, the sun occupies one of two corresponding points called the *foci* of the ellipse. The more oval the form of the ellipse, the further removed are the *foci* from the middle of that ellipse. A comet, therefore, revolving in an elliptic orbit, is at one part of its course much nearer to the sun than at another. Now with regard to the rapidity with which the comet moves in orbit, it is found that the nearer its path approaches the sun the more rapidly it moves.

Enke's Comet.—Before leaving the subject of the motion of comets, attention must be drawn to the behaviour of Enke's comet. This comet moves in an elliptic orbit, and has a short period of about three and one-third years. It is found, however, that the period is very gradually decreasing. Now this is just the effect which would be produced if the comet were retarded by the friction caused by its passage through the etherial medium, which permeates space. Professor Enke, therefore, supposed that the retardation was due to this cause, and his explanation has been very generally received. We must remember, however, that the retardation may not impossibly be otherwise caused.

The heat and light received by a Comet from the Sun.—When the path of a comet carries that body very near the sun, the amount of light and heat which it must receive is so great as almost to surpass our powers of comprehension. The comet of 1843, for example, is stated by Herschel to have received, when nearest to the sun, an amount of light and heat, such as our earth would have to endure were she within the influence of 47,000 suns instead of one.

The behaviour of the Tail.—While the comet is approaching the

sun, the tail undergoes rapid and remarkable changes. This appendage is, in fact, as we have seen, only developed as the comet nears the sun; while the luminous jets make their appearance at the same time. The tail is often developed with extraordinary rapidity. "The comet examined by Newton in 1680," says Tyndall, "shot out a tail sixty millions of miles in length in two days." But the most remarkable fact about comets is, that the tail always streams away from the sun. To do this in the case of a large comet, the tail has to sweep round with enormous velocity. In the case of the great comet of 1843, for example, the tail, which was more than a million miles in length, whirled round through an angle of 180 degrees in little more than two hours. The velocity of the motion of the end of the tail was certainly more than 50,000 miles per second.

The light given out by Comets.—The heavenly bodies shine in two different ways. Some, like the sun and stars, give out light of their own. Others, like the moon and the planets, reflect the light of the sun. A comet shines in both these ways. The head or nucleus shines by inherent light; the tail is bright with reflected sun-light. And what, it may be asked, is the nature of the inherent light of the nucleus? The answer is a strange one. It is not very different to the light which would be given out by glowing coal-gas. So that, if we are to believe the spectroscope, the light of a comet's head is the light of a glowing hydro-carbon, like ethylene or olefiant gas.

The Mass of Comets.—Concerning the quantity of matter which may go to the making of a comet opinions seem to differ. Sir John Herschel poetically writes, "It will then be evident that the most unsubstantial clouds which float in the highest regions of our atmosphere, and seem at sunset to be drenched in light, and to glow throughout their whole depth as if in actual ignition, without any shadow or dark side, must be looked upon as dense and massive bodies compared with the filmy and all but spiritual texture of a comet." And in favour of this view he quotes the fact that Lexell's comet, which passed nearer to Jupiter than the fourth satellite of that planet, and which was thereby altogether twisted out of its elliptic path, caused no perceptible derangement in the motions of Jupiter's system. Professor Tait, however, tells us that Herschell's remark is to be treated as little better than ingenious trifling!! He

tells us that if we take the mass of a comet at one-thousandth of the mass of the earth, this is probably *very* far below the average.

Cometary Theories.—We will now proceed to consider some of the theories which have been proposed to account for the phenomena of comets.

1. *The Repulsion Theory.*—This theory is adopted by Sir John Herschel in his "Outlines of Astronomy." According to it, the matter of the nucleus of a comet is dilated into a vaporous state by the action of the sun's rays. The vapour escapes chiefly in the direction of the sun, but is prevented from proceeding in this direction by some force directed from the sun, by which it is carried back so as to form the tail. The greater portion of the comet, however, remains unvaporised, while much of the vapour goes to form the head and coma. The energy of this *levitating* force very far exceeds the opposite gravitating force. The tail in its various positions is not to be considered as the same mass of vaporised matter "brandished like a flaming sword" round the sun, but as fresh matter continually streaming forth. It is, therefore, very conceivable that a comet may lose, at every approach to the sun, a portion of that peculiar matter, whatever it be, on which the production of its tail depends.

The chief objection to this theory seems to be that it calls into play forces about which we know nothing whatever. An explanation describes the unknown and unfamiliar in terms of the known and the familiar. And if this be so, that which describes the unknown and unfamiliar in terms of forces which are also unknown and unfamiliar is no explanation at all. This theory, therefore, is little better than a confession of ignorance. To confess our ignorance may indeed very possibly be the wisest thing that we can do. But, if so, it is unwise to throw that confession into a form which looks like an explanation.

2. *The Actinic Theory.*—Professor Tyndall, at the end of his "Heat, a Mode of Motion," gives us another theory of comets. It rests on the following experiment. Into a tube, three feet long and three inches wide, air was allowed to flow over a pellet of blotting paper, moistened with a certain liquid (iodide of allyl). A little vapour of this liquid was thus carried into the tube A powerful electric beam was then sent through the tube. The result of the chemical action of the so-called actinic rays of the beam was the decomposition of the

vapour, and the formation of a cloud of separated particles. At first this cloud was blue, but as more particles separated it became white. The amount of light which it reflected was "simply astounding," but at the same time the cloud was "far too fine to dim in any appreciable degree objects placed behind it." "Placing," for example, "a page of print so that it might be illuminated by the cloud itself, it could be read *through* the cloud without any sensible enfeeblement." At the same time, "the weight of the matter which sent this body of light to the eye would probably have to be multiplied by millions to bring it up to the weight of the air in which it hung."

Now, according to Professor Tyndall's hypothesis, a comet is composed of vapour decomposable by solar light, the visible head and tail being an actinic cloud resulting from such decomposition. It can be proved by experiment that the formation of such a cloud may occur either with comparative slowness or almost suddenly. As the comet wheels round near the sun, the tail is not composed throughout of the same matter, but of new matter precipitated by the solar beams.

Two antagonistic powers are, in fact, brought to bear on the cometary vapour. The one an actinic power, tending to produce precipitation; the other a calorific power, tending to effect vaporization. When the former prevails, we have the cometary cloud; when the latter prevails, we have the transparent cometary vapour. That precipitation should occur behind the head of a comet, or in the space occupied by the head's shadow; it is only necessary to assume that the sun's calorific rays are absorbed more copiously by the head and nucleus than the actinic rays. This augments the *relative* superiority of the actinic rays behind the head and nucleus, and enables them to bring down the cloud which constitutes the comet's tail. The old tail, as it ceases to be screened by the nucleus is dissipated by the solar heat.

Such in brief outline is the actinic hypothesis. I am not aware that it has received any great amount of support from astronomers and physicists. Although it does away with many difficulties, it involves some assumptions. But the assumptions are of a rational order.

The Meteoric Theory.—In "Good Words" for December, 1875, Professor Tait gives an account of a theory of comets, which was

first brought forward, I believe, by Sir William Thomson and himself. Rejecting former hypotheses, he supposes a comet to be a mere shower or swarm of stones of various sizes, "from macadam, through brickbats, up to boulders and perhaps further." He maintains that the sudden development of the tail is a mere optica effect, due to the fact that the particles of which it is composed suddenly or rapidly get into such positions as to enable them to reflect to us the sunlight they receive. "Thus the gigantic motions of the tail in sweeping round the sun may be merely the running along of the optical condition of visibility among a swarm of separate objects, each of which is moving with a velocity neither extravagantly greater nor extravagantly less than would characterize a planet or other portion of matter at the same distance from the sun."

Professor Tait then proceeds to show that the meteorites would be constantly coming into collision with one another, as the result of which some of them would be rendered incandescent; any gas in which they floated would be made to glow with the heat; and some of the stones would be smashed into smaller pieces, forming a finer material or "tail dust" capable of reflecting light.

Although this hypothesis seems to account for many of the facts, the question may perhaps fairly be raised whether a cloud of meteorites could withstand such intense heat as that to which, as we have seen, the comet of 1843 was subjected when nearest to the sun. I must confess, too, that I have failed fully to grasp the conditions under which the reflection by sunlight from a cloud of meteorites, or from the dust formed by their constant collisions, could present to us effects such as are presented to us by comets. Professor Tait, however, assures us that "there is an *embarras de richesse* in this simple hypothesis, for it is capable of explaining almost any phenomena whatever in the changes of comets and their tails, whether such phenomena have ever been observed or not." After which statement I suppose we should dismiss scepticism. Still, for my own part, I think it probable that, whether a comet be a cloud of meteorites or not, some such actinic action as is assumed in Professor Tyndall's hypothesis may be the cause of the phenomena of the tail.

There are, however, some striking facts which appear to lend support to the meteoric hypothesis.

The connection between Comets and Meteoric Swarms.—One of these facts is the connection which an eminent Italian astronomer, Schiaparelli, has shown to exist between meteor swarms and comets. It is well known that on certain nights of the year we may look out for great numbers of shooting stars. These shooting stars are masses of meteoric matter, which become incandescent during their passage through the earth's atmosphere. And it is worthy of notice that, were it not for the protection of our atmosphere, in which these "shooting stars" are burnt up, we should from time to time be subject to the bombardment of thousands of meteoric missiles, moving with a velocity hundreds of times as great as that of a rifle bullet. Now the orbits of the various meteoric swarms is known, and Schiaparelli has shown that in some cases these orbits correspond with the orbits of certain comets. For example, it is found that the orbit of the Lyriad Shower (April 20) corresponds with that of a comet of 1861; that the path of the Perseiid meteorites (August 10 and 11) agrees with that of a comet of 1862; that the orbit of the Leoniid shower (November 13 and 14) answers to that of a comet of 1866; and, again, that the falling stars seen in the constellation Andromeda (November 27 and 28) move in the same orbit as Bielaa's comet.

"Now, of course, this suggestion of Schiaparelli," writes Mr. Norman Lockyer, "gave an enormously increased interest to the investigation both of comets and meteors; and when the question was thoroughly gone into it was impossible to avoid the conclusion that when we have a shower of falling stars we practically are going through part of a comet, and that when we see a comet in the sky we are seeing the behaviour of a swarm of meteors at a distance."

An experiment made by Mr. Norman Lockyer is important in this connection. He enclosed a number of specimens of meteorites in a tube which was subsequently exhausted of air. He then passed through the tube an electric spark of *low temperature*, and in this way obtained the spectrum of such gases as were evolved from the meteorites. That spectrum was similar to the spectrum of the head of a comet—it showed hydro-carbon. Thus the atmosphere of meteorites is the atmosphere of the head of a comet.

The connection between Comets and Nebulæ.—We have seen that Professors Thompson and Tait consider that comets are swarms of meteoric stones. The same eminent physicists believe that nebulæ

are also clouds of stones "banging about" in an atmosphere of hydrogen. The spectrum of a nebula shows glowing hydrogen associated with something else, the chemical composition of which is not thoroughly made out. And here an extension of Mr. Norman Lockyer's experiment mentioned above is of great interest. Taking the same tube, containing the rare atmosphere of meteorite specimens, he passed a spark of *high temperature*, and instead of obtaining a hydro-carbon spectrum, he obtained a spectrum which, "so far as the known lines were concerned, was the spectrum which we get from the nebulæ."

The connection between Nebulæ and Planatory Systems.—It is well known that Kant, in Germany, and Laplace, in France, conceived an hypothesis of the Genesis of the solar system, which has ever since been known as the nebular hypothesis. According to that hypothesis, the solar system has resulted from the cooling and contraction, during long ages, of a vast nebula. I have no space to enter upon this theory now; suffice it to say, that it has received the support of Sir John Herschel, among astronomers of a generation ago, and of Norman Lockyer, and others of our own time.

Conclusion.—Thus we have seen that the observations of Schiaparelli, and the hypothesis of Thomson and Tait, seem to warrant us in supposing that some connection exists between comets and meteor systems. We have seen, too, that according to Thomson and Tait, there is a close connection between comets and nebulæ, which are also meteoric clouds. And we have just glanced at the fact, that according to the nebular hypothesis now held by very many of the leaders of scientific thought, the solar system was once itself a nebula.

If now we add to these hypothetical views the facts ascertained by chemical and spectroscopic research, that the chemical elements which enter into the composition of meteorites, of comets, of nebulæ, of the sun, and of the stars, are chemical elements, with which we are well acquainted in terrestial substances, we seem to see that this earth of ours is very definitely connected with the whole universe of things, and we begin to obtain some faint foreshadowing of a future more perfect integration of our knowledge of the Cosmos.

C. Lloyd Morgan.

Rondebosch.

Tales of the Frontier.

IN SEARCH OF DIAMONDS.

THERE were hard times in some parts of this Colony in 1870—so hard that only those who experienced them can realize what the phrase "hard times" means. A depression in trade had taken place and something like a panic in business had set in. Wool, our staple commodity, could scarcely bring enough to pay for its freightage, a murrain was thinning the sheep; lung-sickness carrying the cattle off by thousands; failure in the crops; and never before or since in the history of the Colony had merchants known such a time of anxiety, and no hope of brighter prospects was before them. Business and work was at a stand still, and upon no one did the burden fall heavier than upon tradesmen. Men who had been accustomed to living in plenty and comfort were suddenly deprived of the means of supporting themselves and families, and there were many cases of actual want and poverty felt by persons who, hitherto, had only been able to understand the meaning of such terms in theory.

No one felt the hard times more than I, Jim Martin, did. I had been a journeyman carpenter, living in Graham's Town, getting good wages, which enabled me to support my helpless, aged parents and little sister in comfort, and was saving and looking forward to the time when I could bring Maggie May to the home she had promised to share with me, as soon as I could make one for her, and the prospect of being able to do so soon seemed very near. And then the bad times came; how or when they began I cannot tell, but they affected my master, who was obliged to turn insolvent, and I with several others were thrown out of work without a day's notice, and could not obtain employment of any kind in town at all, though the time came when we offered to work in the stores and gardens or anything else, if we could but earn an honest living. I can tell you those were hard times, and I hope never to see such days again. We spent all our savings, while trying to get work, and had to part first with one thing, and then with another, for a trifle to get bread; and were at

last reduced to the necessity of accepting aid from the Ladies' Benevolent Society in Graham's Town for my parents, while I shouldered a havresack with a few tools in, and trudged about the country to the scattered homesteads to look for an odd job or two—many a time being glad to take a bit of meat or a little meal, coffee and sugar, in return for my work, and very thankful and happy I felt if I could carry something back to keep body and soul together for the dear ones at home. Perhaps some of you do not know that the farmers and those living in the country, though possessed of plenty of property, have not always ready money, and often pay for work by bartering mutton, meal, and other eatables with tradesmen. When we were independent, we scorned to work and be paid in kind by them; but I was very glad to do it in the time I am telling you of, and tramped many a mile to get such employment.

On one of these occasions, when I was coming over "Waai Neck," a few miles beyond Graham's Town, I asked a carrier coming along with his wagons to let me ride on one of them into town, as I was regularly fagged. With the good nature and generosity characteristic of his class, he bade the driver "hold still," told me to get into his tent, and offered his tobacco pouch for my acceptance. Conversing on different topics, he told me he was going to the Diamond Fields (which had only recently been discovered) with his wagons, and mentioned that a couple of young Scotchmen, who had come out to try their luck at diamond finding, were going up with him, but were already tired with the ways and aspect of the Colony, and said he would be glad to get rid of them, if any one else would take them. On my expressing a wish that I could get up there too, and speaking of the distressed state I and others were in, the carrier, Simms by name, said—

"Well, if you are not above going with me as a leader, I'll take you. I'm short of a hand, and have had to made the Sandies yonder take a turn at leading in the bad places; but they are raw yet, and don't understand the ropes. One of them got a nasty hit from the bullock's horn, because he went to 'guide him by the horn' as he said. I'll grub you and give you a couple of pound to start with when you get up there, but, mind you, you'll have to lead and take your turn at minding the oxen the same as the black fellows."

I expressed my willingness to do anything required, and said I would be thankful to get up on any terms, as there was only starvation and beggary to be endured about the country in those parts ; but Simms said, "I tell you what, Martin, I have always considered it a disgrace for a man to be hard up in this country. If you are willing to work and use the brains and hands God gives every man, you'll get it of some kind or other. The thing is though, fellows like you, brought up in a town, and to a trade, imagine there is only one kind of work for you, and if you cannot get that to do you would rather starve, or beg, than turn your hand to some other kind of work. But I hold that every man is bound to get on in this country if he is only willing to work and ready to do the sort of work that comes in his way ; but most of you fellows seem to think it a degradation to do anything but work at your trade." I told my new friend that I had tried to get employment of any kind, but failed, and would be glad to adopt any labour that would prove remunerative. "Do you drink ? " he inquired. I replied that I did not know the taste of brandy from gin, or sherry from pontac, and was a total abstainer.

"You ought to get on then," he said, "sobriety and industry are sure to be recognised up in the Fields, and who knows but what you may return to Graham's Town in your carriage and pair, the greatest swell in the country. Some big fortunes are being made up n the Fields, and men who went there a few months ago with not a econd change of clothes, have made small fortunes. But don't think you are going to pick up the diamonds by handfuls up there, because if you do you will be disappointed. There are diamonds found and fortunes made, but it is by precious hard work, I can tell you, much harder than this carrying work, and that is hard enough sometimes. I thought of going in for it, but standing up to your middle in the river washing stones, or using a pick and spade did not suit me, and I left off."

After a little more conversation, Simms advised me to go and make my preparations and join him at Botha's Hill the next day ; and with thoughtful kindness slipped a couple of sovereigns into my hand for the old folks at home, saying I could return them when my fortune was made at the Fields.

I had some trouble in getting my parents' consent to leave them, but on the ladies of the Benevolent Society promising to look after them till I could send something for their support, they consented. As for Maggie, dear Maggie, who was indeed the jewel her name indicated, she put no obstacle in my way, and only smiled when I promised to send her bags of diamonds and rubies to deck herself with, and declared she would not wear them.

"You find them, Jim," she said, "and sell them to the people whose station in life such things become, but don't send any for me to wear. I have too much respect for myself to make myself ridiculous. How unsuitable it would seem for me, a tradesman's wife that is to be, to wear diamonds while scrubbing floors and washing pots."

It was hard work parting from Maggie, and father and mother;—harder because I could not leave them with means to sustain life, and uncertain how long it would be before I could send them any money. But I was young and hopeful. My carrier friend had infused some of his own independent spirit in me, and inspired me with hope. I was determined to deem no task too hard, or any work too undignified, if I could only become a rich man. Bright visions of diamonds and precious stones lying waiting for me to gather them floated before me, and with a firm step and brave heart I joined my new master at Botha's Hill the next day, and began my new apprenticeship as leader to a wagon. Talk of hard work—just go as leader to a wagon with one of those quick travelling, energetic carriers, and you will never think anything else "hard work." You have to lead, or drive, all night, mind oxen all day, snatch a morsel to eat when you can, and sleep only when the oxen will let you, as they are creatures prone to wander away and get lost if a sharp look out is not kept on them. And then the food you get to eat—dont talk of it; half that goes down your throat either in a solid or liquid state is dirt. Dirt and dust seem to be the principal ingredients in a carrier's pot and kettle; and be as careful and clean as you will it finds its way into your stomach when travelling by wagon. There was not much in the way of adventure during the journey up. The chief trouble we had was to find good grass and pure water for the cattle; and prevent them being impounded. The wagons were only capsized

twice, and broke down three times during the journey, and Simms seemed to think he had made a very prosperous trip, as the natives are generally so reckless and stupid about driving that they are always upsetting the wagons. But we had fine fun with the young Scotchmen going up. They were thoroughly disgusted with the country at first and the slow mode of travelling. The grand mountain scenery, and the picturesque country we passed through had no charms for these unromantic and practical sons of Caledonia. When Simms would draw their attention to some pretty homestead, whose white walls could be seen amid the orange trees that surrounded it, the Sandies, as Simms persisted in terming them, would enquire if there was anything fit to eat to be obtained, and declared the most beautiful country in the would not compensate them for an empty stomach. Even when some good-hearted farmers would supply us with food, they grumbled at it. The meat they said was tasteless, tough, and unfit to eat, the bread black and heavy, the brandy and tobacco only fit for colonists. The roads were compared to monkey tracks, and when offered some green mealies, they declared they were only fit for cattle to eat. It was not flattering to hear the opinions they expressed about our towns and villages; but Simms was quite able to retort upon them. Every Englishman, who is a "new-comer" to the Colony is deemed a fit subject to mislead, and play tricks upon by "scampish," colonists, especially carriers. The "new arrivals" generally challenge one to impose on them by the airs and graces they give themselves, and affecting to be more refined, intelligent, and "knowing" than us, that really we would no more lose the opportunity of playing a few tricks on them than sailors would think of letting you "pass the line" without paying toll to old Neptune.

At Fort Brown were prickly pears grow in luxuriant profusion. Simms sent the leaders for some, and telling the travellers they were colonial apples, offered them a share, they, poor fellows, took up one each, and bit it, thorns, peel, and all. What a roar they let out, and Simms had to clear out. After that they were rather suspicious of Simms' information on the nature of the productions of the Colony. One morning we found ourselves without bread or meat, and nothing to eat but some porridge or

"pap," as we call it on the road, which one of the native boys was making in a dirty looking pot, and stirring with a *yoke skey*, taken out of one of the yokes. "Well Sandy," said Simms, "have you had any breakfast this morning?"

"As much as any one can get in this blessed country," growled one. "All you have to do is to lay down on your stomach at the first pool you come to, and take a good drink of water; it's about the only thing your country is good for, is it's water. You think if you give a fellow water, you have been very hospitable."

"Here, come down, man," replied Simms, "and come and have some of this pap, it's not bad if you're hungry; and though it is not quite as thick as that the Picts and Scots carried in their saddle-bags, when they used to swoop down on the poor Britons, still it will go down with a little fat; or, if you're dainty, I daresay we will find some sugar for you."

"Ye dirty, filthy specimen of a dirty, starved, beggarly country! de ye think I'd eat yon stuff if I was starving!" the Scotchman replied; and endured the pangs of hunger till the next outspanning took us to a farm where provisions could be obtained.

We had a Kafir boy for one of the leaders, who used to give me lots of trouble, losing the oxen. When it was his turn to mind them, he would go off to sleep behind a rock or bush, and then we would have to tramp for miles to search for them. When asked why he let the cattle get lost, he would reply, "I was sleeping a little, sir," as if that was a part of his duty.

Simms said, "Joseph (the leader) came to him with a certificate of good character from Lovedale signed by one of the ministers, and was engaged for a year. Among his other accomplishments, Joseph said he had studied botany as taught him by one of the teachers, and talked a great deal of corollas, petals, and stamens. My wife was delighted to get hold of such a treasure, as gardening is her hobby. Here was a fellow that could be trusted to work in the garden, and would be able to discriminate between a flower and a weed, and assist her in the cultivation of flowers and vegetables. All went very well for a week or so. Master Joseph was a capital boy, my wife declared, and began to crow over me, because I would never employ an educated native; but by and bye, she saw the work in

the garden did not progress, and found Mr. Joseph used to dilate on the mysteries of botany and the Linnaean system to the othe servants, who were Hottentots, and thought Joseph was a regular don scholar. My wife remonstrated with him for wasting the time, but like a good many of us, he could not resist the temptation of impressing his fellow-creatures with a sense of his cleverness. So he was passed over to me for a leader, but he thinks it very derogatory in a botanist to be a leader, and either goes botanising or sleeping, and loses the oxen. I shall be glad to get rid of him, and get a less classical fellow to lead."

It took us thirty days from Graham's Town to the Fields, which we reached without any other adventure than that of the breakdowns. Here, after helping my employer to load off and get out of the Fields, we parted. I, with only two pounds in my pocket and a blanket which Simms gave me, set off for Du Toit's Pan, which was only then discovered, and to which there was such a rush. The owner, an old Dutchman, named Du Toit, sat on his wagon box, surrounded by his buxom wife and daughters, staring at the people as they came thronging past him, and took possession of his farm and commenced to dig, without even asking his permission. One or two more experienced diggers, endowed with good perceptive faculties, paid him seven and sixpence or ten shillings for the right to work a claim for ever, and some paid ten shillings a month. The poor Dutchman was so confounded with the confusion and tumult that he assented to any proposal made to him, and was not at all sorry to sell his farm altogether to the company that bought it, and thought he had made a good bargain with the Englishmen for a piece of ground quite useless for agricultural purposes. It puzzled the poor old man very much to know what they wanted to pick and dig there for. "Were they going to make gardens, or what?" And when I, who had a smattering of Dutch, and enjoyed a chat with the old man over a basin of coffee at night, explained that we were looking for stones for ladies to wear, he was thoroughly disgusted, and said "the English must be a nation of fools to dress their women out with stones. Did stones not abound in England, that people from there came to Africa to find them?"

I invested one of my pounds in a life-long claim, a pick and spade, reserving the other to buy food with. I set to work on my claim all by myself. No tent or bed had I, and only the one pound to buy food with, which was very dear in those days at the Diamond Fields, and I had to save all the scraps and bits left from one meal to eat at the next one. But hope was strong in me, and the almost fabulous accounts of diamonds found, and the prices obtained for them, encouraged me to hope. Then, too, the knowledge that I must either work or starve strengthened me; and the prospect of relieving the dear ones at home invigorated me, imparting new life to me as I toiled in the burning sun and hot winds. The first week I found nothing; not even the sign of a diamond rewarded my labours, and the second week was drawing to a close with my gloomy prospects still before me. My last shilling had been invested in a box of sardines and a scrap of bread, to save the trouble of cooking. Not a penny had I on the Friday morning of the second week to buy a bit of tobacco with. I was in a dilemma to know what I should do, if fortune did not smile on me that day. Should I hire myself out to some other more fortunate person, or should I sell my claim and try another one; but then I had no money to get provisions, and it is hard to work on an empty stomach. It was with rather a sad heart that I drove my pick into the gravel and shovelled out the contents of the hole, and patiently searched for the bits of shining stuff which was to represent food, house and home for me and those dear to me. Midday had come, the sun shone down in full force; most of the diggers had gone to rest and dine. I had neither dinner to eat, as I had eaten half for breakfast and saved the rest for supper, and I had no tent to rest in, so I kept on at work, and about two o'clock as I was sorting, the sun's beams shone brightly on something glittering in the gravel. Instinct told me it was a diamond, though I had never seen one before. It was small, but it brought me great joy. I found many stones afterwards, scores of times larger than my first one, but I never experienced so much satisfaction with their discovery as I did with this one. It is possible, I think, for one's heart to be in his mouth, for I found myself unable to speak or move for some minutes. Here at least was means to carry on my digging operations for

a little while longer. My diamond was only a two carat. I only got one pound ten shillings for it from a broker who was making a large fortune by buying diamonds from diggers whom necessity compelled to sell them. Next day I found two more small diamonds, which I parted with, sending the proceeds of one to my parents, to whom I wrote now for the first time, and with the money obtained by the other one I bought another pick and bucket, and hired a native to help me to work my claim. Fortune, which had hitherto frowned on me, now bestowed her favours freely. Before a month I had a hundred pounds in my pocket, besides what I had sent home, and expended on food, tent and wages. I bought two more claims, hired people to work, and only did the superintending and sorting, and though it may seem incredulous to those who know nothing of the first days of the Fields, yet three months after I left Graham's Town, poor, wretched, and a beggar, I entered it again in the passenger cart, as big a swell as anyone with five hundred pounds in my pocket to lay in my mother's lap. It would be impossible to describe the joy of that meeting, and the fun we made of all our troubles as we sat down to a dainty little supper, I with "Maggie by my side." I told them of all my struggles for the first weeks, and showed Maggie some splendid diamonds, that in spite of her remonstrances I was going to send to England to be set for her, to wear on her wedding day, which was fixed to be in three months more if success still crowned my labours. We did not forget through whose goodness we had been preserved and blessed so abundantly, and Maggie insisted that we should distribute £50 between the different places of worship in town as a thank-offering; the tenth part of our possessions, she declared, should always be devoted to the Lord's work, and little enough it would be for all He had done for us.

Landed property was at a discount just then in Graham's Town, and I bought a splendid house, cheap, for my parents to live in, and provided them with means to support themselves with in comfort and plenty, while I returned to the Fields—that El Dorado of the brave-hearted, energetic, and industrious. My efforts were again rewarded, but I cannot tell you now how rapidly my fortune increased. It was just something to be wondered at and believed in, the way that

diamonds turned out of those claims. I was not the fortunate discoverer or owner of the "big" diamond, but I did find some large ones, for which I was paid a very good price, and often blessed the love of display that induced the lovers and wearers of diamonds to pay such good prices for them. I never rail any more at the feminine love of wearing jewellery and finery, when I remember how many lives were made happy, and competencies realised through the sale of diamonds.

When I went to claim my bride at the end of the three months, it was with a thousand pounds in my pocket, another thousand in the bank, besides a good paying interest in the claims which were entrusted to a partner to look after.

But though the money eventually repaid me for all the privations endured, yet it was hard times at the Fields, I can assure you. Food of every description was very dear and scarce. The river was twenty miles away, and water was brought to Du Toit's Pan in casks on carts, and sold for two shillings and sixpence a bucket sometimes. Those of you who have never-failing rivers and streams running near, cannot realize what a scarcity of water means; but up at the dry diggings the meaning of the term was known only too well till wells were sunk and dams made, and even then it was not too plentiful. Many a time have I given threepence and sixpence for half a pint of water. Those who indulged in the luxury of a sixpenny wash had to save the water, to wash their cup or bason in again, and the pot or pan afterwards, for even if you had plenty of money, you could not get plenty of water, it had to be divided. It is noonder that so much liqour was taken up, and consumed on the Fields. Bread was scarce, wood unattainable, and what with hard work, bad food, no water, and a scorching sun, many of the diggers fell a ready prey to the fever that spread like a pestilence through the diggings. It was sad to see them carried out by dozens sometimes to be buried; and those who made money in the Fields then deserved all they got, for the risk and hardships were great and many.

But my story is too long already, and it only remains for me to add that I paid for, and furnished my house, got married, have lived happy ever since, became the father of two strapping boys and a fairy-like

girl, invested my capital in a thriving business, which has prospered well, and I, Jim Martin, who once walked Graham's Town streets without a penny in my pockets, or a morsel at home to eat, am now a respectable citizen of it, and am always thankful for the advice and assistance that induced me first to start off "in search of diamonds."

Of my fellow-travellers up, I did not see much till some time afterwards, when in the course of business I met the Scotchmen again. I need scarcely say that, like all their countrymen, they knew how to make and save money when opportunity offered, and though the fare on the Fields was not any better, if as good, as that on the road, yet they did not complain. Occupation and its golden results repaid them for the tough meat, but they often declared they would be glad to get a good drink of water for their breakfasts again. They carried home a heavier purse and better opinion of the country than they went up with, and the intention of coming back to settle on one of those very farms they pretended to think so little of, if they could persuade two lasses to return with them. "Its a fine country, man," they said, "where a man can buy land so cheap, and make money so quick. We would never become landed proprietors in the auld country, if we worked there for years, and we'll come back to it, never fear; but we must go hame a while and show the auld folks we are na turned savages or turned black yet."

I often see my carrier friend, and no one is more welcome to my house than he, and it only vexes me that he will not accept of any substantial return for his kindness to me. I inquired once about the welfare of the botanical leader, Joseph, and Simms informed me that Joseph quitted his service when his time was up, and was now employed as storeman in the Bay, and was very often reprimanded for neglecting his duties by studying the marine flora.

I do not think if anyone goes "in search of diamonds" now, that they will be found so readily, or in such abundance, though rapid fortunes are still being made at the Fields, and I daresay if everyone could or would write the history of his adventures and success at the Diamond Fields, it would be interesting and perhaps startling.

Victoria East. RUBY.

THE CAPE

MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

The Beginning of the European Occupation in South Africa.

From Documents in the Colonial Archives.

(No. VIII.—1660-1661.)

In 1660 a familiar officer of the government dropped out of sight. The Secretary Gysbert van Campen left the Cape for Batavia, and the clerk Hendrik Lacus was promoted to the vacant post. The duties of this officer were then different from what they were at a later period, as the government changed to some extent with the growth of the colony. He kept a record of the proceedings of the Council of Policy, but had neither vote nor voice in the debates; in the absence of a clergyman he performed the marriage ceremony; he drew up contracts and agreements; before him declarations concerning crime were made, though prosecutions were conducted by the fiscal; and a great amount of work in copying letters, journals, and other documents, was performed by his hands. One of his most necessary qualifications was that his penmanship should be good, and now after the lapse of more than two centuries the beautiful black letter which the early secretaries wrote can be read by those who know its characters almost as easily as print. The paper which they used was rougher in surface, but tougher and stronger than that of our times. Age has altered its colour, but the characters upon it, traced with a quill dipped in the blackest of ink, stand out in bold clear lines as evenly arranged as if the work had been done by machinery. They used fine sand to dry their writing, and to-day if the pages are held aslant in the rays of the sun the finishing flourishes are seen to sparkle in the light. Yet the great

grandsons of the great grandchildren of those who in early manhood traced those flourishes may have been in their graves long before any of the readers of these pages were born.

It was necessary in this year to appoint two new burgher councillors, as Jan Reyniers, having been ruined by the war, had returned into the Company's service, and Hendrik Boom had served the full term. The free men nominated Jacob Cloeten, Leendert Cornelissen, Wouter Mostert, and Jurien Janssen, of whom the Council of Policy selected the second and third. The Council of Militia at the same time presented a list of six names, out of which Hendrik van Surwerden was appointed Sergeant, and Herman Remajenne and Elbert Dirksen were chosen to be Corporals for the ensuing year.

On the 9th of May 1660 the French ship *Le Marichal*, Captain Simon Vesron, from Nantes bound to Madagascar, put into Table Bay. She had all told one hundred and forty-eight souls on board, among whom were Lieutenant Pierre Gelton who was going out to assume the government of one of the French factories at Madagascar, a bishop, and three minor ecclesiastics of the church of Rome. On the morning of the 16th the wind set in from the northwest with rain, and gradually increased in force until on the 18th it was blowing a gale, while a heavy sea was rolling into the bay. *Le Marichal* was riding with three anchors out, but her ground tackle was much weaker than that of a Dutch Indiaman of her size. Before daylight on the 19th the cables parted, and then, as there was no possibility of saving the ship, the fore-staysail was run up to cause her to swing, so that she struck the beach with her bows on near the mouth of Salt River. Some of her spars were then cut away, and a boat was got out, but was swamped and broken on the beach.

When day dawned, the people on the wreck were seen to be making rafts, but they did not succeed in getting any of them to land. In the afternoon they sent two letters on shore in a cask, in which they earnestly prayed for help, and a whale-boat was then mounted on a waggon and conveyed to the beach. A line was floated in, and a strong rope followed, along which the whale boat plied once or twice, but only half a dozen men reached the shore that afternoon. In the night the gale abated and the sea went down, so that there was no

longer any danger of loss of life. A place was then assigned to the shipwrecked crew, where they could put up tents and store the cargo. Several restrictions were imposed upon their liberty. One was that all munitions of war, except the arms of the six officers highest in rank, should be given into the custody of the Commander, another, that they should not go beyond assigned limits, a third, that no meetings should be held for the celebration of worship according to the ritual of the church of Rome. A proclamation was also issued by Mr. Van Riebeek, one clause of which prohibited all religious ceremonies in the settlement, except those of the reformed church of Holland. This seemed to every one so reasonable that no demur was made to it, but Lieutenant Gelton objected in forcible language to the surrender of the arms. The Commander was firm, however, and the Lieutenant was compelled to submit.

Captain Vesron and forty-four of the crew were Huguenots, and the sympathy between them and the Netherlanders seems to have been stronger than between them and their own countrymen of the other faith. Thirty-five of the Frenchmen entered the Company's service at the Cape, and the remainder of the crew did the same as soon as they reached Batavia, to which place they were sent in the first ships that left South Africa after the disaster. The ecclesiastics remained here for nearly a year, and then took passage for Europe, after having in vain endeavoured to engage a conveyance to Madagascar. The bishop, Estienne by name, was a man of great wealth and of good family, who had suddenly exchanged a career of profligacy for a life of fervent piety. He had devoted himself to the establishment of missions in Madagascar, and though this was the third time he had been thwarted in the attempt to reach that island, he informed Mr. Van Riebeek that he intended as soon as he arrived in Europe to charter a vessel at his own cost, if none were being sent out by the owners of the factories.

It has frequently been observed in South Africa that an individual European has acquired enormous influence with the natives. This has sometimes been the result of confidence on the part of the weaker race in the good judgment, truthfulness, and friendly feeling of some particular European; sometimes it has been the result of the white man's descent to the level of the native in everything but

energy, daring, and skill. An instance of this occurred in the earliest days of the settlement. It was discovered in 1660 that Herman Remajeune, the man whose name heads the list of South African settlers, had long been carrying on an illicit trade with the Hottentots. During the period of hostilities, when the government was making every effort to find the Kaapmans, he had twice visited their camp secretly. When *Le Marichal* was lost, he managed by night to supply the crew with abundance of fresh beef in exchange for articles saved from the wreck. He was carrying on a large cattle trade unobserved under the very eye of Mr. Van Riebeek's government, and when he was at last taken redhanded, it appeared that he had few other accomplices or assistants than natives. One night he was detected with a party of Hottentots driving a herd of bartered cattle to his kraal, and then the whole of his past transactions became known. His punishment, taking into consideration the circumstances of his case and the ideas of that period, was very light. The bartered cattle were forfeited to the Company, and a small fine was inflicted upon him.

Large herds of cattle were at this time frequently brought for sale by the chiefs of inland clans. The natives were very eager to obtain beads, and parted with many hundreds of oxen and cows to gratify their fondness for these trifles. The quantity of beads given for an ox cost only from eight to ten pence, but there were other and larger expenses connected with the trade. Presents, consisting of copper plates, iron rods, axes, tobacco, pipes, and other articles, were continually being made to the chiefs to secure their friendship, while all who came to the fort were liberally entertained. The mode of conducting the barter was somewhat ceremonious.

A party approaching from the interior sent a couple of messengers in advance to inform the Commander of the number of cattle on the way. At the gate close to the watch-house Keert de Koe, the party was met by a horseman and escorted to the fort. The leader was perhaps Oedasoa, chief of the Cochoqua, a tribe estimated to consist of seventeen or eighteen thousand souls. If so, he was mounted on an ox, and at his side rode his favourite daughter Namies, who was his constant attendant. Behind came a third draught ox laden with mats and necessaries for the journey, while

forty or fifty men brought up the rear and drove the cattle for sale. Or perhaps it was Sousoa, chief of the Chainouqua, a tribe even more numerous and powerful than the Cochoqua. In that case, he was accompanied by his son Goeboe, and the train behind was similar to Oedasoa's.

Arrived at the fort, the chiefs dismounted, and were conducted to the Commander's own apartments, where they were seated upon mats spread on the floor. For Oedasoa, Eva, or Krotoa as she was called by the natives, always interpreted, but when any other chief was the Commander's guest, Doman or Harry attended. After being seated, a complimentary conversation was carried on for a short time, and then an entertainment of bread, rice, cheese, sugar, and wine was served up in tin dishes and cans, which the guests were informed were used only by persons of rank in Holland, never by common people. Sometimes they were treated to music from the virginals, and if it happened to be Sunday the military and burgher infantry were reviewed after divine service, and salutes were fired in their honour. While the chiefs were entertained in this manner in the Commander's quarters, their retainers were feasting in the court-yard of the fort on bread, rice, and brandy. As a rule, no trade was done on the day of their arrival, but on the following morning the cattle barter took place. This was followed by another entertainment, which sometimes lasted for two or three days. When the visitors left, their pack oxen carried presents which had been made to the chiefs and a good supply of biscuits and brandy for use on the road.

The behaviour of the Hottentots on these occasions was always satisfactory, and various pleasing traits in their character were often noticed. If a present was made to one, it was by him immediately divided among them all. The attachment of Oedasoa to his daughter Namies has been mentioned. Once when the Cochoqua chief with a party of his followers was endeavouring to secure some young zebras for the Commander, who wished to try if they could be tamed and used as horses, a great lion sprang upon him and dreadfully mangled one of his arms. His followers rushed to the rescue, and after killing the lion with their assegais, carried the bleeding chief to his hut. Namies then proved her filial affection. She would

permit no one else to dress the wounds, and watched day and night by her father's side till he was able again to assist himself. Once she was ill, and then we are told nothing would tempt her father to leave her, though the Commander sent most pressing invitations to him. An attachment such as this shows that the natives were by no means destitute of humanity. Yet events are recorded which are in strange contrast with these. The mother of Namies was an elder sister of Eva. When she was a girl the Chainouqua visited the Cape and she was carried away by one of them. After a time the Cochoqua made a foray upon the Chainouqua, and among the spoil was this young woman, who then attracted the attention of Oedasoa and became his wife. In a state of society where such events were of common occurrence, it might be thought that family ties would not be very strong. It seems to have been otherwise.

It frequently happened that ships were blown past the Cape without being able to put into Table Bay, and sometimes vessels were actually at the mouth of the harbour when a strong south-east gale sent them to sea again. It was therefore considered advisable by the Directors to have a second place of refreshment somewhere in the Atlantic, and as by order of the Protector Cromwell the English had taken possession of the island of St. Helena, search was at this time being made for another equally convenient station. It was believed that there was a beautiful and fertile island, well adapted for this purpose, somewhere between St. Helena and the African coast. One Lodewyk Claessen, of Delft, who was serving at this time as master ship's carpenter at Batavia, gave out that in the year 1652 he had been twice on St. Helena Nova, as the Portuguese named the island. Hereupon he was requested by the Governor-General and Council of India to give them all the information in his possession, and a very pretty story he put together for their gratification. For four years, he said, he had been a prisoner in the hands of the Portuguese, and during a portion of that time had been compelled to serve in one of their ships cruising about the Atlantic. They came once to a very fertile and lovely island, abounding with fruit, vegetables, and cattle. He knew nothing of navigation, and consequently could not tell its position, but he had heard from the sailors on board that it was half a degree south of

old St. Helena. He went ashore twice, and observed that the Portuguese had two small fortresses there, and were building a third and larger one. In his opinion, the island would make an admirable refreshing station, for it had a good harbour and everything else that could be desired.

It was not only from Claessen's account that the existence of St. Helena Nova was believed in, for it was laid down in various charts long before his story was told. Various expeditions were sent from the Cape to search for this island, but all to no purpose. The fleets, when they left for Europe, sailed in a long line with the ships a few miles apart, and so the ocean was scoured for years, until St. Helena Nova was erased from the maps.

An attempt to reach the Empire of Monomotapa was also made from the Cape in this year 1660. Under the stimulus of large rewards, which were offered for any discoveries of importance, a number of volunteers offered their services to the Commander. Since the return of the last exploring expedition, Mr. Van Riebeek had been diligently studying different books which treated of the geography of South Africa, and he believed, therefore, that he could now fix the exact position of Monomotapa and its chief cities. As authorities he had Linschoten's celebrated work, Father Martinus Martini's verbal description of the country, and the Portuguese books of travel, geography, and history. The Commander was of course familiar with the Portuguese language, which was then the common medium of conversation between Europeans of different nationalities in the East, and it must have been frequently used at the fort Good Hope, for it is stated that Eva could speak it tolerably well. From the sources of information at his command, Mr. Van Riebeek laid down the city of Davagul, in which the Emperor of Monomotapa kept his treasures, as eight hundred and twenty-eight English miles in a north-easterly direction from the Cape of Good Hope, and three hundred and twenty-two miles westward from the coast of the Indian Sea, that is, in the neighbourhood of the present town of Pretoria. It was built on the bank of the river Spirito Santo. The city of Cortado on Rio Infante was in the same direction, but much nearer than Davagul. The inhabitants on the route are stated to be the Cochoqua, the Chainouqua, and the Hancumqua.

Next to these last were the Chobona, who were believed to be the people of Monomotapa.

The volunteers were thirteen in number, and were under the leadership of an intelligent petty officer named Jan Danckert. Two of them were men whose names will frequently be met with again. One of these was George Frederick Wreede, a German of good education, who had by some means got into the lower ranks of the East India Company's service. The other was Pieter van Meerhof, a Dane, who came to this country as a soldier, but as he possessed some skill in dressing wounds, was soon afterwards promoted to the rank of under-surgeon. With the party went also the interpreter Doman, who had been living at the fort since the peace, and was now doing his utmost to regain the confidence of the Commander. They left the fort on the 12th of November, taking with them a supply of bread and other food on three pack oxen, and trusting to obtain a sufficiency of meat with their muskets.

The explorers travelled northward, keeping along the base of the mountain range which separates the western coast belt from the interior. Here and there they encountered small parties of bushmen, some of whom dropped their arms and fled in consternation at sight of the strangers, while others held friendly communication with them. They passed through a region which they described as the veritable kingdom of the moles, where travelling was most difficult, as at every step the ground gave way beneath them. At length they came to a river flowing towards the Atlantic, and on its banks were two or three hundred elephants feeding, from which circumstance they gave it the name which it still bears. They believed it to be the river laid down in Linschoten's map, which had Vigita Magna upon its banks.* At the Elephant River some of the party rested, while the leader and a few others

Note.—I have been unable to procure a copy of Linschoten's work, but from the extracts in Mr. Van Riebeek's writings I am inclined to think that the African portion would be valuable now principally if not solely as showing the geographical errors which passed for truths in those days. There was once a copy of this celebrated book in the Dessinian collection of the South African Public Library, but the librarian informs me that t disappeared many years ago. So rare is it in Europe that thirty guineas have been offered in the *Times* for a copy. I understand that the Hakluyt Society contemplates publishing an English translation of it at no very distant date.

pushed on a little further to the north. At the most distant point reached they saw smoke rising far away ahead, and were informed by some bushmen that it was from the fires of a Namaqua encampment. Most of the party were by this time so fatigued that they were indisposed to go further, and the leader was therefore compelled to turn homewards. They made no discoveries of importance on the return march to the fort, which they reached safely on the 20th of January, 1661.

The intelligence which they brought of having seen the fires of the Namaquas called forth such a spirit of adventure that in ten days another exploring party was ready to set out. It consisted of thirteen Europeans and two Hottentots, under the leadership of Corporal Pieter Cruythof, with the under-surgeon Pieter van Meerhof as journalist and second in command. This party followed the same route as the last, along by a mountain to which they now gave the name of Riebeek's Kasteel, and then selecting the least rugged pathway to the north. Not far beyond the Elephant River they fell in with eighteen or twenty Namaqua hunters, who, after some hesitation and repeated invitations given through the interpreters, came up to them in a friendly manner. Presents of trinkets were made to them, and in a few minutes confidence on both sides was fully established. Some of the natives remained with the Europeans that night, and on the following morning conducted them to a village at no great distance.

This kraal of the Namaquas, under the chief Akembie, consisted of seventy-three huts ranged in a circle, with a few others in a group outside. Meerhof estimated the owners of the huts at three hundred men and four hundred women and children, the proportion of these last being small because the kraal was only a temporary outpost. They had about four thousand head of horned cattle and three thousand sheep, with which they were moving from place to place wherever pasturage was to be found. The travellers were welcomed with many demonstrations of joy. A calf and a sheep were presented to them for food, and the leaders were invited into the chief's hut, where a kaross was spread upon the ground for them to sit upon while they were regaled with milk. In the evening a grand dance ook place in their honour. A ring was formed of between one and

two hundred men, each of whom held in his hand a hollow reed differing in length or thickness from that of his neighbour. In the centre stood a man with a long stick, singing and giving directions. Those in the ring blew into their reeds and went through various evolutions, while outside of the circle the women were dancing vigorously. This entertainment lasted about two hours.

Meerhof describes the Namaquas as larger in person than other Hottentots, and as being better dressed. They wore karosses of leather, or of leopard, wild cat, or coney skins. Their hair was the same as that of the Cape clans, but by attaching copper ornaments to some of the tufts, they managed to stretch them out so as to fall round their heads. On their arms they wore ivory and copper rings. They were acquainted with the art of smelting copper and iron, of which metals they manufactured ornaments and weapons. Their habitations, like those of their race elsewhere, were merely hemispherical frame works of wood covered with mats, and could be moved from place to place almost as readily as canvas tents. The most important article of their food was milk, which they kept in large calabashes and in vessels hollowed out of wood.

The Namaqua warriors carried shields of double oxhide so large that they could conceal their persons behind them. As arms of offence they used the assegai, clubbed stick, and bow and arrow. At the time of Cruythof's visit, there was a feud between them and the Cochoquas. Some bushmen had recently robbed them of a lot of cattle, and they were seeking an opportunity for vengeance upon that plundering race. Presents of beads, copper plates, tobacco, and other articles, were made to these people, but that which seemed to please them most was a red nightcap. The strangers were well entertained as long as they remained, and when they left presents were made to them, of which they took to the fort a young ox and a goat, the last named animal being the first of the kind seen at the Cape. They reached the fort on the 11th of March, having been absent only forty days.

It has more than once been mentioned that the Hottentot clans were generally at war with each other when Europeans first became acquainted with them. Some of their feuds appear to have been hereditary, but others were only petty quarrels. The ill feeling

between the Namaquas and the Cochoquas at this time was not very deep-seated. It had its origin in a deed of spoliation, such as is common among all uncivilised people. Oedasoa, the Cochoqua chief, had fallen upon the clan known as the Great Chariguriquas, and had taken their cattle, upon which they had fled to the Namaquas. These had espoused their cause, but were so lukewarm in the matter that Akembie informed Corporal Cruythof he would make peace at once if Oedasoa would send messengers for that purpose.

The Commander was anxious that the clans in the interior should be on good terms with each other, so that they all might come unmolested to the fort with cattle for sale. He had therefore no sooner heard Cruythof's report, and read the journal of the expedition, than he paid a visit to Oedasoa, whom he addressed and spoke of as the ally of the Honourable East India Company. The Cochoqua chief was requested to observe that the Netherlanders were the friends of all people, their desire being that all should live in peace and trade in friendship. For this reason he, Commander Van Riebeek, requested his good friend and ally to appoint delegates to enter into a treaty with the Namaquas, when a party of Europeans would be sent with them and the tranquillity of the country be secured. Oedasoa replied that he knew the Commander wished all people to live in peace, but he was not so good himself. His followers were more numerous and more powerful than the Namaquas and the Great Chariguriquas combined, and he was disposed to make them feel his strength. He was persuaded, however, to change his views, and after a short delay three delegates of the Cochoquas were appointed to arrange for peace.

Volunteers offered again, and on the 21st of March a party consisting of nine Europeans, the three Cochoqua delegates, and two interpreters, under the leadership of Pieter van Meerhof, left the fort for the country of the Namaquas. They took with them large presents for Akembie, his three grown up sons, and the leading men of his clan. The country as far as the Elephant River was now well known, and when Meerhof reached that stream for the third time he was not sorry to find no Namaquas near its banks, as their absence gave him an opportunity to lead his party into regions where no explorers had previously been. Six days longer he pushed on

northward, through a country more barren and desolate than he had ever before seen or had any conception of. On the sixth day of this wearisome march the party came upon an encampment of the Great Chariguriquas, and found in it some of Akembie's people, who had been left there purposely to receive any Europeans that might arrive during the chief's absence. The main body of the Namaquas had emigrated to the north. However, the object of the expedition was attained, for peace was concluded between the belligerent clans by their representatives, and Meerhof's party returned to the fort Good Hope, where they arrived on the 23rd of April, bringing with them every prospect of a very large increase to the Company's cattle trade.

While efforts were thus being made to open up South Africa to commerce, the improvement of the natives was not altogether unthought of. There were indeed no missionaries, in the present meaning of that word, sent from the Netherlands, but there was at least one man at the Cape who was doing the work of an evangelist. His name was Pieter van der Stael, and the office which he filled was that of Sick Comforter. He was brother-in-law of the Commander Van Riebeek. In 1661 his term of service expired, and a new engagement was entered into for three years, of which the original record is still in existence. In this document it is stated that the Sick Comforter has been very zealous in trying to teach the Hottentots and slaves the Dutch language and the principles of Christianity. His conduct in this respect having been brought to the notice of the Directors in the Fatherland, they entirely approved of it, and to signify their satisfaction they issued instructions that his pay was to be increased to forty-five gulden (£3 15s. 0d.) a month, which was then considered a very large salary for his office. In the agreement, the work in which he had been engaged was recognized as part of his future duty, though he was still to attend to the sick in the hospital, and conduct the Sunday services. The whole number of Hottentots within the settlement at this time did not exceed fifty souls, so that the Dominie, as he was sometimes called, had not many of that people to labour among. Their manner of living, also, was such that any efforts to improve their minds must have been almost hopeless.

Already there was a suspicion in the minds of some observers that the only method of civilizing the Hottentots was the plan followed

in the case of Eva. She had grown up in the Commander's household, where she had acquired European habits and tastes, and where she had learned to read and to act outwardly as a Christian, though as yet she was unbaptized. It appeared as if two systems were upon their trial, each of which finds advocates to this day. Pieter van der Stael exhorting the beachrangers among their wretched hovels under the Lion's Head, trying to make them comprehend the Christian faith, teaching naked and half famished savages the A B C, was the forerunner of a band of men as earnest and self sacrificing as any whose names adorn the pages of European history. Eva, weaned in childhood from the customs of her race, was the first in this country who could be pointed to as an example of the necessity for a training in habits of industry and conformity with civilized modes of living, before any purely religious teaching is attempted.

Documents from which this article has been condensed:—

Instructions. Of Commander Van Riebeek for the guidance of the exploring party under Jan Danckert, of date 10 Nov 1660. Of Commander Van Riebeek for the guidance of the exploring party under Pieter Cruythof, of date 29 Jan 1661. Of the Commissioner Andries Frisius for the guidance of Commander Van Riebeek, of date 11 March 1661. Of Commander Van Riebeek for the guidance of the expedition under Pieter van Meerhof, of date 21 March 1661.

Journals. Of the expedition under Jan Danckert in search of Monomotapa, from 12 Nov 1660 to 20 Jan 1661. Of the expedition to the Namaquas under Pieter Cruythof, from 30 Jan to 11 March 1661. Of the expedition under Pieter van Meerhof, from 21 March to 23 April 1661. Of Daily Occurrences, kept by Commander Van Riebeek from 6 May 1660 to 30 June 1661.

Letters. From the Directors or one of the Chambers to Commander Van Riebeek and the Council of the fort Good Hope, of dates 5 June, 21 Aug, 14 and 15 Oct, 11 and 30 Nov, and 2 and 24 Dec 1660; 7 and 12 Jan, 26 Feb, 18 and 29 March, 19 April, 7 and 19 May, and 1 June 1661. From the Governor-General and Council of Batavia to Commander Van Riebeek and the Council of the fort Good Hope, of dates 15 Dec 1660, and 26 Jan 1661. From Commander Van Riebeek and the Council of the fort Good Hope to the Governor-General and Councillors of India, of dates 18 and 22 June, 15 and 27 July, 27 Oct, and 26 Nov 1660. From Commander Van Riebeek and the Council of the fort Good Hope to the Directors or one of the Chambers, of dates 1 Jan and 3 and 4 May 1661.

Proclamations, of dates 22 and 27 May, 23 June, 5 Aug, 12 and 26 Sept, 31 Oct, and 4 Nov 1660; 2 and 13 Jan, 6 and 21 Feb, and 20 March 1661.

Resolutions and Debates of the Council of Policy, of dates 1 May (two meetings), 24 May, 5 and 19 June, 10 July, 12 and 26 Aug, 10 and 20 Nov, and 13 Dec 1660; 24 Jan, 21 Feb, 2, 7, 12 (two meetings), 17 and 23 March, 5, 12, and 23 April, 6 and 28 May, and 6 June 1661.

The Death of Rizzio.

The Queen sat sad and pensively
In the old and gloomy hall,
While the flick'ring lamp light brightened up
The pictures on the wall.

A few tears trickled down the cheek
She rested on her hand,
As she thought of all the happy days
In France's sunny land.

She heard again the vesper hymn
In the solemn evening hour,
And saw the red sun sink behind
The old gray convent tower.

She heard again the joyous bells
Chime in her marriage day.
She saw the courtier's throng around,
And heard the minstrel's lay.

She saw again the stormy waves
In wild sport dash and roar
Around the bark that bore her far,
From France's bright loved shore.

The minstrel gazed upon his Queen,
Then tuned his harp once more,
And sweet and low arose the song
That charmed the days of yore.

The minstrel sang of sunny lands,
Of southern skies and flowers,
Of happy youth and joyous bands,
'Mid orange groves and bow'rs.

They soothed her weary aching heart,
And chased away her tears,
They won from her sweet gracious smiles,
And calmed her anxious fears.

She did not hear a stealthy sound
Of steps upon the stair ;
She did not dream of coming foes,
Of death or danger near.

Sudden the minstrel stayed his song,
And bent a watchful eye :
He'd caught the sound of steel and spurs,
That told of armed men nigh.

Then Mary rose with paling cheek,
As dark, fierce men drew near,
She saw the frown on Ruthven's brow,
And gazed in speechless fear.

She saw one raise a strong right arm,
A fatal dagger gleam,
And forward rushed to stay the blow
With prayer and stifled scream.

They heeded not her pleading cry,
But drew her quick apart,
And fiercely sheathed the gleaming steel
In Rizzio's faithful heart.

A crimson tide of life-blood flowed,
The murd'rers stood around,
And Mary with a wild cry knelt
Beside him on the ground.

Farewell my Queen, my much-loved Queen,
The dying minstrel cried,
And upward gazed with fond dim eyes,
Then smiled on her, and died.

G. R

The Law of Evolution.

The word Evolution is now-a-days in every one's mouth. Few, however, I believe, possess a clear idea of what evolution is. Perhaps the majority have a vague notion that it means the descent of man from an ape: possibly some with wider knowledge regard it as synonymous with the development of organic beings by natural selection: it may be that a few add to this development theory the nebular hypothesis; while still fewer comprise the progress of society also under the head of evolution. Even of this last and smallest class of the community, the majority, if pressed for a definition of evolution, would not improbably reply "genesis by natural laws," without deeming it necessary to state what these laws are.

Now in searching for a definition of evolution, it is clear that one of the first questions to be considered is: To what class or classes of phenomena are we to apply the law? Is it to formulate only the facts of the organic world—of the world of animals and plants? Or may we apply it also to the social world—to the world of human beings united in societies? And if so, how far may we extend it to the *products* of social life—to knowledge, art, and language? And then again, if we are thus to apply it to all the phenomena which are connected with organic life, may we apply it also to the facts of inorganic nature? In a word, may we apply it to all the phenomena of the Universe? To these questions various answers are given; and therefore the definitions of evolution are various. When, for example, the law is applied exclusively to organic nature, it is frequently defined as development by inheritance and adaptation, or genesis by natural selection; though it is now generally admitted that natural selection is only one of the factors in organic development. If we accept such a definition, it is clear that we cannot extend the law to the inorganic world. But then we hear also of the evolution of the solar system, and evolutionist views in geology, as opposed to the doctrine of cataclysms or that of unchanging Uniformity; and obviously, in neither of these cases can the evolution be by inheritance or adaptation. Thus it is, that to many evolution means simply development by a gradual process and by natural laws; it being frequently held that the various phases of development are

subject to altogether different laws of progress. And it cannot but be obvious that any law of evolution which shall embrace all orders of phenomena must be highly general in its character.

Such a law has, however, been worked out by Mr. Herbert Spencer. In it he has attempted to give a generalized statement of the facts which underlie *all* progressive development, whether of the solar system, our earth, an organism, or a society. In it, in a word, he has attempted to formulate in terms of matter and motion the fundamental traits which characterize the development of our cosmos out of chaos.

But when the facts on which they rest are not already present to the mind of the reader, generalized statements and abstract laws are particularly uninviting. And herein lies the difficulty in the exposition of such a law as that of evolution. If the statement of the law is reserved to the end, the full bearing of the facts is not apparent. If the generalization is set down at the outset, it is, to all but those who are already acquainted with the facts, a mere string of long words, conveying nothing or next to nothing. In the face of such difficulties, perhaps the best plan will be to give a brief preliminary example, which, although only a well-founded hypothesis, exemplifies evolution in all its leading phases; then to give a statement of the law, after which the further examples will be the more readily comprehended.

According to what is known as the nebular hypothesis, which owes its origin independently to Kant in Germany, and to Laplace in France, our solar system is the result of the condensation of a nebula. And what is a nebula? Modern research seems to show that it is not impossible that a nebula is a great cloud of stones, "banging about" in an atmosphere of hydrogen, and perhaps hydrocarbons, and causing that hydrogen to become incandescent from the heat developed by the shock of the frequent collisions. Be this as it may, astronomers tell us that there are some nebulæ which show signs of condensation. In some of these we have in the centre a condensed portion; we have around it a globular mass not so brilliantly illuminated; and around this again we have a ring. Then, again, astronomers tell us that there are "nebulous stars,—stars which, in the telescope, can scarcely be defined from true stars, and spectroscopic effects such

that it is difficult for us to say whether they are produced from star or nebula" (Lockyer). Here, then, we seem to see signs in the heavens of the condensation of a nebula into a star. Now, our sun is one of the stars, and the stars are only "other suns than ours." So that we have some evidence in favour of the condensation of our sun from a nebula. Now, during such condensation, a movement of rotation must be set up; and as contraction goes on and rotation continues, there must come periods when the main mass is forced to leave behind it rings of nebulous matter. Unless the conditions be very exceptional, these rings must break, and the matter composing each of them must be aggregated into one mass; which would thus have a motion of rotation on its own axis and a motion in orbit around its parent nebulous mass. In its turn this secondary mass during condensation would in most cases throw off rings which would also break and form tertiary masses. According to the nebular hypothesis, then, the sun is the nucleus of what once was a nebula, the planets are cooled secondary masses originally left by the nebula in the form of rings, while the satellites are cooled tertiary masses.

Such in briefest possible outline is the nebular hypothesis. Let us note the changes which have been brought about. The matter of which the nebula was composed was distributed with comparative uniformity over a large area. Regarded as a whole there was no great definiteness or complexity of structure, nor was there anything like a complex interdependence of parts. The motions of the meteor masses also were altogether disorderly, indefinite and confused. On the other hand in our solar system we find the matter aggregated into definite masses, each of which has a definite complex structure, and all of which exhibit a balanced interdependence. The motions, too, of the planetary bodies are orderly, definite, and rhythmic. But these motions represent only a comparatively small portion of the motion which the nebula once contained; for the clash of the meteoric matter resulted in the molecular motion of heat, much of which has been radiated away into space. So that in the passage of a nebula into the solar system we see continued loss of motion accompanied by continued collection of the matter into masses. We see continued advance in the definite complexity of the

structure of these masses, and continued advance in the definite, dependent rhythms of the motions of these masses. We see a steady progress from that which was chaotic and disorderly to that which is cosmic and orderly. We see, in fact, an example of evolution; which we may now define in Mr. Spencer's words, as "an integration of matter, and concomitant dissipation of motion, during which the matter passes from an indefinite, incoherent, homogeneity to a definite, coherent, heterogeneity; and during which the retained motion undergoes a parallel change."

To our preliminary illustration of the law of evolution, the objection may not improbably be raised that it is and ever must be purely hypothetical. And this is perfectly true. By the patient labour of many generations of earnest workers we have attained a more or less accurate knowledge of the present condition of our system. The question therefore arises, How could such a system have been brought about by the action of the known laws of matter and motion? The answer to this question is the nebular hypothesis. It should clearly be understood, therefore, that this hypothesis merely states how our system may have been produced by a natural process. Whether or not it was so produced we can never know for certain. All we can say is, that increased knowledge by no means negatives the theory. We must remember then, that so far as the law of evolution is concerned, the hypothesis, though an *example*, is in no sense a *proof*; for the hypothesis proceeds on the assumption that the laws of nature have remained unaltered, and evolution claims to be a summary of some of these known laws.

Now, suppose that the planets could be suddenly arrested in their motions through space, and were thereupon to fall with the sun towards their common centre of gravity, the shock would be such that all the matter in our system would be vapourized; and all the changes above described as constituting evolution would be reversed. That which is integrated, complex, and orderly, would become diffused, simple and chaotic. This, were it to take place, would be an example of the opposite of evolution, namely, dissolution. In the solar system, indeed, viewed as a whole, dissolution does not go on, at all events on any considerable scale, but in the other illustrations of evolution, now to be given, dissolution also comes into play.

And it will be well to consider the phenomena of evolution and dissolution together, since thereby a clearer conception of the law will be gained, just as a clearer conception of the Feudal system is obtained through its opposite, *allodium*.

If there be any truth in the nebular hypothesis, and if the inductions of geologists concerning the central heat of the earth be of any value, our planet was once in a molten condition. The passage from this condition to that of a solid, or at all events partially solid, spheroid, must have been one from the simple to the complex. Integration of the matter must have been slowly going on, but it was probably long ere the further integration, involved in the condensation into seas and oceans of the water hitherto floating in the air as vapour, took place. Passing over this primitive period in our earth's history, however, it is interesting to note that the later development of the features of the earth's surface has been mainly brought about by the alternate partial dissolution and evolution of the water system of our globe. Over the surface of the ocean, dissolution is effected by the heat of the sun's rays. Vapour of water is formed and is thereupon carried by the winds to the continental areas; there, through loss of molecular motion, evolution takes place; the uniform indefinite vapour of water assumes the form of definite and varied clouds, in which eventually, by the coming together of minute particles, rain-drops are formed, and descend on the earth. At first showered uniformly over the surface, integration soon take place; the indefinite flow of rain wash is converted into the definite flow of rills and streams and rivers. And as it flows over the earth, this water makes more varied and complex the scenery already developed by similar means. The carving of the earth's surface is thus seen to be due to the dissolution and evolution of water; and these changes are the effects of differences of temperature due to the varying play of sun-heat, which sun-heat is itself the result of the continued evolution of our central luminary. But the carving of the earth would inevitably, in process of time, come to an end, from the fact that all the land above the waters would thus be denuded away, the maximum integration of matter obtainable by this process alone being reached, were it not for the continued integration of the earth's mass as a whole, an integration

which, going on as it does in a globe externally solid, produces dislocations and upheavals, and thus affords fresh material upon which the forces of denudation can carry on their work. And this integration of the matter of the earth, be it noticed, is accompanied by loss of heat or dissipation of motion.

Now it is clear without farther going into details, that in passing from a uniform molten spheriod to a world diversfied with hill and dale, mountain and valley, snow peak and rugged gorge, bay and promontory, continent and ocean; with its definite trade winds, its definite ocean currents; with its complex geological and mineralogical structure; with its daily, yearly, and secular climatic and meteorological rhythms, its Arctic cold and Equatorial heat—it is clear, I say, that a world thus developed exhibits all the traits of evolution, as above defined.

Of these traits, Mr. Spencer regards some as primary, some as secondary. Integration of matter and dissipation of motion are the primary traits; and where this process goes on so rapidly that but few secondary redistributions of matter and motion can take place, the evolution is characterised as simple evolution. Compound evolution, on the other hand, takes place when the integration is slow; and this occurs either when, as in the hypothetical case of the nebular hypothesis, the quantity of motion contained in the mass is great, and the large size of the aggregate prevents easy dissipation of motion; or when, as in the geological example just cited, though motion is rapidly lost, more motion is rapidly received from exterior sources, such as solar radiation. Advances in definiteness, dependence of parts, and complexity, therefore, constitute the secondary traits in evolution and, other things equal, in proportion to the mobility of the parts of an evolving aggregate, will be the complexity of the evolution which it displays.

We now proceed to an example of evolution taken from the organic world. We pass, therefore, to the changes which occur in living matter, which has this noteworthy characteristic, that it combines considerable mobility with such an amount of cohesion as admits of temporary fixity of arrangements. Organic matter is, therefore, specially fitted to exhibit evolution in its secondary phases. And we must remember that, in organic evolution, as in

geological evolution, though motion is rapidly lost, fresh motion is being constantly received from exterior sources.

Contrast a fully developed frog with the fertilized ovum from which it has been evolved. That ovum is minute in size, and is chemically and structurally uniform in composition. Soon, however, the similar cells of which it is composed become dissimilar. Chemical changes take place, such that the simplicity of composition becomes complexity. So that eventually cartilage, bone, muscle, nerve, blood, and the special secretions of the liver, pancreas, and other glands are developed in various parts of the body. The same is true of structure. From a mulberry mass of simple cells is evolved an organism in which there are many kinds of cells with various forms and functions. In every stage of the development there is an advance from the simple to the complex. The four limbs, at first arising in as many similar rounded protuberances, become differentiated into the dissimilar front and hind legs, which enable the creature to convert movements before indefinite into movements comparatively definite. And throughout this growth, as we call it, there is a constant integration of matter, an integration which can be shown to be accompanied by a dissipation of motion. Food taken from various sources, at first vegetal, afterwards animal, is built up into an organism of increasing size; and within the constantly integrating organism there are constantly integrating organs. So that in the individual development of a frog, taken as a type of organic beings, we see a striking example of evolution.

Daily observations make it more and more probable that the evolution of an individual frog from the ovum, is a condensed epitome of the evolution of the genus "Frog" from a more simple form. To attempt proof of this is beyond my present purpose. It is sufficient to note the fact that the frog, in its embryo state, passes through the stages of, first, fish; secondly, low amphibian, with gills and tail; thirdly, higher amphibian, with tail but no gills; and lastly, highest amphibian, with neither tail nor gills. To this embryological argument may be added the more special palæontological argument, not within our reach in the case of the frog, but instanced in the now ascertained pedigree of the horse, which would seem to have been developed

from a creature of a more generalised type. And to both of these may be added the arguments from the distribution of organic beings in time and space, which carry a similar implication. But if the organic development hypothesis be correct (and naturalists are beginning to cease to discuss the point), then in the present flora and fauna of the world, integrated, diversified, specialised, as they are, we have again an example of evolution.

Throughout the life of an organism there is a constant tendency to dissolution; throughout that life, in fact, there is ceaseless antagonism between evolution and dissolution; and what we call the growth of a creature is the differential result in favour of evolution, while what we call its decay is the differential result in favour of dissolution. Finally death ensues and dissolution conquers. The integrated motions cease; the integrated matter disintegrates; its elements are scattered to the four winds. And that this dissolution is due to the absorption of motion is shown by the fact that frozen bodies, that is, bodies protected from the molecular motion of heat, do not thus disintegrate—may, in fact, be kept for thousands of years without disintegrating; "witness the frozen carcases of mammoths—elephants of a species long ago extinct—that are found embedded in the ice at the mouths of Siberian rivers; and which, though they have been there many thousands of years have, flesh so fresh that when at length exposed, it is devoured by wolves."

Let us now turn to the facts of social life and growth, and there, too, we shall find examples of the law of evolution. Just as the ovum of a frog is built up of simple, similar units, so is the germ of a society composed of similar units. And just as in the forerm case so, too, in the latter, from uniformity there arises diversity. It is, indeed, highly improbable that there now exists any tribe or race of men which exemplifies the simplest, absolutely undifferentiated condition. Still we may everywhere see a passage from the reratively simple to the relatively complex. Passing the over instances, rather inferred than observed, which are afforded by savages, let us confine our attention to English history. Compare the social, political, religious, and industrial organisation of primitive England with those of the England of to-day. It is surely unnecessary to give individual instances of the enormous

advance in complexity. One instance, chosen almost at random, may, however, be set down. In early times priest and physician was combined in the same person, and even so late as the third year of Henry VIII. it was enacted, "That no person in London should practise as a physician or surgeon without examination or licence from the Bishop of London or the Dean of Paul's;" *now*, not only are priests and physicians separated, but medical men are divided into three distinct classes, physicians, surgeons, and general practitioners, while the former at least show a still further differentiation into specialists, who devote their lives to the individual study of the healthy and morbid functions of some particular organ.

That integration has accompanied differentiation is equally obvious. It is seen, in London, in "the concentration of publishers in Paternoster Row, of corn merchants about Mark Lane, of civil engineers in Great George-street, of bankers in the centre of the city." It is seen in the growth of co-operative stores. It is seen on a larger scale in the localisation of certain trades or manufactures in certain counties. It is seen in the meetings of scientific societies and the institutes of civil engineers. It is seen in the cliques into which society gravitates. It is seen in the special integrations which have given rise to religious sects. It has been seen in the growth of great political parties, and may be traced in the present tendency to local integrations within the ranks of the Liberals. It has been seen, in still broader outlines, in "the process through which petty tenures are aggregated into feuds, feuds into provinces, provinces into kingdoms, and finally contiguous kingdoms into a single one." And it is to be noticed that here, too, as in all cases of evolution, integration and differentiation of a body as a whole, are accompanied by local integration and differentiation of its parts.

How great has been the increase in dependence is, perhaps, seen most clearly in the industrial organisation. The difference between the trade and commerce of to-day and that of our ancestors, is paralleled by that between a primitive hand-press and a "Walter" throwing off 60,000 copies of the *Times* in an hour. Along with increasing complexity there has gone increasing dependence of parts;

an accident to a portion of the hand-press was attended by no grave consequences; an accident to a single wheel of the "Walter" may throw the whole machine out of gear. So too with industry. A failure of one portion of primitive trade was not attended by a tithe of the evil consequences of the failure of one manufacture in the complex commercial network of to day. A depression in the Sheffield steel trade influences the iron works; the reduction of the iron manufacture brings about a lessening of the out-put of coal; and from the collieries spread waves of disturbance which influence the whole of England, nay, influence the whole civilized world. On the other hand, see how quite recently the revival of trade in America, brought about by a bountiful harvest, has influenced for good the trade in England in spite of a bad harvest. And that this close interdependence of parts has necessitated a network of social nerves not dreamed of by our ancestors, may be seen in the increasing importance of telegraphic systems.

That accompanying the advance in multiformity, definiteness, and combination of social aggregates, there may be traced a likely change in social activities must now be noticed although several of the instances before cited have afforded incidental examples of the fact. Contrast the irregular warfare of a savage tribe with the organized warfare of a civilized nation, with its complex army system, showing varied ranks, concerted action, and subordination to one will. Contrast again "the rule of a savage chief with that of a civilized government, with its subordinate local governments and their officers, down to the police in the streets." Contrast, once more, "the barter that goes on among barbarians with our own commercial processes, by which a million's worth of commodities is distributed daily." All these make evident the same facts of evolution. And every form of modern social action from a Mansion House donation fund to a holiday trip by excursion train, from a giant "strike" to a meeting at Hurlingham, tells the same tale.

Thus does sociology afford varied examples (of which only a glimpse is here given) of the law of evolution. And just as in the animal organism, so in the social organism, there is a constant struggle between evolution and dissolution. Throughout healthy life there must be a more or less complete *balance* between the organism

and all its conditions. In the early stages of growth, during which the structure is readily modifiable, this balance is easily maintained. But in the later life, whether of a society or of an organic being, there ensues a comparative fixity and permanence; modifications are not readily effected; the balance can no longer be maintained; and dissolution ere long sets in. Of this natural dissolution fixity and want of plasticity are the sure precursors. In the human species, taken individually, this is daily exemplified; physical and mental want of pliancy invariably accompany extreme old age. Nor are similar signs wanting in social aggregates of human beings. All accounts show that, previous to their dissolution, the civilizations of Egypt, Assyria, and India had reached a great amount of fixity and rigidity, in social distinctions, in customs, and in political and religious institutions. But dissolution, complete or partial, may set in before senility has been reached. We need only look at the results of those revolutions through which France has unhappily passed, to see the effects of partial dissolution. Individual, lawless action takes the place of combined regulated action; centralisation of politics, trade, religion, gives place to riotous disorganisation; evolution ceases and gives place to its opposite.

Lack of space preludes further exemplification of the law. But it might be shown that the *products* of social life, no less than social life itself, give us instances of evolution. Knowledge, art, language, tell the same tale. The condensation of such a word as *eleesmosyne* into *alms*; the growth of many parts of speech out of primitive elements; specialisation of meaning, as shown in the word *moon* from the root *mâ*, to measure; the differentiation of primitive Aryan speech into languages as distinct as Icelandic, English, German, Greek, French, Portuguese, Persian, and Hindu—these exemplify the nature of the evidence afforded. The question of the evolution of scientific knowledge I hope to take up at a future time.

And now that some exemplification has been given of the law of evolution, as developed in Mr. Spencer's hands, a feeling of disappointment may not improbably be felt at the generality of the law. This may be all very true, it may be said, but it is too vague. Granting that evolution consists in an integration of matter and a dissipation of motion; granting that it is an advance in definiteness,

dependence of parts, and complexity; how is this to help us to comprehend the special conditions under which the chemistry of our earth as it is has been evolved, or how the horse has been developed from a simpler form, or the manner in which the English constitution exemplifies evolution? To those who ask this question, however, the law of gravitation also must seem somewhat vague and unsatisfactory, since though it formulates general facts it says nothing about the conditions under which a balloon ascends through the atmosphere, or a river flows downwards towards the sea. It must be remembered that a general law can only formulate general facts. It is the province of the special sciences to show the conditions under which special results have been brought about in subordination to the general law. And if the reader wishes really to understand special results he must be content to undergo the special training necessary for their comprehension.

Disappointment may, however, be felt on another score. This evolution it may be said is after all nothing but *progress* under another name. There is nothing new here; we know that every system of things, not altogether effete undergoes progressive improvement; why then all this talk about things concerning which no thoughtful man has any doubt? Pardon me, my friend, I would answer to one who asks this question, that progress which is so clear to you is so little obvious to the majority of your neighbours, that they refuse to devote that attention to the theory of the progressive modification of organic species which they gladly bestow on an obscure passage of a third-rate Greek author. But if you are ready to maintain that progress is a law of nature, and that the essential characteristics of all forms of progress are the same, so that the curve of progress is homogeneous, and sweeps through all the phenomena of the universe, then either accept the law of evolution as defined above, or give us another law of evolution which shall be a more accurate summation of the facts.

There is one more point to be noticed. We have seen that while an animal is evolving as a whole, its organs are obeying a similar law of change, and that while the social organism is evolving as a whole, its several parts are at same the time undergoing a like transformation. From the nature of our understandings we are forced to proceed step

by step, and to study the evolving whole through its evolving parts. Now this holds good on a far grander scale; and while we trace the laws of the transformation of the solar system, of our earth, of the organic world, and of the social world, we must not lose sight of the fact that we are only studying the evolving parts of an evolving cosmos. Fully to grasp this evolution, not only in its details but in its entirety, is beyond the present power of mortal man. Could we do so perhaps the marvellous harmony would be too rich for our dull senses to appreciate. Be this as it may, our attempts, however feeble, cannot but be ennobling, as we gaze through the avenue of stately laws which leads to God.

C. Lloyd Morgan.

Rondebosch.

A Little Light from Basutoland.

Nehemiah Moshesh, *alias* Sekhonyana Ralikholu, is to be thanked for the following statement which contains many interesting particulars in connection with the early history and customs of the Basutos. Although some of the occurrences which he refers to happened previous to his birth, or when he was yet young, he ought to be a good authority, as when his elder brothers put up their own establishments and left Moshesh's immediate neighbourhood he was retained at the Chief's court or near it, besides being employed on political missions or to investigate many matters brought forward by complainants, and thus he had every opportunity of ascertaining the facts of early occurrence, from the participators in them. He says he doubts whether any material alterations would be made in the statement should others be examined. It is much to be desired that those who are in a position to do it, would take the narrative as a skeleton and build up thereon the sinews and flesh of a more complete history, and thus also test the accuracy of Nehemiah's statement by collecting the stories of the old people yet remaining, and who are so rapidly passing away. It ought to be borne in mind, however, that in a country where every man's hand was raised against his neighbour, at least latterly in the time of the Fetcani, and all could not have been in the confidence of the principal actors and movers of men, and where there were no newspapers, despatches, and official reports, the commonalty must have been led by many false reports and conclusions, that the stories of opponents must be taken with caution, and that the chiefs ought to be the best authorities as to political causes and facts. It is probable that if the early history of native tribes had been collected by those competent among the first visitors to them, many mistakes and misapprehensions might have been avoided. It is still possible to do much to secure materials for a history of the tribes, but in a very few years nothing more can be collected. The magistrates in new territories ought to be charged to gather in all the information possible, and it probably would be a source of pleasure to them to do so. The various magazines would be ready vehicles for the publication of what

would be gathered and those inclined to frame general history would know where to seek particulars.

HERODOTUS AUSTRALIS.

I was four years old when Rev. Mr. Casalis arrived in Basutoland, which was in 1832. In age I am the sixth son of Moshesh. His sons by his principal wife are Letsie, Molapo, Mashupa, and Meyara, who is dead. I am son and only child of *Masekhouyana*, who when baptised was named Deborah. She lives with me. She was a cousin of *Mamohato*, Letsie's mother. Letsie having received as his first name that of Mohato. Mamohato died two years after Rev. Mr. Casalis arrived in the Lesuto, *Manéko*, mother of Neko, a son who is deceased, was Moshesh's second wife. She died the year Moshesh come to Thaba Bosigo. She left a daughter Mathlapi, who is married to Molumo, *alias* Salamon, son of Mohali, Moshesh's brother. According to Basuto custom a chief has three houses independent of each other. The first is the right hand house, of the first wife, who is given to him by his father. The second house is that of the left hand wife, and the wife of the second house is a wife in the choice of whom the chief is consulted, but she is paid for with his father's cattle and his own cattle. The cattle given for the first wife all belong to the chief's father and the son is not consulted about her. The third wife is "the wife of the breast," and is chosen by the chief himself and is paid for with his own cattle only. My mother was "the wife of the breast," and if Mamohato had not had a son I would have succeeded to the chieftainship even before Neko if he had lived. Letsie alone, as eldest son is entitled to the chieftainship, and I follow him in rank. I would take Letsie's place. Letsie and Neko could have fought for the chieftainship, but I could not fight with Letsie for it because I belong to his mother's house. The right hand wife is put into the chief's mother's house at marriage. The second or left hand wife is also placed there, but the wife of the breast is put into the house of the right hand wife then established. The left hand wife's house does not inherit from property of the right hand wife's house, but the house of the wife of the breast inherits all the property of the right hand wife's house if the right hand wife has no son. Senate,

a daughter, is Letsie's eldest child. She is married to Josiah, her cousin, eldest son of Molapo. He is deranged. Manehella is daughter of Lisoana, son of Makhabani or Ralisoana who was killed in the war between the Basutos and the Tambookies under Umtirara. Manehella is married to Lerutoli, Letsie's first son of left hand wife's house. I was born at Thaba Bosigo, or rather on its top, called Setlabeng, and that was one year after Moshesh had come from Butabute. Moshesh was born at Monkhoareng, Mokachane's (his father) kraal, generally called Hamokoteri, near Butabute. Mokachane and his father Pete were born there too. Moshesh in time of war established himself first under and afterwards on top of Butabute. Sikonyela beseiged him on Butabute for two months and a half. Then Moshesh sent a man out to Sapeka, his ally, chief of the Amaqigesa Zulus, and he attacked Sikonyela, chief of the Batlokua, at midnight and compelled him to raise the siege. Moshesh and his father Mokachane were thus relieved. The *Bamokoteri*, my father's relatives and friends, were all at Butabute then. Mukocho's mother, Sikonyela's grandmother, was killed in that night attack of Sapeka. Before Sikonyela attacked Moshesh at Butabute, Moshesh had been attacked there by Matuana (whose father was Masupa) chief of the Mankwani, and my brother Masupa being born at that time got the name of Matuana's father. Masupa's nickname is Zuiker (sugar) given to him by James Fossey, who was the first trader who came to Moshesh. Matuana took most of the cattle of my father and of the Bamokoteri, but not all, and he killed some of our people. I think four. Matuana was then resident on the Umzinyate (Buffel's River) near Isandhlwana. He returned with my father's cattle to his place, and afterwards was attacked by the Amatetwa and driven out. He retired and attacked Pacarita, chief of the Amahlubi and drove him on the Batlokua. Umtimkulu, the paramount chief of the Amahlubi, father of Langalibalele, was on a visit to Pacarita his brother then, and he was killed in the engagement.* Pacarita thus became head of the

* These events with other deeds of Matuana's, related by a participator in them, were published in the "Autobiography of an Aged Fingo," in a former number of this magazine. Chaka, uncle of Cetywayo, was the cause of the disturbances of the period.—Ed. C.M.M.

tribe. Setanane, Pacarita's son, was the father of Zibi, who is now living in Gatberg district, Griqualand East. Pacarita passed down between Butabute and Mautse (Sikonyela's hoed), and established himself at Mabulele, near Mekuatling, driving Sikonyela, who was near Harrismith, out. Sikonyela passed Butabute, and moved about coming as far as Makaleng (Cornet's spruit) at Mohali's hoek, and to Boloko (Vecht Kop), whereabouts the Baputi then were. Matuana followed Pacarita, and drove him out of Mabulele; and Pacarita fled north to Vaal River and beyond it, destroying the tribes. Matuana established himself at Mabulele, and made his own village at Lishoane. Then Sikonyela turned back *via* Boteta (Elandsberg, Caledon River district), and passing Mekuatling went on to Nchuana tsatsi (beyond and to the north of Harrismith) killing all whom he met. Then Pacarita came back again from over Vaal River and passed Imperani and drove Matuana towards Mequatling, and he then occupied his old place at Mabulele. Pacarita then went out after Matuana and attacked him at Lishoane where he (Pacarita) was repulsed and killed between Lishoane and Mabulele. Matuana chased the fugitives through the Caledon river the same day, and then Setanane succeeding Pacarita as chief fled towards Moshesh at Butabute with the remnant of the Amahlubi and at that time Sikonyela drove Moshesh from the foot of Butabute towards Monkhoareng. That was before the siege of Butabute; and then Setanane joined Moshesh, and they drove Sikonyela out of the Bakuena country. In the fight Thlassa, father of Dimo now at Thaba Bosigo, was killed. Then Setanane intended to go back to the Umvelusi; and going, was attacked by Sapeka in Oetsi's (Witsie's) hoek and repulsed, and his men were scattered. It was winter time, and the grass was rank, and most of Setanane's men were burned in the grass set on fire by Sapeka. Setanane escaped, however, and went to Chaka with Mathlomahulu, now at Herschel. Chaka made a regiment of the remnant of Setanane's men, and called it Lietani. From Setanane Chaka enquired about Matuana with his Mankwani, and found they were in the Hatsetse (the country of the Batlakwana under Tsetse) at Mabulele. Chaka sent his commando under his brother Dingani and Popa, the son of his uncle Sitai, who drove the Mankwani from Mabulele to near the

Orange River and Herschel. Matuana fled, with part of his people and part of his cattle, to Thabanchu. Chaka's commando retired to Zululand, and Matuana then returned to Mabulele again. Moshesh was now on the top of Butabute, and Sikonyela came there and besieged him for two and a half months, and it was then that Moshesh sought the assistance of Sapeka, chief of Amaqigesa, and got him to attack Sikonyela. Sikonyela, being repulsed, then went and settled himself in the country of Khoabani (father of Siele Josiah) of the *Bamarabeng*. He besieged Khoabani on his mountain Khorobetloa (Imperani mountain). Then Moshesh removed to Thaba Bosigo, near which None, son of Ntsani, lived at the cave east of Thaba Bosigo, where the Basutos and Zulus attacked the small camp where Owen and others were stationed in the war of 1866. The name of the cave is Habamotapo. Makheta, a brother of Mothuni of the *Bamonaheng*, when Moshesh was besieged was near Butabute, at Mathlatsa, on the southern side of the Putiatsana, having fled from Matuana and sought protection from Moshesh. Mohali, Moshesh's brother, had assisted Makheta to repulse an attack from Matuana, and Moshesh came up also to help, but the attack was then nearly repulsed. Makheta had been residing when the country was quiet, at Doorn Kop, and then moved to Thaba Cheu (Witte Kop near Klip Spruit). Motlumi was at Ngoliloe. His eldest brother Nkopani was at Mekautling and Ramakatsa, Motlumi's younger brother, was at Makeleketla (Winburg). The *Bamotlumi* being attacked by Metuana fled to Ramakatsa, at Winburg, and were there attacked by Bergenaars (Griquas and others). Letele and Moyakisani were with the *Bamotlumi* and also Khatlani and Inteleli (father of John Mokoteri Sirian, a *protegee* of Rev. R. Moffat), and Maleapulo, who was then the principal widow of Motlumi (as *Makhoyani*, the first wife, and her son Khoyani were both dead). Khoyani died before Motlumi. There was a dispute between a Mohlubi servant of Nkopani and Titi, another Mohlubi, a servant of Motlumi, and Khoyani who was on a visit at the kraal of Marake, son of Nkopani, took the part of his father's man while Marake took the part of his father's servant, a scrimmage ensued in which Khoyani was wounded with an

assegai above the knee and died at Marake's. His father Motlumi came and buried him and fought with Marake, his nephew, for three years and received three wounds during that time, Motlumi died afterwards of sickness at Ngoliloe, *Maleapulo's* kraal. From that time there was no peace between Motlumi's children and Nkopani's children. Nkopani died before Motlumi and before the disturbances. Mokachane, my grandfather, told me that during the time of Pete my great grandfather, there was continual peace in the country. Moshesh and Makwai were related thus, they both were descendants of

1. Sekake

2. Mpiti (accounted brothers)	2. Pete*
3. Masotwani	3. Mokachane
4. Makwai	4. Moshesh.

Maleapulo, when her cattle were taken at Winburg by the Bergenaars, with others followed the captors to serve them as was Basuto custom. She fled with Khatlani, Inteleli, Pokhleli and others her relatives. Khatlani and Inteleli were succoured by Waterboer, and she and Pokhleli and Kwani (known as Jan Leteii), then a baby, fled to the colony. Ramakou, who had one of his kraals near Blesbokfontein on the Kafir Road, half way between Bloemfontein and Smithfield, is the younger brother of Pokhleli. His other name is Ntobaki. Lebeko was his father, and Lebeko's father was Motali, son of Marabi, so he was a *Bamarabeng* of the *Baintai* of the *Bacholo*, a Mokuena. We are descended with the *Bamonabeng* from Cholwani a brother of *Cohlo*. Ramakou lives yet. When Maleapulo was attacked by Bergenaars at Winburg, her adopted son Leteli, a son of Motlumi (Lebenya was Leteli's first name) and his brother Motsileng, and his nephew Ramonaheng,

* Sekake dying left a young widow, and according to custom the brother of Sekake ought to have taken this widow to wife to raise up seed to his brother, but he would not, and thus a certain man named Muelle, who had been an intimate friend of Sekake, and who was of the Bamazita of the Amahlubi and a relation of Umtimkulu (big tree), father of Langalibalele, openly and according to custom in such cases took the position which the brother of Sekake ought to have taken, and became the actual father of Pete, who was accounted the son of Sekake "by cattle," referring to the cattle given for the mother. Sekake was I believe the son of Moklwana a Bakwena chief, but I will investigate further about the genealogy.

son of Mokuena, and Monaheng, the son of Ramonaheng, fled to Thaba Bosigo, to Moshesh and Moyakisani (the father of the present chief Lebenya) went to Khetwani (Koesberg) and lived by plundering Matuana's people. Last-named Monaheng made the fire in my mother's hut the day I was born. According to custom a boy has to make fire in the mother's hut by rubbing sticks when a child is born. Shaou, Monaheng's brother, was there too, and also Jacob Mokaretla. Moshesh was circumcised at Monkhoareng or Hamokoteri, and was then sent by his father Mokachane to Motlumi from whom according to custom he received a heifer and an assegai. My father was also sent to his other relations in the same way and received from them spears and presents. He went to the *Bamorabeli* (Rantsani's people) and the *Bamarabeng* (Khoabani's people) also. He did not go to Motlumi to thereby acknowledge his superiority, for we considered ourselves to be higher than the *Bamonaheng*, and were considered so. Motlumi was never accounted as a paramount chief. He was head of his kraal and could not be paramount because his brother Nkopani was older than he and, as I have shown, Nkopani's own sons fought against him. The Bakuena (they of the crocodile) chiefs descended from Cholo were considered higher than those descended from Cholwani, but none of the descendants of Cholo ever became prominent. When Motlumi was engaged in war with Marake and the other sons of Nkopani, he said to Moshesh in the presence of his son Leteli and his wife Maleapulo, that if he came to die he would place his children under the protection of Moshesh. Leteli was then pointed out to my father, and that is why Leteli fled to Moshesh. When Leteli (known as old Letelle to the farmers) came to Thaba Bosigo, there were two councillors ("indunas" or "ditunas") over my mother's house, and these were placed in charge of Leteli, who thus obtained the charge of my mother's house and was general of it, while Joshua Makoniane was general of Letsie's mother's house, and Tafeng was general of Maneko's house. Moshesh gave his orders to the respective generals, but one of these did not order the other. Tafeng was a descendant of Mokoteri. Makoniane was of the Amatsitsi and he distinguished himself as a brave warrior. He was circumcised with my father. Moshesh got his name for having taken the cattle of Ramonaheng. Ramonaheng

had been fighting with Mokachane and was a relation of Khoabani. Mosheshwe means a shaver. When Moshesh was yet at Butabute, he had been assisting Makheta, Motlumi's brother, against the Mankwani, and he asked my father to allow him to go to None to get corn, as corn could not be raised on account of the war, and my father allowed him to go, and said he would follow. Makheta went and kept along the Drakensberg to avoid the cannibals unde Rakotsuane, and went to Tloutle (or Hamohali now) known also lately as "The Nun's Hoek," where Lipeana was living. Lipeana was chief of the clan Batlakwana, and had been driven from Mabulele by Matuana. Lipeana, when at Tloutle, had sent two oxen to my father while at Butabute, to acknowledge Moshesh's superiority. He sent these oxen by his messenger, Masheleshele. Makheta commenced to plunder Lipeana's men and to damage their corn, and Lipeana sent to acquaint Moshesh, who sent to Makheta to tell him not to act in that manner. My father sent his brother Mohali and others to examine Thaba Bosigo, and to see whether None had sufficient corn, so that he could buy some should he go. Moshesh had not been able to sow for two years on account of the war with the Batlokua. Mohali was welcomed by None and his people, and they stopped two days and told None Moshesh's message, and None gave his brother Dimo to go with Mohali to inspect Thaba Bosigo. Dimo was married to Moshesh's sister Mathloalamanyani (small eyes), and Mohali came back and reported to Moshesh, who prepared to remove with his father and grandfather and all they had. Moshesh's grandfather, Pete, coming on behind with the women and children was caught with five men on the road down by cannibals (Marimo) and eaten. Ralisoana's people going in front on arriving at None's valley took some of the standing corn, and when Moshesh came up he drove them out of the gardens, and sent a messenger to tell None that he would repair the damage done by his brother's people and sent him a heifer and an ox. Makheta had then already driven Lipeana out and taken his mountain. The following day my father went up on Thaba Bosigo, about three days afterwards there was a war cry that some of our cattle had been taken by None's people under Rangeli, who slaughtered the cattle under the hill

Lipokwaneng close to Thaba Bosigo. My father's men went to the rescue of the cattle which were five in number and found them killed. Next day Ralisoana and his men went down with his cattle to graze and None came out with his commando trying to capture the cattle. Ralisoana, however, repulsed him and None was wounded and taken prisoner and he had three men killed. Ramatlakani captured None. We knew through Dimo that Makheta was conspiring with None against Moshesh and that Makheta was the instigator. None was ransomed with ten head of cattle, and he said that Makheta had been instigating him against us. When the five head of cattle were taken my father sent to None to ask the reason, and whether the two head given were not sufficient, and if so why he had not asked more. None said that perhaps the owners of the corn were not satisfied with the two head. Four days after when my father's cattle were out some of None's people fell upon a herd and captured some cattle, and the war cry followed and Moshesh's people retook the cattle and captured Mokhoabani, one of None's head men, and brought him to Moshesh. The same night Moshesh released Mokhoabani and sent him back to None to tell him not to act so again or he would treat him as an enemy. A couple of days later when Ralisoana's cattle were going out and he remaining at home some parties from None with Ramatikua, his brother, came to take Ralisoana's cattle and they were overpowered by our people. The war cry was raised, and Moshesh ordered Joshua Makoniane to attack None's people where he could find them. Joshua went to None's cave and fought with him, and two of Moshesh's men were wounded. Joshua took half of the cave with the corn and threw the grain down the hill. Joshua sent to my father to tell him to come to fetch some corn and then went to him. It was then too late, and next morning Moshesh sent a whole commando and it went and again attacked None's cave. Ralisoana's men went above the cave on the mountain to fire the huts there but before doing so sent to Moshesh for orders. Moshesh desired them not to burn the huts. A party of None's people went to oppose Ralisoana and lost twelve men. Moshesh then came with more men and None sent a messenger to ask for mercy which Moshesh at once granted, telling None that he did not want to injure

him and that he could keep his corn and everything, and that as Matuana was close by in the Berea hill it was no time for those of one tribe to fight together. Dimo then came over to Thaba Bosigo with his people and None stopped a few days at his cave and then told Moshesh that he wanted to go to Makheta. Moshesh told None that he feared he might fall into mischief but that he could go if he wished. None removed to Makheta with whom he was only four days when the sons of Makheta "eat him up." He then returned to Moshesh who told him he could establish himself where he liked, so he went to Lekweeche's old place in the neck between Thaba Bosigo and the mountain on which the Boers placed their cannon. When Moshesh left Butabute, Sikonyela was in the Marabeng country, besieging Khoabani, on Imperani Mountain. Khoabani being starved, fled with his people and cattle round Mekuatling and to Kaba (Modder River), and Matuana fell upon him there and killed many people and captured some cattle. There Josiah Siele's mother was killed, and Lerutoli's grand mother, Khoabani's daughter Letsie's wife, Maintai, was also wounded there, but that was before she was married Khoabani fled round Thaba nchu, and passed Bushmansberg (in the Caledon River District), and crossing Mokatsana (Wilgeboom Spruit), passed the present site of Morija to Makheta sending word to Moshesh of what had happened to him, and stating that he was at Makheta's resting himself. While resting, some of Makheta's sons took some of Khoabani's cattle out of his kraal and killed them; and Khoabani sent word of this to Moshesh. Moshesh desired Khoabani to come to him at Thaba Bosigo at once, and told him that he would meet him in the road, for Khoabani had sent word that he feared that Makheta would take his cattle if he left. Khoabani sent out his cattle to graze in the direction he knew Moshesh would come. Makheta's sons, however, seized the cattle of Khoabani before Moshesh appeared. Makheta came out to prevent his sons, but he was too old to help Khoabani. When Moshesh came up and saw what had taken place, he took three men and ran up to where Makheta and Khoabani were in the fields, and said that Khoabani's cattle must be given up. Leklokue, Makheta's eldest son, said to Moshesh, "We are lions of different valleys and so you

have no right to interfere." Moshesh answered, "You won't stand before my shield." Leklokue then gave up some of Khoabani's cattle, but he kept some, and so Khoabani went to Thaba Bosigo. Lipeana had by that time fled from Makheta to Kubake (Mohali's hoek) and established himself there, recognizing, however, Moshesh as his chief. Moranye, a son of Makheta, then went out and fell upon Lipeana's cattle, and Lipeana sent word of this to Moshesh, and said that as he had no cattle now he would go to the colony to work. One of Lipeana's warriors, Muthleloa, and some of the people remained behind and became cannibals. He was afterwards entrapped by Morosi, who destroyed most of his people. Moshesh became very angry with Makheta and sent to him saying: "That is four times you have been eating up my people; first Shali, then Lipeana, then Khoabani, and then Lipeana again. Another thing, None, your relative, went to you, and you eat him up too." Moshesh also called upon Moranye to deliver up Lipeana's cattle, but this was not done. Then Moshesh went and punished Makheta at "The Nun's hoek." He kept his going secret from his father, Mokachane, as he thought his father would seek to prevent him. Moshesh hid his men in the "Spruit," and when the cattle came down he took them, as he did not want women and children to be hurt in an attack upon the village. Makheta was very fond of cattle and being with the herds he was captured himself. Two of Makheta's men were killed. When Makheta's war cry was raised, Moshesh sent a man to tell Makheta's men that he did not want to fight, but to punish; but if they fought, he would kill them all and burn their villages. Makheta was taken prisoner to Mokachane. All Makheta's cattle were not taken. After a day, Makheta was sent home with an ox. Makheta said that it was all the fault of his sons, and that he was too old to correct them. Then there was peace. Then 'Matuana from Berea came against Thaba Bosigo with one division, while another attacked Makheta. The married men went against Makheta, and the soldiers (the Amaboto) came against Thaba Bosigo. The Inthlangano, Sepatla, and the Iwatle were the three regiments which came to us. Moshesh came down from Thaba Bosigo, and met his enemies on the site of the present mission house, and repulsed them, killing many. He slew the first with his own hand, namely, Matu

ana's general, the son of Mpapang. I think about six hundred of the Mankwani were killed by us. The young women of the Mankwani were left on the top of the Berea Hill with food, mats, and utensils for the army. We pursued the Mankwani to close to the present station Berea. Matuana was then occupying Maseru, Berea, Platberg, Mekuatling, Mabulele (his own kraal), and Kolonyama. Two days afterwards, Mosilikatze fell upon the Mankwani, and drove them out towards the colony, and Matuana then fled into Tambookie land, *via* Moshesh's path to the mountain Inbolompo, and was there repulsed by Tambookies and English troops. Umpéché, the brother of his general, and also a headman, was killed there, but Matuana escaped. Those Basutos who during Matuana's stay had attached themselves to him as servants for the sake of food, fled to the Qimi (Khieme mountain), and reported themselves to Moshesh. These Basutos were Bamonaheng, Batlakwana, Basia, Bechuening, Baramokheli, &c., &c. Matuana had fled in such haste that he left much behind, so Moshesh told all these people to go back and locate themselves where Matuana had abandoned them, and Moshesh gave them cattle to milk and they remained under him always afterwards. Matuana fled with few cattle to Zululand *via* Mekuatling, Witte Kop and round Sikonyela, and he was ultimately killed by Dingani. One of his wives Tombazi fled with two men and her son Mokothlwana, and he remained till he was circumcised with Molapo. Tombazi remained with Moshesh, and died at Thaba Bosigo, and was buried by Rev. Casalis. The first people who attacked Thaba Bosigo were Korannas with some Batlapi under Putsani and his son Litaku. The Korannas were under Piet Witvoet, residing to the east of Philippolis. They were induced to come by Rapoto and Moranye, sons of Makheta. Makheta's sons had attacked Morosi's father Mokuane on his mountain at the Telle. Morosi was then out upon an attack on the Tambookies. When Makheta's sons came back after attacking Mokuane, and doing him some mischief, and taking goats and a few cattle, they joined with Korannas and attacked Tsilo, a petty chief under Moshesh. Moshesh happened then to be at the Berea too far off to render assistance. Tsilo was then at Khoro Khoro, and the Korannas took all the cattle of Tsilo, and also of Letsila and Tsetlo, other

petty chiefs of Moshesh. Then the Korannas came again with Makheta's people and took Péléha's (Rachosani's brother) cattle at Berea point, near Maseru, while my father was hunting elands on the Putiatsana, and they got away with the cattle. Then the Korannas came again with Makheta's people and fell upon Ralisoana's cattle at Inthlukulu, and they were repulsed and many Korannas were killed. Makheta's people escaped into Tantjes Berg (Matebi). The Korannas had guns, and had come riding on oxen and horses. We first then got guns, but could not use them. The Korannas came again with Makheta's sons.

Charlie De Villiers.

By Otto.

CHAPTER III.

The introduction of our friend Charlie de Villiers to Miss Marie Picard was brought about in the following manner. The *Hope* steamer had left the shores of old England behind her two full days, and, on the morning of the third day, before breakfast, when the decks were still wet, and the men with bare feet were coiling away ropes and generally giving the ship the appearance of the respectable home of a tidy housewife on scrubbing day,—while the wind was rather chilly, and the day felt as if it had not yet been properly aired, Charlie was standing close to the companion way, with both hands in his pockets, busily thinking about nothing at all. Suddenly a lady appeared at the top of the steps, and at the same moment the ship gave a vicious roll, when, with a half-frightened cry of "Oh!" the fair stranger ran straight into the arms of our hero, who had barely time to take his hands out of his pockets for the purpose of checking her headlong career.

"I am sure I beg your pardon," said a very pleasant voice, as the owner released herself; "but the ship is so unsteady, that—Oh!"—and as the maligned vessel plunged down the slope of a wave, and then leapt up again staggering, poor Marie clung with both hands to the arm of the unknown gentleman, at whose face she had not yet had time to look.

But Charlie had employed these few seconds in a rapid examination of face, figure, dress, and general appearance of his new friend, and thoroughly approved of everything he saw there.

"You have not got your sea-legs yet, but if you will allow me to assist you once or twice up and down the deck, you will find yourself all right in no time."

"Thank you, so much. I really do not think I can walk alone, and I have been all this time down below, and do so long for some fresh air."

So off the young people started on their quarter-deck promenade. Marie felt every now and then as if the planks were sinking under her, so that when she put her foot down they afforded no hold, but, to make up for it, the next instant they rose suddenly in front of her as if they

* The M.S. having been returned to the writer, was not received back in time for insertion in the March Number.—Ed. C. M. M.

intended to strike her in the face ; then the ship would give a plunge or a roll, and a shake, and all these little events caused her to cling, sometimes with both hands, but always very closely, to her protector's arm, and Charlie did not seem to find his duty a disagreeable one. Then the stumbling, and the balancing, and the novelty were such fun that they got very merry, and after two or three turns, and one or two quiet observations of her companion's face, Marie Picard came to the conclusion that Charlie de Villiers was nice, and that they would be great friends. Not that they knew each other's names as yet, but that on board ship is a matter soon remedied.

Marie, who was still weak, began to feel rather tired, and gave an unmistakable shiver, upon which Charlie drew a comfortable chair into a sheltered nook and placed her in it, then rushing down to his cabin he returned with a railway rug and shepherd's plaid shawl. The former he tucked round her feet and knees, and the latter he placed over her shoulders, and as he passed the shawl under her pretty chin and pinned it to her shoulder, he rather lingered over his work so as to keep her smiling face looking up into his for a few seconds longer, and as he gazed down into her pure eyes, Charlie felt that his time was come.

Is there such a thing as love at first sight ? I believe there is. The disease, when it makes its appearance in this form, is generally cured by removing the patient at once from any communication with the exciting cause. For the first few days after the separation it will be generally found that alarming symptoms set in, the person affected mopes and refuses to be comforted ; but in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred the cure will be completed before three weeks have passed. If, however, this precaution be not taken, and the young people are thrown much in each other's society, the disease must end fatally in what is called a broken heart, or happily in marriage. But what is this love at first sight ? Here is our friend Charlie de Villiers, a happy, contented, intelligent fellow, who finds himself doing a good-natured act in helping a pretty girl, whom he has never seen before, to walk steadily on the deck of a ship which rolls and pitches playfully. The conversation, if such it can be called, has been made up of little exclamations and remarks on the difficulties to be encountered in making their way from one side of the ship to the other. Then the young lady feels tired and cold, Charlie makes her comfortable, and so from this time she is placed far above his sisters and his aunts and his cousins, and he is ready to fall down at her feet and worship her. He knows no more about her than

you do about me; but she is perfection in his eyes, and—have you ever passed through this stage?

I need not say that when breakfast was announced Charlie insisted upon her remaining on deck, and took good care to send the most delicious cup of tea, and the most appetising little breakfast, by the hands of the steward. He would have taken it himself, but as opposite to him sat Mrs. Ogilvie, who was never sea-sick, and next him his cabin companion, Captain Wallace, with whom he was fast forming a strong friendship, he felt rather shy of exposing himself to any questioning on this score. He contented himself, therefore, by taking the steward into his confidence as to the breakfast wants of the young lady on deck, and in rushing off to join her as soon as he thought he could get away without notice.

"Captain Wallace," said Mrs. Ogilvie, "I do not think Mr. De Villiers is well. He certainly cannot stand the closeness of the saloon. It is very extraordinary that he should have been quite free from sea-sickness up to this time, and that he should suffer from it now. But I know a capital thing to take, and I shall just go into my cabin and get him a dose. I read all about it in a newspaper last year, and I immediately bought a bottle. It is certain to cure, because if you read all the certificates signed by clergymen and captains and missionaries, which are printed on the paper round the bottle, you will see what a splendid thing it is."

"But my dear Mrs. Ogilvie, do you believe in all these certificates—they are all got up by the people who sell these things."

"Well, Captain Wallace, I cannot believe that clergymen, and members of Parliament too, would sign these papers if they were not true. Besides it is all in print. And I read a paragraph in a newspaper—not an advertisement, but inside the paper, telling how useful the writer had found it when he was nearly dying. A newspaper would not put that in if it were not true."

Captain Wallace had no answer to make to this argument, and accordingly dropped the subject. Mrs. Ogilvie had taken his fancy, for he had quickly seen what a thoroughly good woman she was, and he rather enjoyed her little peculiarities. He now proposed that as they had finished breakfast they should go on deck to look after the interesting invalid. When they arrived there, and had looked around in the expectation of finding their friend in a miserable state of collapse, he was not at first to be seen. But soon Captain Wallace recognised his

back as he sat in a low chair bending towards a very pretty girl, and evidently deeply interested in her remarks. As the Ogilvies up to this time had been the only passengers with whom they had struck up an acquaintance, Wallace was naturally surprised at the comfortable position in which he saw his friend. He pointed him out to Mrs. Ogilvie and said,

"I don't think he requires your medicine, Mrs. Ogilvie."

That good lady at once recognised the young girl as one of the wretched sufferers upon whom she had been attending during the last two days, and rushed up to her at once. Marie, on seeing her, rose with a pleased smile, exclaiming as she greeted her friend—

"There, Mrs. Ogilvie, I was determined to be better to-day, and so you see I shall not trouble you any more."

"I am delighted, my dear," said Mrs. Ogilvie, "and I am so glad you know Mr. De Villiers. I thought you told me you knew nobody on board. However, Mr. De Villiers and I are great friends, and you must sit near us at table, and then we shall have quite a family party. But, Mr. De Villiers, why did you not tell me you knew Marie Picard, and why were you so fidgetty at table and anxious to get away? I thought you were sea-sick. You eat hardly any breakfast, and here you are talking away to Marie; and, good gracious, child, have you had any breakfast, for fasting is about the worst thing you can do? Lay a good foundation in the morning, and then you need not fear any infection, My doctor always told me that. And I am sure we can get you a cup of tea and a chop or something."

These two young people actually looked foolish, for even up to this time they had not had an opportunity of finding out the particular name by which each was distinguished from the rest of mankind.

"Well," said Charlie, laughing, "the fact is that we do not know each other, and have been guilty, I suppose, of a most dreadful social offence in chatting the whole morning without first having been introduced."

"Have you not been introduced, then, Marie? You must know that this is Mr. Charlie de Villiers, a particular friend of mine, and Charlie, this is Miss Marie Picard, so now you know each other."

"Pray, may I not have the honour of being included among the number of your friends," said Captain Wallace.

"Oh, Marie, let me introduce you to Captain Wallace—he sits near us at table."

"What a recommendation!" said Captain Wallace, bowing. "Mr. De Villiers is a particular friend, but I only sit near you at table. I must try whether I cannot put in a stronger claim to your regard, Mrs. Ogilvie."

Then Marie had to explain how it was she had met Charlie in the morning, and to assure her friend that she had breakfasted very well, and was quite comfortable, and felt ever so much better, and so on.

From this time, and throughout the voyage, our friends formed a set. Not that, with the exception, perhaps, of Captain Wallace, who stood rather aloof, they were not civil and agreeable to their fellow passengers, but they appeared to have very little in common with the others, and seated as they were near each other at table the intimacy rapidly grew. Mr. Picard had known Charlie's father, and was pleased with the young fellow's frank and pleasant ways. Mr. Ogilvie was also an old friend of the family, so that Charlie was looked upon as belonging to them in a certain sense. The two young men did their best to entertain Marie during the three weeks they were together, and Marie thoroughly enjoyed their society. Several ladies shook their heads and wondered that Mrs. Picard could allow her daughter to flirt so disgracefully, but they supposed it was French. The fact was that Marie did not flirt at all. Both of her companions were men who really respected her, and neither of them had by look or word suggested any other feeling than that of the purest friendship. She was, therefore, in blissful ignorance of what was passing in the minds of others who were not over-pleased with her for monopolising the two most distinguished looking young men on board. One day, however, Miss Mercier, a young lady whom Marie could not help liking for her straightforwardness and simplicity, though there was not much else in common between them, finding Miss Picard alone on the deck, joined her, and then asked—

"Where are your beaux, Miss Picard?"

"My what?" said Marie.

"Your beaux. What jolly fun you must be having, although you know I prefer one at a time. Charlie de Villiers is the one I like best of your lot—the other is too high and mighty for me. If I were in your place I should find him awfully in the way, but there is no doubt that they are both most fearfully gone on you."

"What nonsense you are talking," replied Marie; "they are both very kind and amusing; but they talk as much to papa and Mr. Ogilvie as they do to me, and we are just a pleasant little circle. I cannot

imagine why you girls are always talking about beaux and flirtations. Don't be angry ; but I don't think it is nice."

"Do you mean to say you don't enjoy a good flirtation ?" said Miss Mercier. "Then you are the first girl I have met who didn't. The steadiest girls I know, who look as if butter would not melt in their mouths, are the sliest little flirts of the lot, and, as for the married women, I think it is disgusting, because they don't give girls a chance at a ball, taking possession of all the best partners, and doing just what they please ; and then they pitch into us indeed!"

"Well, Miss Mercier, I hope you will never find me among those who 'pitch into' others ; but I do think we all think and talk a great deal too much about it ; and I can assure you that at the present moment there is not the slightest approach to that flirtation you have just hinted at."

"I believe you," said Miss Mercier, "because I think you are a kind of girl a man would be rather afraid of offending ; but I can tell you all the same that your two friends are desperately spoony on you."

"Nonsense," said Marie, angrily ; "I wish you would not talk like that. I like them both, and I should be very sorry—but it is only your foolish romantic imagination."

"Is it ? Well, there they come. I am no favourite of his lordship Captain Wallace, and shall only be in the way, so I will be off, especially as I see Dr. Fitzmaurice looking and longing, and I have not had a single flir— I beg pardon—friendly conversation with him all day."

And Miss Mercier crossed over to the other side of the deck, where the lady-killing doctor of the ship was evidently expecting her.

Marie Picard remained amused, puzzled, and a little annoyed. She was sure neither of the young men were in love with her. Had they paid her any particular attentions which she had not noticed ? There was no time then to think it out ; for there were the two inseparables. Marie tried to dismiss the matter from her mind, but felt she could not. It was impossible not to watch her friends a little more closely than usual, and to wonder what were the signs which that foolish girl, Miss Mercier, had interpreted as meaning so much. And somehow she was rather startled to find occasionally a something which seemed far more tender than mere friendship. In a short time she felt that when Charlie de Villiers looked into her eyes with that kind brotherly expression, as she used to think it was, there was more meant by that loving gaze than she had imagined, and her own heart throbbed not unpleasantly. So she

began to think more of Charlie and his bonnie face and stalwart figure, his cheerful manner and intelligent conversation, and she thought that if he were a tiny bit in love with her how like a gentleman he had behaved, and how he respected her as a lady, and had not attempted to carry on a vulgar flirtation like that horrid ship's doctor. And then she thought that the voyage was drawing to a close, and they would have to part perhaps for ever, because Charlie was to go at once to Somerset, and the idea was not pleasant, for she had never met any one like him before, so good and so handsome. Perhaps he would marry someone near Somerset, and then she—well, she would never marry anyone unless he was as nice as Charlie. Having arrived at this conclusion, she gave a sigh and went to sleep.

During the whole of these meditations the face of Captain Wallace had not once presented itself. Marie had begun by observing Charlie's conduct towards herself, and had not gone further. After this she was occasionally rather reserved before Charlie, which made him gloomy; but at other times she would be kinder than ever, and he would be exalted to the seventh heaven. But neither Charlie nor Captain Wallace knew what was passing through her mind, and they remained equally true and faithful. Marie's eyes had been opened as to the state of her own feelings in some degree, and she saw pretty clearly that Charlie's affection for her was deepening every day; but now that this new light had dawned, she could not remain long in ignorance of the fact that "his lordship, Captain Wallace," as Miss Mercier styled him, was also fast getting beyond the delightfully pleasant friendship of the first days of their acquaintance. What was she to do? Captain Wallace she admired and liked—for she had found out that behind his reserve there was a warm, upright, gallant heart. And though she was glad he liked her, she hoped he was not going to be so foolish as to fall in love with her, for she felt she liked Charlie better. But suppose Charlie had never come in the way, and suppose Charlie forgot her after he had left Cape Town, and suppose Captain Wallace was then really to like her so very much. These were all supposes, and why should she trouble herself about them. If they could only all remain always friends, how delightful it would be.

Captain Wallace and Charlie used at first to discuss Miss Marie Picard over their pipes. Charlie in the first week had expressed his opinion to his friend that the man who won Marie's love would be a lucky fellow, for she was as sensible as she was pretty, and as good as

she was sensible—and, by Jove! what a contrast she was to that lot who can think and talk of nothing but flirting and spooning and men and marriage, like a lot of milliners' apprentices or sentimental housemaids. And Captain Wallace had laughed at his friend's warmth, and warned him that his heart was in danger, but acknowledged that Marie was,—what in his cynical manner he described as a specimen of that almost extinct species—a perfect lady.

After a time, by mutual consent, Marie's name scarcely passed their lips, and although their friendship was apparently as great as ever, a feeling of reserve had sprung up. They did not acknowledge to themselves that they were rivals, but they knew it nevertheless. And each felt that if his dearest wish were fulfilled it would be at the cost of inflicting the keenest torture on the other, for whom he would be willing to make any sacrifice but one. True Bayards, however, were they, without fear and without reproach, and so thoroughly had they learnt to esteem the noble qualities each recognised in the other, that even this—the greatest trial that friendship can be put to—did not for one instant affect their mutual respect and affection. Nor could the one understand how any girl could remain insensible to the sterling qualities and many attractions the other possessed.

At length Captain De Montmorency informed the passengers that they would be in Table Bay the next day. Lotteries were got up as to the exact hour. Preparations were made for getting up bag and baggage, there was more or less excitement everywhere. It was a lovely, calm, starlight night, there was no moon, and the water as it foamed and seethed in the ship's wake shone out as white as the purest snow, emitting every second a sheet of phosphorescent light. Marie and the whole party had been sitting together talking pleasantly, but gradually the pauses became more frequent, and during one of these Charlie asked her to look over the side at the bright track the ship was leaving behind. Marie at once joined him, and the two leant over the ship's side for some time in silence. Then Charlie began to talk of the pleasant voyage they had had, and reminded her of their first comical meeting. He said that he would never forget the delightful time they had spent on board the *Hope*, and she said she would never forget it as everybody had been so good to her. Then he began talking of Captain Wallace, and told her that he was the noblest fellow he had ever met, and began to praise him warmly. And she quite agreed with him in his praises, and said that she had never met a person that she had a greater respect for,

and also waxed warm in sounding his praises. And he thought, "Of course, what could I expect, she is already half in love with Wallace, there is no chance for me, I will leave Cape Town at once." And she thought "what a noble unselfish fellow Charlie is, how proud Captain Wallace ought to be of having, such a friend, there is no one like him—no one." And Captain Wallace who had remained sitting with the rest of the party, thought, "ah me! look at their heads close together, and their earnest confidential manner, he is pouring out all the story of his love, and she hears it all with pride and pleasure, and I wish her joy—but, hang it, I don't think I can stay to see them married." And Miss Mercier, who had been sitting in a corner with the doctor, must have thought something too, for when Charlie left Marie she walked up to her, and said with a knowing smile,

"Well, Miss Picard, who was right?"

Upon which, Marie replied, "You were quite wrong."

"Tell that to the marines," said this very objectionable young lady, and then she returned to the doctor.

But Marie, who, after her talk with Charlie, had a strange inclination to cry, for which she could not account, really hated Miss Mercier for fully five seconds; and was not made more cheerful by hearing Mr. Ogilvie say as she came up to her friends—"And so De Villiers you have fully made up your mind to start at once for the country without spending any time in Cape Town."

(*To be continued.*)

Mr. Gladstone and Lord Beaconsfield.

The two great figures round whom political life in England moves at present are Lord Beaconsfield and Mr. Gladstone. Of each of them may be said what was written by the great court poet of Cæsar Augustus, that they shine among their cotemporaries as the moon among the lesser stars. Each represent a party and a system, being himself the conspicuous crown and head. The individuality of the leaders, almost obscures from one point of view the number of abstract principles and social forces they represent.

Like Achilles and Hector they stalk in front of their respective hosts, themselves inspired and heroic, the rest nameless. The struggle upon which they are now entering promises to be as severe in its virulent antagonism as that which took place near the banks of the historic Scamander—with an issue of certainly greater importance. In the courts of Europe, on the barren steppes of Central Asia, in the frost-bound regions of North America, in the Australias, Africa, and all parts of the world, the result of the English Election will be anxiously looked for and variously commented upon. The typical "free and independent elector" of Great Britain will doubtlessly realise his own importance and the vastness of his trust, and acquit himself in a manner that becomes one who is the cynosure of all eyes. Each city, town, and village will have its enthusiastic politicians, loud-mouthed and positive, some vociferating church and beer, others urging retrenchment and economy, and a few perhaps murmuring under their breath equality, confiscation, and socialism. Amid the Babel of confused political cries the names of the two great leaders will be most frequently heard, and if the independent elector has not been able to arrive at his conclusions by the dry light of reason he will probably vote in the spirit of a hero worshipper. Gladstone, for instance, may find many supporters because he showed pluck in going through his Midlothian campaign, and Lord Beaconsfield may get many plumpers because he did not "funk" an embrace with the Russian Bear. An average Englishman in possession of the franchise is not always guided by the light of pure reason, and frequently plumps because he is attracted by a gladiatorial quality of one of the political belligerents. So, although in a slightly different

way, with more cultured voters—the man with his history, personality and idiosyncrasies, will influence them occasionally more than abstract political reasoning. A trait of character, a touch of kindred sympathy, will sometimes carry them away to an overpowering admiration of the man, not his measures. The feeling is of the same kind as that which prompted of old an interest and romance centering around the vizored knight, armed in full panoply, and became the direct cause of the poetry of the lists and tournaments. Hero-worshippers we many of us are, and in spite of a higher illumination, we do not attune our political liturgy to the exact spirit of an Adam Smith or a Bentham. The personality of ministers and premiers is after all a very important factor in guiding the public estimate of them, and it is from this very cause that the whole host and array of political skits, pasquinades, &c., have sprung into existence. They have reached such an absurd height, that mere personal deformities of the man have been made the reason for rejecting his general principles on great questions. It has been the case from the most ancient times till the present; from the time that caustic Aristophanes lent his wit for public purposes. It is a fungus-growth, and on a par with the logic of the luminary who said, "No case, abuse the plaintiff's attorney," and proves nothing at all. On the other hand, be it said, there is a legitimate hero-worship, a tribute to the hereditary qualities of birth, to the higher ones of education and self-wrought culture, with which we can honour our public men, and by which we can be to some extent guided whilst forming our general estimate. There are two phases of the individual; his public and political, his private and self-developing one. The one is a complement and filling up of the other, both of them being as necessary as light and shade for obtaining a complete picture.

Mr. Gladstone and Lord Beaconsfield are now far on in the autumn of life, and judging from the ingathering of their later years, the harvest is a particularly rich and fertile one. Both have contributed to art and literature to a considerable degree, and have proved themselves men of wide and varied culture, with sympathies for other subjects than those which are most rife in the stormy arena of politics. The "Homeric studies" of Gladstone and the clever novels of Lord Beaconsfield are as pleasant patches of blue sky and clear weather

amid the lurid atmosphere of party warfare. We might suppose that the fierce light which beats upon a minister's seat in that high assembly which is so exacting in its choice of leaders and intolerant of mediocrity, would have been enough to monopolize his existence, and have left him in the midst of manifold requirements no time for the otium of a Tusculum Villa or the amiable diversions of literature ; but, contrary to expectation, we find that the two most responsible men in the British Empire have gained more than transitory fame, the one by displaying the acuteness of a thorough scholar, the other the vivacity of a brilliant novelist. Simple pamphleteering, successful editorship, have not been sufficient to satisfy their *cacoethes scribendi*, as might be the case of a distinguished French politician. Mr. Gladstone has written ably and seriously, and almost in the epic strain of a *perpetuum carmen* about the Trojan war, the personality of Homer, and the true history of these ancient Hellenic times, and it must be added *de rebus quibusdam aliis*. Lord Beaconsfield has cleverly illustrated politics and the state of modern society by a series of novels which, strip away their apparent superficiality, teem with matured thought, bristle with prophecy, and abound with political memoranda stored away by a keen intellect preparing itself for a great future. It is scarcely profitable to speculate how much future fame may attach to the literary efforts of either Mr. Gladstone or Lord Beaconsfield. Often in the annals of our country the literary side of a politician has been remembered better than his public services. The generality of men know Milton best by his poetry, not by his political career and the fact of his being Latin secretary to Oliver Cromwell. It is by his historical writings and the fact of his being the most accomplished essayist of the Whig party that posterity know Macaulay best, not by his parliamentary career and Indian reforms. Lord Lytton, an orator of the highest ability and a successful administrator of many branches, is more generally appreciated as a successful novelist as the names of Harold, Rienzi, &c., suggest. So it may possibly happen that posterity, looking back over the Lethean stream of a century or so, and hearing the present crying question as a dim echo, may prefer the Homeric studies and *Juventus Mundi* as a more peaceful and enduring type of a great man's intellect than the burning Midlothian philippics.

That any literary monument will be *aere perennius* is hard for us to determine, as the magnitude of impending events obstructs our vision and keeps us in the valley of the present. Any speculation about literary immortality is necessarily hypothetical and uncertain, but one thing is certain to us who live in the present, that the individuality of a man is stamped, not only upon his speeches and orations, which in many cases are fugitive and transitory, but deeply and firmly on his pages of excogitated sentences. We catch sight of the author's inner and private circle of thought; we are introduced into his sanctum; we view the free play of his mind, and the bias of his nature. So it comes about that those who have never read Mr. Gladstone's more enduring literary works look upon him as a slave chained to a wheel of political despotism, the chief feature of which is a rampant demagoguism. That there is an abiding and conservative element in Mr. Gladstone's political creed, capable of being illustrated from his literary efforts, we feel fully convinced, though we are apt to lose sight of it in the number of topics, social and political, in which he occasionally loses himself.

We are puzzled at his earnestness, partizanship, and terrible eloquence, and wonder how the author and politician has such diverse tastes. Perhaps his life may give us a clue. The influences brought upon it from time to time have been many and strong, and striking as they have done upon such an imaginative and eminently reflecting mind as Gladstone's, have always left their impress.

Liverpool, one of the busiest, if not the busiest, mart of the world, was the birthplace of William Ewart Gladstone. As a child he used to play on the strand below Seafall House, within view of that mighty stream of commerce which flows to Liverpool docks from all parts of the world. To an imaginative boy these imposing argosies, each with a history of its own, would be mightily interesting. Besides, his father was a Liverpool merchant, and the talk and gossip of his home must have often been of commerce, trade, and adventure. More than this, he was of Scottish descent, as his Midlothiar admirers say, "spiritually and in blood a son of Scotland" of the family of Gledstanes. It would be more than marvellous if he had not inherited some portion of that shrewdness and intelligence from his ancestors north of the Tweed. To crowr

all, his devoted genealogists connect "gled" in Gledstan with the word meaning '*kite*' a '*kestrel*,' and argue that keenness and perspicacity must necessarily descend upon all those who boast of such a euphonious name. Nor can Mr. Gladstone's most bitter opponents deny him a wonderful keenness of perception, and logical insight which grasps a subject at once in all its bearings. He sees so plainly himself that he wonders at others being so obtuse as not to follow him, and forgets that with the majority of men mental deglutition and digestion take time just as the physical process does.

The youth of Mr. Gladstone was passed under the happiest auspices. From Liverpool he went to Eton, the noble nursery of great men, the school where grand historical associations are increased by the beauty of nature, enhanced by art and elevated into an honourable apotheosis in the minds of most who go and live there. The Thames, as it rolls past Windsor through the fertile meadows, sung of by poets, is to an Eton boy as the grand stream of English national life, a first poetical experience, an influence and a moulding which leaves him as it were the heir of all the ages. As one of the poets has sung :—

> "There is no feature in her fair domain
> Which of decay or change displays a trace ;
> No charm of hers but doth undimmed remain.
> Eton ! my boyhood's blest abiding-place.
> The old expression lingers on thy face ;
> The spirit of past days unquench'd is there,
> While all things else are changed and changing everywhere."—MOULTRIE.

Whilst at Eton, Viscount Canning, son of George Canning, and Earl Elgin were his greatest friends, and when home for the holidays he met the great Canning himself who sat for Liverpool and was a firm friend of his father's. Upon the early years of Gladstone Canning exercised great influence—he was the first great hero the boy worshipped, and of this influence Mr. Gladstone has himself remarked, "I was bred under the shadow of the great name of Canning ; every influence connected with that name governed the politics of my childhood and my youth ; with Canning I rejoiced in the removal of religious disabilities and in the character which he gave to our policy abroad ; with Canning I rejoiced in the opening he made

towards the establishment of free commercial interchanges between nations, &c."

Following upon the Eton life of the yonng Gladstone came his Oxford career. The wider experience of an University, its broader sphere, its peculiar spirit and culture, deepened the groove of thought which had been impressed upon the Eton boy. The graces of antiquity and the logic of the schools were eagerly grasped and understood by the Christ Church undergraduate, who at twenty-two, came out as a double first with the reputation of extraordinary ability combined with a power of eloquence well known to those who remembered him as the President of the Oxford Union Debating Club.

But a far busier world and more extended range of action awaited Mr. Gladstone outside the University. In 1832 the political world was seething, and boiled beneath huge convulsions. The people were clamouring at the gates for franchise, and great and populous boroughs were smarting beneath the injustice of being left out in the cold. The Tories were obliged to yield to inevitable pressure, unless they wished to see a new House of Peers created with pledges and promises to pass the Reform Bill. Mr. Gladstone was found on the Tory side. His *perfervidum ingenium*, wrought upon by the poetry and force of past associations, threw itself unreservedly with the Conservatives. He seemed, in Macaulay's words, "The rising hope of stern and unbending Toryism," and likely to become Jupiter Stator of their battle. At the Oxford Union he displayed the bias of his mind by unmeasured denunciation of the Bill. Thirty-six years afterwards this episode was brought up against him by his opponent, then Mr. Disraeli, and it cannot be denied that in the passage of arms which ensued, Mr. Gladstone had the better of it, as the early sentiments of youth should not be compared with the mature conclusions of the statesman. Mr. Gladstone himself remarked, "I envy him not one particle of the polemical advantage which he has gained by his discreet reference to the proceedings of the Oxford Union Debating Society."

Everyone knows that Mr. Gladstone's first book was "The State in its Relations to the Church," published in 1838, and

enunciating Tory principles. This book may be looked upon as the outcome of his previous training at Eton and at Oxford, and the result of his first political association with the great Canning. The historical associations connected with this union of Church and State, the grandness of the structure, and the magnificence of the idea appealed to the imaginative and poetical mind, which had not yet committed itself deeply to the study of facts, finance, and political economy. The spirit of Adam Smith came later on in life, and fought against and expelled previous convictions —though it has never entirely destroyed them root and branch. The Conservative scholar can never be at perfect ease with political revolutionists, and the unreserved Philistinism of radicalism must ever be an offence to the man of culture. Can the severe martinet for the form and spirit of an ancient epic turn out a turbulent and anarchical demagogue? Can there exist a modern Gracchus without a grievance? A Rienzi without the provocation of a cruel nobility? Cicero has remarked that an orator should make especial capital out of "ethic" and "pathetic" appeals, *i.e.*, appeals to the moral sense and to the feelings and imagination of an audience. In his day the advice was good, as the sphere of morals and of political economy had not been touched by a scientific spirit, and an audience was more easily swayed by appeals *ad misericordiam* and the like, than by logic properly understood. The sphere of English politics, imbued deeply as it is with the spirit of Bentham and Mill, and predisposed to the practical and mechanical, requires more certain postulates than these grounded on sentiment and enthusiasm; the common sense not only of the Parliament but also of the people generally requires more convincing proof than can be contained in the periods of an impassioned orator. Now-a-days a Burke is scarcely possible in the House, and the number of those whose *animi perturbantur et concitantur* is every day growing smaller. So the eloquence and later utterances of Mr. Gladstone have more force by reason of their very fullness and impetuosity, and the orator has failed through a plethora of words and sentences. Mr. Gladstone's genius is not exact enough for a thoroughgoing political economist.

The turning point of Mr. Gladstone's political life, was his rejection at Oxford. The parting was sad and bitter, and reluctantly did

Alma Mater reject her favoured son who had represented her for eighteen years. But events had shown that Mr. Gladstone could not consistently remain as the partner of Sir Robert Inglis. His farewell words were these:—"After an arduous connection of eighteen years, I bid you respectfully farewell. My earnest desire to serve you, my many faults and shortcomings, the incidents of the political relation between the University and myself established in 1847, so often questioned in vain and now at length finally dissolved, I leave to the judgment of the future. It is one imperative duty, and one alone, which induces me to trouble you with these parting words—the duty of expressing my profound and lasting gratitude for indulgence as generous, and for support as warm and enthusiastic in itself, and as honourable from the character and distinction of those who have given it, as has, in my belief, ever been accorded by any constituency to any representative." Soon afterwards he declared himself at Manchester a Liberal, and said, "At last, my friends, I have come among you, and I am come," using an expression which has become very famous and not likely to be forgotten, "I am come among you 'unmuzzled.'"

The old influences had passed away, and the "School" of Manchester had taken the place of the "schools" of Oxford. His constituents were sorry to lose such a man, trained and carefully educated as he had been in all these graces Oxford can give. The beau ideal of an University member, accurate in scholarly research, eloquent in expounding, and possessed, moreover, of an aquaintance with the outside and practical world, men of culture can rarely obtain.

Seldom has Mr. Gladstone revisited the ancient Colleges and Halls since his rejection, and partaken in the elegant fare and gossip of common rooms. His has become a more rugged political life, and the applause of the many has had more charms for him than the approbation of the lettered few.

For sixteen years Mr. Gladstone has been an "unmuzzled Liberal," and we might have expected that when he divorced himself from his old constituents he had in contemplation a great and progressive policy rising step by step to final consolidation—in other words that he saw his way to educating and forming a party. No such result

has happened, and the term "Gladstonian" as applied to men or measures may mean anything.

Instead of forming and strengthening a Liberal party, Mr. Gladstone has done more than any other man to show that Liberalism as at present understood has no existence as a positive creed. This might be guessed by the Liberals compromising with the head of the house of Stanley, a fact which does not prove the Liberalism of the noble so much as the extremities of the party who appeal to him. Mr. Gladstone has brought enthusiasm enough and to spare in his political campaigns, but it is that of the independent knight pricking forth over the plain on an errantry of his own and ready to assail any political wind-mill he may meet. In company with the celebrated Don Quixote Mr. Gladstone has a chivalric sense of the injustice of mankind and of the iniquity which abounds, and like Don Quixote prefers being a solitary champion to being the head of an organized host.

Liberalism suggested itself to Mr. Gladstone's mind in the first instance as being the best and purest and most just creed. It has been associated with a universal peace, retrenchment, reform and a contented people working out a manifold destiny of their own. Dreams of a regenerated world and a material paradise, and a federation of the world seem to have coloured his first conception of an advancing political creed. Liberalism was to be the first cause of a long chain of results leading to a near and bright future. It was the same as the poet's dream in Locksley Hall who looked to the time when

> "The war-drum throbb'd no longer, and the battle flags were furl'd
> For the Parliament of man, the Federation of the world.
> There the common sense of most shall hold a fretful realm in awe,
> And the kindly earth shall slumber, lapt in universal law."

W. H. Greswell.

(To be continued.)

Notes and News.

English-Herero Dictionary.

We have much pleasure in directing the attention of our readers, and of the public generally, to the prospectus printed below, of an English-Herero Dictionary, proposed to be published by the Rev. Mr. Kolbe, whose abilities as a comparative philologist are well-known and need no advertisement from ourselves.

From the "specimen" attached to the prospectus in its original form, we anticipate that the work will be worthy of the support of all who are nterested either in the native languages of South Africa, or in the progress of the great science of Comparative Philology, to which, we regret to say, so few persons in this country appear to attach any adequate idea of its importance.

It cannot be too clearly kept in view, nor too often repeated, that the only real road to the recesses of a man's heart is through the accents of his mother tongue; and if we would ever thoroughly know and understand the natives of this vast continent (or any other natives), with whom we are brought into contact, we must be able to measure accurately the value of the words, idioms, and turns of expression, which go to make up the aggregate of their respective languages.

Deeply convinced of this truth, we hail with pleasure the appearance of Mr. Kolbe's work, and trust that he may receive substantial support in his arduous undertaking from private philologists, from the general public, and from the Government of the Colony.

In connection with this subject we would just mention that it is within our knowledge that an English-Sesuto Dictionary and Grammar have for some years past been compiled by the Rev. Emile Rolland, of Basutoland, and could now, with very little further preparation, be published in like manner with Mr. Kolbe's work. As a key to the vast polyglot of Sechuana languages, which stretches far away into the interior from the southernmost slopes of the Maluti Mountains, would not such a work as Mr. Rolland's be absolutely invaluable? For who knows the Sesuto as he does? and what more scholarly hand could be found to reduce its rich vocabulary and rare forms of verb, to the order and method of a permanent record? And, therefore, it is that we venture to hope that if not otherwise sufficiently supported (in a financial sense), such undertakings as those above alluded to may receive the

favourable attention of Government, with a view to supplementing private means and securing the certainty of valuable public acquisitions in linguistic science, the cost of which those means may not be able adequately to bear. We make the following extract from Mr. Kolbe's prospectus :—

"The undersigned has been engaged, since October, 1878, in writing an English-Hereró (Damara) Dictionary—a task formerly suggested to him by the late Dr. Bleek. The work has been compiled from material furnished by the Rev. Dr. C. H. Hahn, the Rev. J. Rath, and the writer's own experience in Damaraland during the years 1848—53. Several publications in Otyi-hereró, by missionaries of the Rhenish Missionary Society, have also been consulted.

"The publication of a work like this would seem to be desirable from the following reasons :—

"1. The relations between the Cape Colony and Damaraland are becoming more close every year, so that a Hereró Dictionary would supply a want no doubt felt by Government officers and other Europeans residing, trading or travelling in that country.

"2. It is probable that the practical usefulness of the book would extend even further than Damaraland. From the copious collections of words in Mr. Stanley's 'Through the Dark Continent,' it is plain that the nations on the bank of the Congo speak dialects very near akin to Hereró, and the projected book would therefore be a help also to missionaries and other Europeans who have lately proceeded to those regions.

"3 Also to scientific men, especially to Comparative philologists, the book would probably be welcome. As far as is known at present, Otyi-hereró, or Damara, is the leading dialect in the great Bantu Polynesian family. 'The Otyi-hereró,' says Dr. Bleek, in his Comparative Grammar, p. 197, 'is richer in classes of nouns than any other known Bantu language.' And not only has it best preserved the ancient structure, but also its lexical treasures will be found to be of superior value.

"The Rev. H Brincker, of the Rhenish Mission in Damaraland, and well known as one of the best Hereró scholars, has kindly undertaken to revise the manuscript.

"The book in question will form a handy octavo volume of about 400 pages. The manuscript will probably be ready for the press about the middle of this year, and the author will then be able to make arrangements for publishing the work, if the Colonial Government and such scientific or missionary societies as may be interested in its publication should consent to supply the solicited pecuniary aid.

"The undersigned will be glad to receive the names of parties wishing to assist in the undertaking, and of subscribers to the Dictionary. The price will not exceed ten shillings per copy.

Dr. Holub on the Medical Profession at the Cape.

Dr. Emil Holub has been delivering a lecture at Prague, in the College of Physicians, on the position of the medical profession at the Cape. We make the following extracts from the report given in the *Berliner Klinische Wochenschrift*, of the 22nd December, 1879. Dr. Holub is reported as having said:—Among the doctors in South Africa are Englishmen, Hollanders, and Germans, the latter more especially from the Rhenish Provinces. These were formerly for the greater part apothecaries, doctors' assistants, and barber-surgeons—not one-tenth of the profession hold the degree of Doctor of Medicine. Formerly everyone who was inclined could pass himself off and practice as a doctor; but latterly it is become necessary for a medical man to produce his diploma, upon which he receives a licence from the Governor to practice. This is absolutely necessary to enable the practitioner to charge a legal fee. . . . It frequently happens that a doctor after 15 or 20 years practice, retires to Fatherland with a fortune of from £15,000 to £30,000. There is a great dearth of accoucheurs and midwives. . . Among the so-called accoucheurs are many who understand nothing of the art of obstetrics, but who will always undertake an operation for the sake of the greater fee. For young doctors the Cape Colony may yet be looked upon as a perfect Eldorado. Dr. Holub states that in order to obtain money to defray his travelling expenses to the interior he himself practised for a few months. He describes the doctor's position in the colony as a very important one, he being recognised in every social or public movement. Among the native tribes, however, he occupies a very delicate position. Every fatal case is looked upon as one of intentional poisoning, so that the doctor who has the misfortune to lose several patients through some epidemic may consider himself very fortunate if nothing worse than banishment happens to him.

Dr. Holub points out as the different diseases most prevalent in the several States of South Africa, intermittent, typhus, abdominal, and premature marasmus, by reason of which he compares a man forty years of age with an old man in Europe; opthalmia and poisoning through use of the imported so-called patent medicines which can be bought of any shopkeeper or hawker, and which mostly contain opiates, are also prevalent. He bore witness to the astonishing effects of the climate of the Orange Free State and the Diamond-fields in far advanced cases of consumption.

Bone Caves at Knysna.

Mr. Thos. Bain has kindly furnished us with the following Note:—

When I was at Knysna last year, I was told of the existence of some bone caves near the Knysna heads, and having an afternoon to spare, I visited two of them, and found them so interesting, that I should have liked to have spent a fortnight there instead of only a couple of hours. They are not of any remarkable depth or size as caves, but the deposits in them, composed of ash beds, bones of various animals, shells, and sea-grass are no doubt full of interesting specimens. I should estimate the beds to be from ten to twelve feet in thickness, and at an elevation of one hundred and twenty feet above the sea level.

In the short time I was there, I scratched out, by means of a stick, several bones of a huge lion, piths of bushbuck horns, and a complete cranium of a Bushman baby, besides larger human bones; and I found one of the ordinary type of Bushman grindstones, flattened at one end. The most interesting specimen, however, from the larger of the two caves, was the shoulder-blade bone of a lion, with paintings on it, apparently sea-birds and a seal, found by Mr. George Rex, jun.; and in another cave, visited by Mr. G. Rex, sen., he discovered the skull of a lion in very perfect order, which he kindly presented to me. It must have been a very old one, judging from the way in which the teeth are worn down.

I scrutinised the caves closely for paintings, but soon observed that the walls and roofs were so rough and jagged that no drawings could be made on them; therefore these determined artists resorted to painting on detached objects, as can also be seen by the specimens in the Cape Museum, where there are some good paintings on pieces of flat stone from the Knysna caves, contributed some years ago by the late Mr. Chevalier.

These caves are only a few of some dozens which exist on the coast towards Plettenberg Bay, of which I have been told by trustworthy farmers.

I do not think it is the custom of the Bushmen, or any of the aborigines, to bury the dead in their places of abode. It was therefore rather puzzling to find human bones mixed up with others in the caves; but as they were found near the surface my impression is that whenever a death took place the inmates removed to another, leaving the corpse unburied. The Kafirs invariably set fire to a hut after a death has taken

place, and the corpse is buried. The excavation of the deposits will be the only way to solve the question.

Books on South Africa.

We have not space in this number to do more than acknowledge the receipt of the following books :—

"British Rule in South Africa"—W. Clifford Holden.

"How I volunteered for the Cape."—T. E. Fenn.

"The Zulu War."—A. Wilmot.

"The Zulu War; its Causes and its Lessons."—Rev. Holditch Mason.

"Climate and Health in South Africa."—James Bonwick.

THE CAPE

MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

The Beginning of the European Occupation in South Africa.

FROM DOCUMENTS IN THE COLONIAL ARCHIVES.

(No. IX.—1661-1662.)

MR. VAN RIEBEEK was desirous of entering into a treaty of alliance with the Namaquas, as he anticipated great advantages to the Company from trade with that tribe. The old belief concerning their high civilization had been broken by personal intercourse, and it was now known that they were merely ordinary Hottentots, far even from being so numerous or so powerful as the Cochoquas. But it was also known that they were very rich in cattle, and it was hoped that by their means those golden regions laid down in the charts might at length be reached. As yet, the Commander's faith in the accuracy of Linschoten's map was unshaken. He still spoke of Vigiti Magna and of the great river which ran past it as if they were well-known geographical facts. Beyond this river was the land of wealth, and to get to that land it was necessary to have the Namaquas as friends.

A party was therefore made ready to visit Akembie for the purpose of inviting him and his three sons to the fort. Most friendly messages were to be conveyed to them, and such presents as were known to be acceptable were to be taken. In the outfits for journeys such as this we can see the style of living of the Company's servants at that time. The food was ample, though coarse; tea and coffee were unused; arrack or brandy formed part of the ration; but that which would strike as strangest anyone unacquainted with colonial tastes was the large quantity of spice—cloves, nutmegs, and especially cinnamon—which was consumed.

The expedition to the Namaquas consisted of thirteen volunteers, of whom Sergeant Pieter Everaert was leader, Pieter van Meerhof second in command, and Cornelis de Cretzer journalist. They left the fort on the 14th of November 1661, and did not return before the 13th of February 1662. North of the Elephant River they suffered greatly from scarcity of water, and even when they found a little, it was so bitter that they could hardly drink it. The country was a dreary desolate wilderness, burnt up by the rays of a fiery sun, a vast expanse of sand in which they wandered for days together without encountering a sign of human life. At length they learned from some bushmen that the Namaquas were far away to the north, and though they tried to follow, they did not succeed in reaching them. By this expedition no discovery of any importance was made, nor did anything transpire on the journey more worthy of record than the trampling to death of one of the volunteers by an elephant.

In the settlement at this time only a few trifling events occurred. The burgher councillor, Leendert Cornelissen, had suffered heavy losses by the desertion of his slaves, the disturbance with the Hottentots, and mishaps in his business as a dealer in timber. These troubles had driven him to habits of carelessness and intemperance unbecoming his position. It was then the custom for the Court of Justice, of which he was a member, to meet every alternate Saturday afternoon at two o'clock. On one occasion when a case came on for hearing he was found in a tavern unfit to make his appearance. Hereupon the Council of Policy deprived him of office, and from a double nomination by the freemen appointed Hendrik Boom in his stead. The two burghers who had an exclusive privilege to shoot and sell game had also become dissipated in their habits, so that a supply of venison was only procurable at irregular and uncertain intervals. The Commander hereupon gave permission to all the freemen to kill wild animals for the consumption of their own families, but not for sale, on the ground that the public welfare demanded such a modification of the privileges of the licensed hunters. The farmers, instead of attending to their work when ships were in the bay, were frequently visiting the port, on such occasions generally bringing in a waggon load of firewood for disposal. To prevent this waste of time, the Council enacted that no firewood

should be brought for sale except on Saturday afternoons or on Sunday mornings before nine o'clock, and an official was sent to Rondebosch to compel the farmers to plough their lands. But such enactments were by no means confined to the Cape Colony. In England, for instance, at this date labourers were not permitted to receive more than an arbitrary rate of wages fixed by the county authorities. A dozen regulations of as despotic a nature as any enforced in South Africa could probably be selected from the records of the freest country in Europe.

Early in 1662 the ancient feud between the Cape clans and the Cochoquas under the chief Oedasoa, which had been dormant for a short time, was revived, when the Cape clans drove their cattle as close as they could to the European settlement, and sent messengers to the Commander to implore his protection. Hereupon Mr. Van Riebeek with a small guard rode out to see for himself how matters stood, and just beyond Wynberg found four kraals containing in all one hundred and four large huts, occupied by fully two thousand Goringhaiquas and Gorachouquas. The Commander dismounted and sat down under a screen which the natives hastily made by planting poles in the ground and spreading a mat upon them. The chiefs then informed him that from Oedasoa they need expect no mercy, that unless they could fall back upon the mountains they were unable to defend themselves, and as the Europeans now held those mountains they thought they were entitled to protection. Mr. Van Riebeek replied that if they would undertake to deliver ten head of horned cattle and ten sheep for every vessel that entered the bay he would take them under the guardianship of the Honourable Company. The chiefs requested the Commander to allow them to consult with their people about this important matter, and asked him to remain till the consultation was over. This being agreed to, an old man was sent round to call the sages together. They met and under the presidency of Choro discussed the question for fully four hours, when a small committee of the leading men went apart and finally arranged an answer for the Commander. This was, that it would be impossible for them to dispose of so many cattle without destroying their breeding stock, but they were willing to sell all that could be spared, without, however, binding themselves to any number.

Mr. Van Riebeek tried to persuade them that by his plan they could easily enrich themselves through barter with their countrymen inland, but his reasonings were of no avail. Finding that his terms would not be agreed to, he at last left the Hottentot encampment, after informing the chiefs that as the grass was then becoming scarce in that neighbourhood they must at once move away.

Yet at that moment Mr. Van Riebeek had no intention of leaving the Goringhaiquas and the Gorachouquas to the mercy of the Cochoquas. He says that although Oedasoa was the friend and ally of the Honourable Company, he was so powerful that it would not be judicious to allow him to destroy the others and to become the immediate neighbour of the settlement. In that case he would probably soon become troublesome, and would certainly prevent intercourse between the fort and the tribes inland. The Commander chose therefore to watch the course of events and to maintain the balance of power. On the morning after the conference Gogosoa and Choro with Harry and a troop of followers, in hope of appeasing him, brought fourteen oxen and eleven sheep for sale, when they were liberally entertained and given to understand that the Europeans were friendly to them, though no promise of protection by means of arms would be made.

The Company was at this time preparing a fleet to attack Mozambique, and orders were sent out to the Cape to detain two hundred and fifty soldiers from homeward bound ships and to hold this force in readiness to embark upon the arrival of the expedition. In April the soldiers were landed, and were placed under command of Lieutenant Francois Tulleken, who, during the short period of his residence here, took military precedence of Sergeant Everaert.

The accounts of the condition of the settlement given verbally to the Directors by the skippers of their vessels did not always accord with the despatches prepared by Mr. Van Riebeek. There was a tendency on the part of the Commander to overrate the advantages of the Cape station, and a tendency on the part of the skippers to underrate them. It was, said the Commander, a place abounding with fresh meat and vegetables and having a certainty immediately before it of an equally plentiful supply of fruit. It was, said the skippers, the dreariest place in the world, where the meat was so

tough and lean that they could hardly eat it, and where often the ships were straining and chafing their cables half the time of their stay, riding in a heavy sea with a furious gale blowing. It was, said the Commander, a place with many conveniences and comforts for the officers and sailors whenever they wanted to take a run ashore. It was, said the skippers, a place where the town burghers obtained a living by keeping lodging houses and brandy shops and selling poultry and eggs, without having the fear of God before their eyes when making charges, but as for such comforts as could be procured in the smallest village of Europe or India, they were entirely wanting. On board every return fleet some of the garrison or freemen managed to secrete themselves, and these runaways, upon arriving in the Fatherland, naturally supported the statements of the skippers.

The Directors called the Commander's attention to the complaints of the skippers, which, they observed, they were inclined to believe must rest upon a good foundation, as in one instance beyond dispute he had misled them. He had often held out prospects of the Cape being able to furnish its own food, and still the Company was compelled to import rice. Most certainly this charge was unjust, for the imported rice was a very small item to be placed as a set off against the supplies of provisions to the fleets. But the belief had come to be general in the Fatherland that the resources of the Cape were by no means so great as Mr. Van Riebeek was constantly representing. Strict orders were therefore sent out that no more men were to be released from service to become town burghers. We do not see, said the Directors, of what advantage they are in a country that does not raise its own food. Farmers are needed first of all.

Mr. Van Riebeek had long been anxious for removal from South Africa. He had a high opinion of his own abilities, and believed that he deserved promotion. Further advancement here being impossible, he had more than once requested an appointment in India, though he always added that he was content to abide by the decision of his superiors. In 1660 the Directors resolved upon his removal, and appointed Mr. Gerrit van Harn as his successor, without intimating their intentions regarding himself further than that he was to proceed to Batavia and there receive instructions.

Mr. Van Harn sailed from the Texel in the *Wapen van Holland*, a first-class Indiaman of which David Coninck, formerly of the *Dromedaris*, was then skipper. Soon after leaving home sickness broke out among the crew, and before they had been many weeks at sea the ship was like a hospital. Twenty-five corpses had already been committed to the deep when, on the 17th of March 1661, Mr. Van Harn died. As soon as intelligence of the decease of the Commander designate reached Batavia, the Council of India appointed in his stead Mr. Zacharias Wagenaar, who was then serving as a Merchant in the Company's service, and with the first return ship Mr. Van Riebeek was apprised that he might shortly expect his successor. He received the announcement with satisfaction,* for his arrangements to leave South Africa had been some time made. His two sons had been sent to the Latin school at Rotterdam to receive their education. His private farm at Wynberg had been handed over to the Council as representing the Honourable Company, and it had been arranged that the next Commissioner who should call at the Cape should appraise the amount to be allowed him for improvements. On this farm a good deal of labour must have been bestowed, for there were then growing upon it one thousand one hundred and sixty-two young orange, lemon, and citron trees, ten banana plants, two olive, three walnut, five apple, two pear, nineteen plum, and forty-one other fruit trees, besides some thousands of vines.

On the 2nd of April 1662, Mr. Wagenaar arrived at the Cape, having come from Batavia in the capacity of Commodore of the two ships *Angelier* and *Ojevaer*, which formed part of the return fleet of 1662 under command of Arnold de Vlaming van Oudtshoorn, Ordinary Councillor of India. Three other ships of the same fleet, with

* Note.—I have seen it stated in some English book that Mr. Van Riebeek described Mr. Wagenaar as his "deliverer." There is nothing in the records to bear out such a statement, but it may easily have originated in a misunderstanding of the word *verlosser*, which two hundred years ago, besides its present signification of redeemer or deliverer, was often used in the sense of "one who relieves or succeeds another." Thus when the man who kept up the night fire on Robben Island became weary of his lonely occupation, he wrote requesting a *verlosser*. When a guard at the watch house Keert de Koe was changed, the new corporal was called the *verlosser* of the old. In the same sense Mr. van Riebeek wrote of Mr. Wagenaar sometimes as his *verlosser*, sometimes as his *vervanger*. The verb *verlossen* and abstract noun *verlossing* had likewise corresponding significations, which they have long since lost.

Joan van der Laen as Commodore, were already lying at the rendezvous in Table Bay. Mr. Wagenaar was warmly welcomed upon landing, but the reins of government were not handed over to him before the sixth of May. On the afternoon of that day the freemen were all assembled at the fort, where the garrison was drawn up under arms before a temporary platform. The ceremony of inducting the new Commander was very simple. Hendrik Lacus, the Secretary, read the commission of the Governor General and Council of India, the troops presented arms, the Secunde Roelof de Man, the Lieutenant Francois Tulleken, the Fiscal Abraham Gabbema, and the minor officers of the government engaged to support the authority of the new Commander, the freemen repeated a formula promising obedience to his lawful orders, and the whole ceremony was over.

On the 7th Mr. Van Riebeek with his family embarked in the *Mars*, and early on the following morning he sailed for Batavia. He had governed the settlement ten years and one month. A lengthy document which by order of the Directors he drew up for the use of his successor contains a statement of the condition of the infant colony, remarks upon planting at various seasons of the year, an account of all the Hottentot clans that were then known, and a great deal of hearsay information, much of which was afterwards discovered to be inaccurate.

The settlement was then in a fairly prosperous condition. The Javanese horses had increased to over forty, old and young, so that a body of eighteen mounted men could be kept patrolling the border. The hedge was growing well, and promised in the course of three or four years so be so high and thick that nothing could be driven through it. From the Hottentots (or Hottentoos as they were called at that time) there was therefore little or no cause to fear trouble. Of horned cattle, sheep, and pigs, there was a good stock on hand. Every farmer had at least twelve working oxen and six cows, every one whose wife had arrived from Europe had at least twelve cows, and as they were permitted to exchange any inferior animals for the best that the Company purchased from the natives, their stock was the choicest in the country. Each had his little freehold farm marked out, and beyond the agricultural lands all was common pasturage.

The Directors had reproved Mr. Van Riebeek for the severity of his regulations, and by their order many restrictions upon trade had been removed. The farmers could not legally purchase cattle from the natives, they could not legally sell a muid of wheat, an ox, or a sheep, except to the Company, but they could dispose of anything else freely, even to the master of a foreign vessel, at the best price which they could obtain. The town burghers were dependent upon strangers for their living. During the decade 1652-1661 twenty-five of the Company's ships on an average put into Table Bay yearly. One with another, there were on board each of these ships about two hundred men, so that every twelvemonth there were five thousand visitors, remaining usually ten or twelve days. In addition to these, during the period of Mr. Van Riebeek's government seventeen English and six French ships dropped anchor in Table Bay, and their crews were customers for many articles which the freemen had for sale. It is true that foreign ships were not encouraged by the government to make this a port of call, but it is no less true that in none of the colonial possessions of England or France were Dutch seamen better treated at that time than English and French seamen were treated here. That was an age in which foreigners had nowhere the same commercial privileges as the owners of a country. At the Cape the government would sell them nothing, but they had the use of all the lodging houses and taverns, they could purchase vegetables, pigs, and poultry from the burghers, and in some instances at least the authorities closed their eyes to sales of cattle. The instructions of the Directors were to give the burghers a helping hand, not to enforce harsh regulations when unnecessary. It was frequently considered unnecessary to enforce the regulation against the sale of cattle, if the Company was fully supplied and a foreigner offered a high figure to a burgher. This mode of procuring a livelihood was somewhat precarious, and was adapted to form a class of petty traders not over scrupulous in their transactions rather than such a body of colonists as the Company was desirous of establishing at the Cape. Mr. Van Riebeek reported that many of them were doing so well that they were never seen with their shirt sleeves rolled up, but only a few years later another Commander stated that some were in extreme poverty. Both were right.

When Mr. Van Riebeek left South Africa he anticipated great

profit from the cultivation of a particular plant. That plant was the olive. Nowhere in the world could there be a finer specimen of a young olive tree than on the farm at Wynberg which had once been his. In the preceding year it had been overloaded with fruit, which had ripened well, and now he had hundreds of young trees ready for transplanting in July and August. Two hundred and eighteen years have passed away, and yet it is an open question whether the olive can be cultivated with profit in South Africa.

Among matters to which Mr. Van Riebeek directed his successor's attention were the taming of young ostriches and the stocking of the islands in Saldanha Bay with rabbits. On several occasions tame ostriches had already been sent to the Indies, where they had proved acceptable presents to different native potentates, and it was for this purpose alone that they were needed. Their feathers were saleable, but it does not seem to have occurred to anyone in those days that it would pay to tame the bird for the sake of its plumage. The object of stocking the islands in Saldanha Bay with rabbits was to increase the food supply there for the crew of any ship that might arrive in distress. These animals were already swarming on Robben Island, but it was noticed that a species of snake, harmless to men, had of late so greatly multiplied that the rabbits would likely not increase further.

The native clans that were known in 1662 were the Goringhaikonas, the Goringhaiquas, and the Gorachouquas, inhabiting the country in the immediate vicinity of the fort; the Cochoquas, in two divisions under the chiefs Oedasoa and Gonnema (or Gonomoa), and the Little Chariguriquas, occupying the country along the coast from the neighbourhood of the Cape to the Elephant River; the Namaquas and the Great Chariguriquas, north of the Elephant River; and the Chainouquas to the east of the Cochoquas. Altogether, these well-known clans were supposed to number from forty-five to fifty thousand souls.* Scattered over the whole country,

* Note.—I have arrived at this estimate, not from any single statement of Mr. Van Riebeek, but from observations scattered throughout his writings. Where he has given only the number of fighting men in a clan, I have multiplied that number by five to represent the total of men, women, and children. In two instances he has given no information further than saying the clans were about as strong as some others which he had previously named.

wherever it had been explored, were a few diminutive Bushmen living by plunder and the chase, but of their number the Commander did not venture to give an estimate.

The Hessequas, whose pastures were next to the eastward of the Chainouquas, had sent a messenger to the fort to ascertain all that he could of the strangers who had come from over the sea and made themselves homes at the end of the land. But of the Hessequas only the name was known. Mr. Van Riebeek had heard of the Hancumquas, whose chief, called Choebaha, was believed by him to be the head of all the Hottentot race, of the Chamaquas, the Omaquas, the Attiquas, the Houteniquas, and the Chauquas, but he had never seen anyone belonging to any of these clans. The boundary of the Chauquas he believed to be the great river on which Vigiti Magna was built, and beyond that stream he thought an entirely different people from the Hottentots would be found. These he called the Chobonas. They wore clothing, dwelt in substantial houses, were in possession of gold and jewels,—in short, were the civilised people of Monomotapa. Besides all these, Mr. Van Riebeek had been told of amazons, of cannibals with hair so long that it reached the ground, and of a race that tamed lions and used them in war; but of their exact place of abode he professed himself ignorant.

One interesting document which Mr. Van Riebeek left for his successor cannot now be found. It was a list of the names and occupations of the free burghers. Within the last three years several farmers had taken out free papers, as is evident from remarks concerning the occupied ground. But though each man's ground was surveyed, a neat chart of it framed, and a title deed issued as soon as the terms of occupation were completed, the most methodical of all governments,—the government which has left detailed information concerning every ship that entered the bay,—neglected by some unaccountable oversight to keep an accurate record of its land grants. More than twenty-four years after Mr. Van Riebeek left South Africa an effort was first made to rectify this omission. By a resolution of the Council of Policy of the first of July 1686, all persons were called upon to produce their title deeds for the purpose of being registered. But by that time most of the original grantees were dead or had removed to another part of the country, and in such

cases new titles were issued for the ground they had originally occupied. It is thus impossible to give an accurate list of the names of the European pioneers, in the order in which they settled in the Colony between 1659 and 1686. But in a small community where a minute record of events of many kinds is kept, the names of nearly all the members must sooner or later be mentioned. At this time the name of Willem Schalk van der Merwe, the ancestor of one of our worthiest and most widely spread colonial families, occurs in this manner. The name Willem van de Venter is met with also, but the individual bearing it subsequently left South Africa.

Of the abilities of the first Governor of the Colony much has been written by men strongly swayed by prejudice, who never read a line of the thousands of pages of manuscript which he left behind. In those pages his character is delineated. A more dutiful servant no government ever had, for he endeavoured to the utmost to carry out in spirit and in letter the instructions which were given him. He was sanguine in temperament, energetic in action. So active was he that he accomplished, in addition to all his other duties, more mere writing than any ordinary clerk would care to undertake. On the other hand, his judgment was weak, and his ideas of justice were often obscured by the one object ever present in his mind,—the gain of the Honourable Company. He was inclined to be tyrannical, and, as is usual with men who rise above the rank in which they are born, he treated with contempt the class from which he sprang whenever he could do so with impunity. He was religious after the fashion of his day, but his religion did not prevent him from acting falsely and treacherously whenever there was any immediate gain to the Company to be made by a falsehood or a treacherous act. Perhaps this was rather a vice of the age than of the man. He, at any rate, did not regard it as a vice at all, for he recorded with the utmost simplicity how on one occasion he sent a false message, on another made a promise with no intention of fulfilling it, on a third entrapped a Hottentot by means of fair words. Nor did any of the Directors, or Commissioners, or Indian Authorities, ever pen a line of censure on account of such doings. In addition to these remarks upon the most prominent features of his character, it may be added that the first Commander was a man of no great delicacy of feeling,

and that in refinement of mind he compared unfavourably with most of his successors. His education was very limited. In early days he had been a ship's surgeon, a post to which a soldier skilled in dressing wounds and with sufficient knowledge to mix an emetic and a purgative was often promoted. Such a man was as commonly styled a barber as a surgeon, and he stood at an immense distance from the Doctor of Medicine of our day. In rank he was below a sergeant in the army. Mr. Van Riebeek must have been superior in talents to the great majority of such surgeons, but in reality his character is interesting to us not on account of any abilities which he displayed or possessed, but simply and solely because he happened to be the leader of the first Europeans who settled in South Africa.

Documents from which this article has been condensed :—

LETTERS. From the Directors or one of the Chambers to the Commander and Council of the fort Good Hope, of dates 23 Aug, 30 Sept, 30 Nov, and 6 Dec 1661 ; and 28 Feb and 31 March 1662. From the Governor-General and Council of India to the Commander and Council of the fort Good Hope, of dates 17 Nov and 20 Dec 1661 ; and 29 Jan and 22 April 1662. From Commander Van Riebeek and the Council of the fort Good Hope to the Directors, two of date 9 April 1662 ; and to the Governor-General and Council of India, one of date 27 April 1662.

INSTRUCTIONS. Of Commander Van Riebeek for the guidance of the Expedition under Pieter Everaert, of date 10 Nov 1661.

JOURNALS. Of the Expedition under Pieter Everaert, from 14 Nov 1661 to 13 Feb 1662. Of Daily Occurrences, kept by Commander Van Riebeek, from 1 July 1661 to 6 May 1662.

RESOLUTIONS AND DEBATES OF THE COUNCIL OF POLICY, of dates 2, 10, 12, 18, and 20 July, 4 and 20 Aug, 5, 8, and 13 Oct, 10 Nov, and 7 and 28 Dec 1661 ; 4 and 26 Jan, 16 Feb, 10 and 15 April, and 2 May 1662.

PROCLAMATIONS AND NOTICES, of dates 14 July, 9 and 27 Aug, 23 Oct, 24 Nov, and 16 and 18 Dec 1662.

STATEMENT of the Condition of Affairs at the Cape drawn up by Mr. Van Riebeek for the information of his successor, dated 5 May 1662.

I have also consulted the original record of Depositions or Declarations of Crime, which is complete for the ten years of Mr. Van Riebeek's government.

FURTHER AUTHENTIC AND CONTEMPORARY REFERENCE.

In concluding this series of articles, I may state that I have compared what I have written with the account of the Settlement given in Dapper's work "Naukeurige Beschrijvinge der Afrikaensche Gewesten," &c. The book alluded to is a spendidly printed and illustrated volume of eight hundred and fifty large pages, and contains a great number of maps and plans. It was compiled at Amsterdam and published in 1668. A map of the continent with which the text is prefaced shows the Nile flowing from two great lakes between 12° and 4° 30′ South latitude, the Congo also having its rise in the western one. The cities of Davagul and Monomotapa—the last the capital of an empire of the same name—are laid down due west of Delagoa Bay, on the southern bank of the great river Spirito Santo. This river rises in a far off lake, and flows first nearly south and then nearly east until it empties into Delagoa Bay. Another great river runs in a southerly direction from beyond the Tropic, passes through a lake, makes a great sweep to the eastward, and finally parts its waters into two broad streams before falling into the sea. On the eastern bank of this river, in the very heart of the country, is the city Vigiti Magna, and the delta is the Land of Natal. The western mouth is the Rio Infante. There is no river whatever corresponding to the Orange.

But we should be wrong if we judged of the book by the inaccuracies of this map. A candid examiner, indeed, would be surprised to find a much greater amount of authentic information than it is generally believed Europeans possessed at that time. As far as the Cape settlement is concerned, the compiler states that his descriptions are principally from documents forwarded to him by a certain diligent observer in South Africa, to which he has added but little from books of travel. The twenty-nine pages which are devoted to this country and its people were prepared by some one who was not here at the commencement of the occupation, who had not access to official papers, but who had been in the settlement long enough to know all about it, and who was studying the customs, manners, and language of the natives. Such a man was George Frederick Wreede. There is in the Cape Records a journal kept by him during an exploring expedition to Martin Vaz, Trinidad, and other islands, in which observations are made in the same style as in the descriptions of the Hottentot clans. But whether Wreede wrote those pages is conjecture, it is certain that Mr. Van Riebeek did not. They

can be accepted therefore as independent testimony, and as far as they go they confirm what has been stated in these articles. The order of events previous to 1659 is not always identically the same, for Dapper's correspondent derived his information of that period verbally from others. Some native customs are mentioned, of which the Records leave us in ignorance, but the same clans and the same names are given, and the same individuals are represented as performing certain actions. Such testimony is hardly needed, but it is satisfactory to find that in no instance is Mr. Van Riebeek's account disturbed.

NAMES OF PLACES.

I have shown the origin of a good many names of places now familiar, but some further observations are needed. When Mr. Van Riebeek left South Africa, all the names on our coast eastward of Mossel Bay that had been given by Europeans were still Portuguese. No expedition by land had as yet gone beyond Hottentot's Holland. Some islands and bays had been named by early navigators. In the year 1599 the New Brabant Company sent out four ships to the Indies under command of Pieter Both (who was afterwards the first Governor-General of the Netherlands' possessions in the East), and Paulus van Caerden. By the leaders of this expedition the following places were named :—Mossel Bay, because there they found mussels in great abundance, Vleesch Bay, because there they procured some cattle in barter, and Visch Bay, because there they caught great numbers of fish. These names are unchanged to the present day. The Admiral Joris van Spilbergen sailed from the Netherlands in May 1601 with three ships, and in November of the same year visited St. Helena Bay and the coast to the southward. He gave to Table Bay its present name, and transferred its former name of Saldanha Bay to the sheet of water still so called. The island at the entrance of Table Bay he named Ilha Cornelia, but it was known as Robben (that is Seal) Island even before Mr. Van Riebeek's time, and has since then always been so termed. How Ilha Elizabeth became Dassen Island has been mentioned.

In the times of which I have been writing and for many years afterwards the mountain called by us the Devil's Peak was known only as the Windberg. Valentyn, who was at the Cape in 1714, states that it was then called the Devil's Mountain by the common people, but he could not

ascertain the origin of that name. Officially and by the better class of people it was still called the Windberg. My reason for writing of it as the Devil's Peak in a description of those times was to avoid language which might confuse some readers.

In 1662 no name had yet been given to the little town in Table Valley, though the Commander had requested the Directors to confer one upon it.

RATE OF EXCHANGE OF MONEY.

Wherever I have turned Dutch into English money in these articles, I have computed the gulden, from which the value of all other coins was determined, at one shilling and eight pence sterling. It is necessary to state that this was not the rate of exchange until after 1696. For many years before that date English silver money was so debased by clipping that it was only taken on the continent and abroad by weight. The rate of exchange of nominal sums was laid down at the Cape for the first time in 1664. In that year the English ship *Lion*, Captain John Howard, bound from the bay of St. Augustine in Madagascar to Barbadoes, with slaves, put into Table Bay. Captain Howard asked for each of the wretched naked skeletons he had on board the sum of fifty pounds sterling, that is, wrote Commander Wagenaar, five hundred gulden. The gulden would thus seem to have been equal to two shillings in that year. The truth is that no standard of exchange can be absolutely fixed for English money before the clipped silver was called in, which was in 1696.

COMPLETENESS OF OUR RECORDS FOR THIS PERIOD, WITH THE EXCEPTION OF CHARTS.

For this period of Cape history, our documentary records are nearly as complete as it is possible to make them. I have before me a printed catalogue of South African documents in the Archives at the Hague, and the only paper of which we have not a duplicate is the journal of the exploring expedition of 1659. The expedition made no discovery of any importance (see Article No. vii.), and hence the loss of this journal is a matter of small moment. In charts of this date, however, the Archives of the Netherlands are very rich, while we have none whatever. I append a list of those at the Hague:—

Sketch Map of Table Bay and surrounding country taken in possession for the Honourable Company. 1652.

Chart of Saldanha Bay. 1653.

Chart of Dassen Island. 1653.

Plan of the Fort Good Hope, with profile. 1653.

Plan of the Redoubt Duynhoop. 1654.

Plan of the Fort Good Hope, with the buildings, gardens, &c., adjoining. 1654.

Chart of Dassen Island. 1654.

Chart of Robben Island. 1654.

Chart of Table Bay and Robben Island. 1654.

Chart of Saldanha, Table, Hout, and False Bays, with Dassen and Robben Islands. 1654.

Plan of the Fort Good Hope. 1656.

Chart of the Fort Good Hope and the country between Table and False Bays. 1656.

Chart of the Mountains behind the Cape. 1656.

Chart of Robben Island. 1656.

Chart of Dassen Island. 1656.

Chart of Table and Hout Bays, with Dassen and Robben Islands, 1656.

Elaborate Chart on two sheets of the Fort Good Hope and the country between Table and False Bays. 1657.

A still more elaborate chart of the same. 1658.

Chart of the route of the Exploring Expedition of 1657. Do. of the Expedition of 1658. Do. of the Expedition of 1659.

Plan of the Fort Good Hope, with the gardens, houses, and surveyed plots for the beginning of a town. 1659.

Chart of the route of the Exploring Expedition of 1660.

Plan of the ground in Table Valley. 1660.

Chart of the coast between St. Helena Bay and False Bay 1660.

Chart of Saldanha Bay and the islands therein. 1660.

Chart of the lands assigned to freemen. 1660.

Large Chart of Table Bay and the outer anchorage. 1661.

Chart of the routes of the Exploring Expeditions of 1661.

Plan of the surveyed ground in Table Valley. 1661.

And a number of diagrams and outline sketches.

THE FAMOUS WORK OF JAN HUYGHEN VAN LINSCHOTEN.

A note in the last number of this Magazine attracted the attention of Dr. Theophilus Hahn, of Stellenbosch, who has in his possession many rare and valuable works on South Africa, particularly works having reference to natives. Dr. Hahn at once did me a great kindness by sending me his copy of Linschoten's book, which is believed to be the only one in the Colony. I need not say what pleasure the few glances I have been able to bestow upon this most interesting book have given me. It is a bulky volume in black letter, profusely and handsomely illustrated, and consists of several distinct treatises, printed at Amsterdam in the years 1595 and 1596. One of these treatises is upon the navigation of the Eastern Seas, another is a geographical description of various countries, both of these being partly compilations from Portuguese writers. The portion of greatest value is the author's account of his voyage to the Indies and what he observed there.

John Huyghen van Linschoten, a native of Haarlem, left Lisbon in 1583 in the train of a learned Dominican monk named Vincete da Fonseca, who had been appointed Archbishop of India by Philip II. He spent eight years in Eastern countries, during which time he made notes of whatever passed under his observation. In 1592 he again reached his native land, where the information in his possession immediately made him a prominent personage. Linschoten's voyage is the plainest of narratives, for the writer put what he saw into the simplest words. He did not touch at any part of our coast, but he was at Mozambique, and his picture of the natives there, whom he called Caffres, is an accurate one. His geographical description of Africa south of Mozambique, from information gathered by him from Portuguese sources, is altogether erroneous, yet he says truly of the natives on the western coast between the Tropic of Capricorn and the Cape, that they did not form a kingdom but had many different chiefs, that they were clothed in skins only, that they were nomads, that their food was wild fruits of the earth and cattle, and that they carried on no trade.

In Linschoten's maps the great river Pescaria rises north of the Tropic and runs southward parallel with the western coast, falling into the sea by three mouths in the neighbourhood of the present Mossel Bay. Eastward of the river the country is filled with towns, and is called Monomotapa. Angra das Voltas is a magnificent gulf in latitude $28\frac{2}{3}^{\circ}$ S., but no river runs into it. Table Bay is Agoada de Saldanha, Plettenberg

Bay is a deep gulf called Baya Fremosa, Algoa Bay is Baya da Lagoa. Rio Infante is correctly laid down as to position, but it has a great delta, and the city of Cortada stands upon its eastern bank. The nearest town to the Cape Boa Esperança is Vigiti Magna, on the eastern bank of the great river Pescaria, nearly due east of Angra das Voltas.

I am unable, as yet, to say more of a book which had enormous influence at the time of its publication. For the two centuries preceding the journeys of Alexander von Humboldt, its author ranked as a traveller next only to Marco Polo, and such a reputation was not established without good cause.

DEBATES OF THE COUNCIL OF POLICY.

Of the various documents of this period, the Resolutions and Proceedings of the Council of Policy rank among the most important. To show the variety of subjects brought before the Council, I give here an index of the debates for a short period :—

December 30, 1651. In the English Channel.

Present : Jan van Riebeek, Senior Merchant, David Coninck, skipper of the *Dromedaris*, Jan Hoochsaet, skipper of the *Reiger*, and Simon Peter Turver, skipper of the *Goede Hoop*. Pieter van der Helm is Secretary.

The *Dromedaris* proving crank, the skippers of the *Reiger* and *Goede Hoop* have been summoned to come on board of her, a council is held, and it is resolved to put into a harbour on the English coast, to get some ballast for the *Dromedaris*, and then to proceed on the voyage with all possible speed.

20 January 1652. Off the Cape Verde Islands.

Present the same persons as at last meeting.

As the crews of the three vessels are in good health, it is resolved not to call at the Cape Verde Islands, but to pursue the voyage to the Cape of Good Hope.

29 March 1652. On board the *Dromedaris* at sea.

Present the same persons as at last meeting.

It is resolved to use every exertion to reach 34° 20′ south latitude, and then for the three vessels in company to direct their course to the Cape of Good Hope.

8 April 1652. On board the *Dromedaris* in Table Bay.

Present the same persons as at last meeting.

The arrival of the three vessels on the 6th and 7th is recorded, and the objects of the expedition are stated. It is resolved that the Senior Merchant Jan van Riebeek with the three skippers shall go on shore and select and mark out a site for the fortress which is to be built. It is resolved that thirty-six hands be left on board the *Dromedaris*, the same number on board the *Reiger*, and eleven on board the *Goede Hoop*, to land cargo, to convey water and ballast to the ships, and to catch fish. It is resolved that in addition to the officers one hundred men shall go on shore. It is resolved that the carpenters shall erect a dwelling house and a store house within the limits to be marked out for the fortress. Some regulations follow, concerning the cooking of food on shore, the serving out of wine to the people, and the watch that is to be kept.

19 April 1652. On board the *Dromedaris* in Table Bay.

Present the same persons as at last meeting.

It is recorded that the ship *Salamander* arrived from Batavia on the 15th. The *Salamander* is to sail with the first fair wind for the Fatherland. Concerning the letters to be sent by her. It is resolved that three men from the *Salamander* remain here.

11 May 1652. On board the *Dromedaris* in Table Bay.

Present the same persons as at last meeting, and in addition four officers of the ships *Walvisch* and *Olifant*.

It is placed on record that there are now only sixty men of the *Dromedaris*, *Reiger*, and *Goede Hoop*, working at the fortifications, which are progressing but slowly; and that of these sixty, some must shortly leave in the *Dromedaris* and *Reiger* for Batavia. It is recorded that on the 7th instant the ships *Walvisch* and *Olifant* arrived in Table Bay with many sick people on board. The Broad Council therefore resolves that fifty of the weakest of these invalids shall be left here, and shall be sent to Batavia with the first ships from the Fatherland. It is also resolved that three months' provisions for the sick people be landed from their ships.

13 August 1652. In the fort Good Hope.

Present: Commander Van Riebeek, Skipper Turver, Gerrit Abelsen, mate of the *Goede Hoop*, and Corporal Joost van der Laeck. Pieter van der Helm is Secretary.

It is stated that the ships which left the Fatherland early in the year may be expected daily. Assistance in building the fortress may be hoped from their crews while the ships are lying at anchor here. There are very few healthy men here now. It is resolved to ask for assistance from the ships upon their arrival, and also to request help to establish a whale fishery. It is resolved to ask for some provisions and gear required for the yacht *Goede Hoop*.

4 September 1652.

Present the same persons as at last meeting, excepting the Corporal Van der Laeck.

A sergeant and a corporal are provisionally appointed. The skipper and mate of the *Goede Hoop* and two corporals are appointed a court of justice to try Joost van der Laeck for insubordination. Pieter van der Helm is appointed to act as fiscal.

24 September 1652.

Present the same persons as at last meeting.

It is stated that the fortifications are so far advanced as to place the Europeans in a reasonable condition for defence against attack by the people of the country. It is therefore time to see how some profit can be made, so as to meet expenses. It is resolved that the yacht *Goede Hoop* be sent to explore St. Helena and Saldanha Bays, and to ascertain if trade can be carried on with the natives there. Concerning a Portuguese vessel reported to have been in Saldanha Bay a few years before, and to have obtained gold, ambergris, and ivory, in exchange for old copper. Concerning a French vessel reported to have obtained a cargo of seal skins and oil thereabouts. Concerning th journal of Joris van Spilbergen, who saw many fires inland when he was off the coast in November 1601, which makes it certain that people will be found. Probably musk and ivory are to be had there. Concerning the seals and coneys on the isle Elizabeth. It is resolved that a Hottentot boy, with the consent of his parents, be sent with the yacht, that he may learn the Dutch language and so become useful as an interpreter.

2 October 1652.

Present the same persons as at last meeting.

Concerning the punishment of some offenders. It is resolved that the projected whale fishery be established at the mouth of Salt River, and that a small redoubt be built there of sods for the protection of the boats. It is resolved that two four-pounders be mounted on the redoubt.

9 October 1652.

Present the same persons as a last meeting.

Concerning four deserters.

10 October 1652.

Present the same persons as at last meeting, and in addition three petty officers of the garrison.

It is resolved that the sentence of the court martial upon the four deserters be carried out.

15 October 1652.

Present Commander Van Riebeek and Skipper Turver. Pieter van der Helm is Secretary.

It is resolved that the yacht explore a certain bay lying south of Table Mountain, before she proceeds on her voyage along the west coast.

26 November 1652.

The yacht having returned with two thousand seven hundred sealskins, t is resolved that she be sent again to Elizabeth Island and the islands at the entrance to Saldanha Bay.

5 December 1652.

On account of the increase of crime among the common people, a provost is appointed, who is to act also as executioner.

9 December 1652.

On account of the council of this fortress being so small, it is resolved that a certain criminal be detained until the arrival of the return fleet from India, and be then handed over to the fleet's Commander and Council.

Sunday, 19 January 1653.

Present Commander Van Riebeek and the skippers of the *Goede Hoop* and *Zwarte Vos*. Frederick Verburg is secretary.

It is stated that the galiot *Zwarte Vos* arrived on the 18th, bringing intelligence that war had broken out between the Netherlands and the new Republic of England. It is resolved to keep the galiot here, and to send the *Goede Hoop* to Batavia with the intelligence. It is resolved to push on the completoin of the fortress. It is resolved to send the galiot to Robben Island to salt in some penguins and young seals for food for the people here, as the provisions in hand cannot last fourteen days longer.

21 February 1653.

It is resolved that certain persons accused of killing and eating sheep and cows shall not be brought to trial until the arrival of the fleet from India.

3 June 1653.

It is stated that the galiot *Roode Vos*, which sailed from Texel on the 19th September 1652, arrived here on the 2nd of June. She, together with the galiot *Zwarte Vos* and the yacht *Haas*, had been dispatched at the same time to convey intelligence to Batavia of the war with England. The *Haas* arrived in Table Bay on the 26th of March. It is resolved to send the *Zwarte Vos* to Batavia, and to keep the *Roode Vos* here.

5 June 1653.

Concerning the galiots only.

6 June 1653.

Concerning the officers of the galiots only.

25 July 1653.

The galiot *Roode Vos* is to proceed to Hout Bay. Commander Van Riebeek will go overland to the same place, and with the officers of the galiot will inspect that locality.

19 August 1653.

Present the Commander and three officers of ships lying in the bay. Frederick Verburg is Secretary.

There being no officers of higher rank in the garrison than the sergeant and two clerks to take the place of the Commander in case of his death or during any temporary absence, it is resolved that the Junior Merchant Jacob Ryniers be transferred from the ship *Phœnix* to act as Second in Command here. It is stated that all the Company's ships which now call can be supplied with refreshments.

Saturday, 30 August 1653.

Arrangements are made for calling the banns of Adolphus Bengevoort and Janneken Willems, both of the ship *Koning David*, whose marriage is to take place on Monday before the Council of this fortress.

1 October 1653.

Present the Commander, the Secunde, and the skipper of the galiot. Frederick Verburg is Secretary.

It is stated that the rainy season is not yet over, and that the Saldanhar have not yet migrated to this place. They are supposed to be with their cattle in the neighbourhood of Saldanha Bay. It is therefore resolved to send the *Roode Vos* to Saldanha Bay to try and open up a trade with the natives, and also to lay in a supply of fish, which are to be caught there in great abundance. It is stated that the fort is nearly finished, and is in a good condition for defence.

With the above notes I will conclude this paper, which has attained a greater length than was contemplated when it was commenced.

Geo. McCall Theal.

A Little Light from Basutoland.

CONTINUED FROM LAST NUMBER.

Putsani and Litaku and three of Makheta's sons were killed by us, and Rantsioa, one of Makheta's men, was captured and is at Thaba Bosigo yet. This fight took place at Mohali's kraal (the Nun's Hoek), where the enemy had taken his cattle. Three women of Mohali were killed by Makheta's people. The cattle were recovered. This was before the missionaries came. We captured all the horses of the Korannas and killed thirty or forty men. We chased the enemy to Qimi. Makheta then left Tandjesberg and went to Koesberg, where Moyakisani, his nephew, was; and from there he went to Mokatsana, where Pushuli and Ralisoana attacked him and killed him. Moshesh did not send them. Moshesh regretted Makheta's death, and it is said that he was killed by Pokani, Pushuli's servant, by mistake, as it was desired to take him prisoner. Three women were killed on account of the three women killed by Makheta's people. Toitse, one of Makheta's wives, was taken to Thaba Bosigo with her daughter Mohulane and Tobei, Makheta's son, and his brother and his mother, another of Makheta's wives. My son is married to Tobei's daughter. The Korannas came twice afterwards, but were repulsed without their capturing cattle. After Rev. Mr. Casalis came the Boers in the Colony captured Morosi's cattle; Morosi went to Moshesh, who sent him to Graham's Town with a letter and a full list of the cattle. In this way he recovered his cattle, and was given a uniform by the Governor, who also sent another uniform by him to Moshesh. The cattle I believe were about 500. The Boers had taken old Mokuane (Morosi's father) prisoner, but they let him go on the road. Moshesh gave 900 head of cattle to Moyakisani to herd at Koesberg, and he ran away with them to the Colony and disposed of them, or they (as Lebenya, his son, told me) were taken from him by Korannas at the site of Aliwal North when he ran away there. This was shortly after Morosi got his cattle back. Makheta's children on his death fled for a time to the Colony, but came back and were placed by Moshesh with his brother

Mohali, while Moyakisani was still in the Colony. Moyakisani hired himself to Andries Pretorius (afterwards President in Transvaal, then living near Graaff-Reinet.) Afterwards, Moshesh hearing from Moranye that Moyakisani was afraid to come back, sent Mohali and Moranye to him at Kraai River, near Lady Grey, and these brought him to Moshesh, who held a large meeting about his case and the cattle which had been placed in his charge; Makheta's children all attended, and Moshesh said he would consider that the cattle thus lost should be taken as an equivalent for the cattle taken from Moyakisani's relative, Makheta, and Makheta's death, and that all old disputes should be thus cancelled. Moshesh then placed Moyakisani (called by the Boers "old April") first at Boloko (Vechtkop), and afterwards at Koesberg with his son Lebenya. The first white man who came to Thaba Bosigo was Seidensticker. I saw him. He had a Bushman servant named Jacob, and eight horses. He stopped a short time at Thaba Bosigo. They both went away together, and went in the direction of Vaal River. Jacob came back with five mares and one riding horse, and said that near Umpukani (Tlotloani) he lost his master in a chase after some elands, and we never saw his master again. I have heard of an old pistol, a brass one, but Mr. Bell told me at Cape Town that he had given it to my father when he was with Dr. A. Smith, or had sent it to him. I think Letsie has the pistol yet Another white man named "Marteens" (I think he was an Englishman, and I hear that he was a Quaker Missionary) met Seidensticker at my father's. Marteens had his horse killed by a lion between Morija and Thaba Bosigo. He went towards Natal, and I heard that he was killed by cannnibals of the Chief Bopalole. The next white people who came were Christiaan Swanepoel and two others with him. Then Adam Krotz, a Griqua, came with three guns for sale, and Moshesh gave him fifty oxen for each gun. He had met Ramakou whi'e he was hunting near Ramakou's kraal, and had been advised to go on to Moshesh. He told Moshesh about missionaries, and Moshesh asked him to try to get one to come to him. Thus, after a while, Revs. Casalis and Arbousset were introduced to Moshesh by Krotz. A Mopatsa, named Adonis Sipiani, who had been captured by Bergenaars, acted as interpreter to these missionaries. Mr. Uys, one of

the leaders of the Trek Boers, visited my father at Thaba Bosigo at the time of the Boer emigration from the Colony. Danster, a Galeka named Moqoga, was on Robben Island and escaped in a boat. His companion was drowned. Danster came to Basutoland and established himself at Koesberg. Some Bastaards came there under a man named "Knecht," a relation of Adam Krotz, who had several men under him. Knecht's people were all killed by Danster in Knecht's Kloof. He tried to escape and ran for about two miles, but was overtaken and killed. Danster got Knecht and his followers to come to a beer drinking, and when they were unarmed he attacked them. Adam Krotz complained to Moshesh, and he sent for Moqoga and told Krotz and him to fight it out. Adam Krotz collected men and drove Danster out and took his cattle, and Danster retired to Kubake (Mohali's Hoek) and died there long after. This was about four years after the missionaries came. About this time Monyalutsa, a Gaika, and I think a nephew of Maqoma (Makomo), came to Koesberg (Khetwani) and he commenced murdering Basutos coming from the Colony. Monyalutsa had his brother's son Umvivi with him, and disputed with him about the chieftainship. Umvivi went to Moshesh to complain that Monyalutsa, to please his son Xapa, disputed Umvivi's rights. Umvivi proposed to Moshesh that he should be allowed to attack Moyakisani, then at Boloko (Vecht Kop) and Moshesh asked, Why? Umvivi said because he had much cattle and few people. Moshesh then called Letsie and sent him with Mohali and Pushuli to drive Monyalutsa out with the Gaikas. Monyalutsa, Umvivi, and Xaba were all killed by our people, and Moyakisani went to Koesberg. This was after Rev. S. Rolland established the Beersheba mission station. Dibi, Mokachane's elder brother, when visited by his people, drove them away, saying they were flies and pestered him, and Mokachane thus got power. Moshesh gained the esteem of the Basutos and established his power by succouring the distr ssed and protecting them and not keeping re-captured cattle of other clans of the Basutos for himself, as he could have done according to custom, but returning them to their owners. Moshesh and his people sought to discover who had killed Pete, and at last the cannibal came and confessed. It was desired that he should be put to death, but Moshesh refused, saying, "Why

should I disturb my grandfather's grave?" Moshesh never killed any one by his mere order, or in cold blood, and he only had four people executed by sentence of his court. One was a wife who had fought with another wife of her husband and smothered her in the dung of a kraal wet with rain. She was thrown off the precipice at Thaba Bosigo. There was great discussion in the council when this case was tried, in order to discover how the crime should be punished, as the general idea was that a fine should be inflicted. Some said, "Let the husband be fined," but it was answered to this that he had done no wrong and had already been deprived of his wife. Others said, "Let the parents of the murderess be fined," but to this it was objected that they had done no wrong, and at last it was decided that the murderess should herself pay the penalty with her life, as should she escape punishment, wives would be continually quarrelling, and there would be no peace. Her husband was Molappokatsi, a Letsitsi, but born in Basutoland. Two others were two Amahlubi, who refused to abide by a judgment of Langalibalele between them and another about some picks, and were quarrelling with the other, refusing to submit to Moshesh's decision that they must be bound in that case by the judgment of their own chief in their own country. The other case was that of Makwalla, for the murder of Ramotapé after continued adultery with his wife. Moshesh argued that it was not right to kill one man for another, as it would end in slaughter of the tribe. *Kanyapa* is the name of the snake which is believed to live in the rivers, and it was said to have been seen in Caledon River, where Mabeling, one of Letsie's men, was drowned when going to a hunt. That year is thus called Kanyapa. "Kanyapa" was the year of a great rain. *Tihela* is the year of the battle of Viervoet, and means "throwing off," because the Barolongs rushed over the precipice on that occasion. *Sikiti* is the year 1865, because war was carried on hand to hand when Wepener was killed. Sikiti means butting. *Mamutohani* was the year when my father was circumcised. Mamutohani was a disease among cattle, something like lung sickness. *Tlala ea makhabunyani*, meaning the famine of the beggars, applies to a time when from a drought there were no crops for two years. It was about four years before the Fetcani took place. *Fetcani* means fugitives and alludes

to the disturbances caused by Matuana, who was about five years in Basutoland. *Kabukulane* means young locusts. It is applied to the year of Letsie's circumcision, as the young locusts destroyed the crops then. *Intoa ea Bakotu* means "war with Korannas" (which lasted two years), and is applied to the year of Piet Witvoet's attack with Makheta. *Intoa ea Mosilikatsi* means "war with Mosilikatsi," and is applied to the year of his attack upon Thaba Bosigo by his general Mkoko. *Senekan* is applied to year of Commandant Senekal's war, 1858. *Cathcart* is applied to year of General Cathcart's war. Intoa ea Umlanjeni is applied to the time of the Kafir war of 1850, and refers to the prophet Umlanjeni. "Qimi" is the name of the mountain known as Khièmi near Maseru. Oetsi (known as Mietsi) is a chief of the Bakolukoe, Kolukue being the name of their mountain. Mareka (of Beersheba formerly) was a relative of Moseme, chief of the Baromokhele. He was son of Matsasing and grandson of Ramokhele. Ramokhele was a Motaung under Moniani, who fought against Moniani and the Bamonaheng for four years. The *Baputi* under Sekoatsani formerly occupied Thaba Bosigo and were driven out by the Bakuena *Bamantsani* under None, who was grandson of Ntsani. The Baputi were then called Mapulane. Sekoatsani then fled with Morosi towards Telle and along Orange River. None was, when he drove Sekoatsani out, living where he was circumcised at Vubane, where Jonathan Molapo now lives, and he only came to Thaba Bosigo flying from Pacarita. Sekoatsana and his men were scattered by war and fled to the Colony and other parts. His eldest son, Kaluli, became servant to Sir Andries Stockenstrom. Morosi had been made chief by Moshesh, who found him with thirty men at the sources of Telle River. Afterwards Kaluli came back from the Colony with some men and some cattle which they had earned, and he was placed by Moshesh on Vecht Kop (Boloko). In 1850, during the Umlanjeni war, Kaluli left Vecht Kop and joined Morosi. After Rev. Mr. Casalis came to the Lesuto, Moshesh attacked the Tambookies who had plundered Morosi, whose quarrel Moshesh took up. In the expedition Moshesh's brother, Ralisoana, was killed by the Tambookies. Moshesh at that time took 2,000 head of cattle from the Tambookies under Umtirara. Hintza afterwards came against Morosi with the

Amagaleka and took some of Morosi's cattle. Moshesh wished to go out to punish Hintza, but his missionary, Mr. Casalis, persuaded him not to go. Mr. Daumas settled at Mekuatling, and my father placed Molitsani there with him. Molitsani had shortly before come to Beersheba (Mr. Rolland's station) and removed from there to Mekuatling. Mr. Jenkins, Wesleyan missionary, had formerly occupied Mekuatling with Bakoutas, Korannas and others, mixed tribes, who were placed there by Moshesh when Matuana was finally driven out by Mosilikatzi. Pakua was the principal man in the neighbourhood of Mekuatling. He was a Mohlubi and relative of Pacarita. Pakua is now with Molitsani at Lekholle (Riempjes Berg) in the Lesutu. The Wesleyan missionaries were established at Lishoane, Umpukane, Platberg, and Thabanchu by my father, who placed the clans about there under the missionaries. Qebing is the native name of Jammerberg, and is a Bushman word. Ramagemma, who lived there where the town of Wepener now stands, was son of Pokhlali, descended from Intai. There were Bushmen in Qimi when my father came to Thaba Bosigo. They were under Mokuantle, Raselepe, and Mamantsu, a widow of an old chief. Moshesh gave them cattle to mind, but they eat them all. When he called them to account about it they said they had done so because he had not sent them a present when Letsie's mother, *Mamohato*, died. It is a custom of the Basutos to *beha*, that is to give presents when a principal person dies to all the neighbouring chiefs. So that when my father died presents were sent to Secheli, Lobengulu, Cetewayo, Adam Kok, Umquikela, and Lehana. These were presents from Letsie. The Bushmen brought tribute of lion and tiger skins, &c., to Moshesh. Rantsani was born at Letalle, in the country of his father Soelo, east of Mautse (Sikonyela's hoed), and he removed to Thaba Cheu (Witte Kop) when Motlumi went to Ngoliloe, and before the time of the Fetcani. Rantsani fought civil war with his nephew Kadi, son of Selaki, brother of Soelo, a son of Muribedi. In the time of the Fetcani Rantsani retired to the top of the mountain Kholle, which can be seen from Thaba Cheu, and distant about twenty miles, and the Bamuribedi joined him there excepting Kadi, who went towards Moshesh in neighbourhood of Butabute, and Rachoasane, next brother to Rantsani, who went to

Hamohoana to Tsilo, chief of the Bamohoana, a Mofuking, son of Letlhuiba, son of Mairi, between Mautsi and Pilu a phofu (Eland's heart), known as "Lot's pillar." When Rantsani was in Kholle, two young sons of his quarrelled about an ox, disputing ownership, and one of them hit the other on the head with a kirri. That same night the son who was struck on the head told his people to leave the footpath which they had been guarding against any enemies, and Mosilikatzi suddenly and unexpectedly came and took the mountain by that same footpath, and captured all Rantsani's cattle, killing many of his people. Thus Rantsani's power was altogether broken, and he and his people came to Moshesh on Thaba Bosigo. Some years afterwards Moshesh placed him in his old country at Thaba Cheu. When there, subject to Moshesh, we heard that Rantsani had sold a piece of country to the Boers who were then emigrating. Rantsani and his son Ntsani died at Thaba Cheu.

In the time of the "Orange River Sovereignty," Sikonyela drove Moroponyani, or Lesua, Ntsani's brother, out of Thaba Cheu, and took his cattle, when Lesua fled to Molapo till Moshesh subdued Sikonyela finally in 1853 or 1854, when Moroponyani was sent back to Thaba Cheu, and he there remained till driven out by the war of 1865. He was then placed by Moshesh at Marimong, the cannibals' cave at sources of the Putiatsana, where he died in 1875. His children are still there. Maleapulo had only two children, daughters, namely, Leapulo and Phofolo. Leapulo first married Kadi, mentioned above, and afterwards Motebedi, who was Khoyani's son and Muchwe's (*alias* Witte Willem) father. Maleopulo adopted Letteli, a son of her husband Motlumi by another wife, because she had no son. Matlopuchana, Leapulo's daughter by Kadi, was married in Graham's Town to Fabu, a Mosuto, who lives now near Qibing (Jammerberg), in Basutoland. Kadi, when very old, and when Moshesh was still at Butabute, asked Moshesh to visit him, and said to him, "As I have been fighting with Rantsani, I will not leave my children to be his inheritance. I give them to you." This was according to custom. His son Lekoro succeeded Kadi under my father, and followed him to Thaba Bosigo about three months after Moshesh's removal thither. Lekoro is grandfather of Alexander Letsie on his mother's side. Lekoro's mother was Makabu, who

was my foster-mother, as my own mother had not milk enough. Lekoro's son Kadi is now with Letsie. Moshesh's mother and Letsie's and mine were of the Bafuking. The Bafuking are considered real Basutos, and chiefs always try to marry Bafuking wives. The Bafuking who were under the *Bamokoteri*, were under the chief Marikoe, father of Sefiri, father of Kata, father of Modisi, Inchukunyani, Intatle and Musethlane. Inchukunyani was father of Moshesh's mother Kholu. Intatle's son was Sepepe, who was father of Mahou, brother of *Mamohato*, Letsie's mother. Modisi's son was Masekwani, father of Ralifikifana, my mother's brother. Musethlane's daughter Inkoo was married to Mahou, Letsie's mother's brother, and Inkoo's youngest sister Tuebe was married to Mohali, Moshesh's younger brother, and her son is Molumo. The Bafuking can be said to have been considered a royal race, but their clans were very much scattered through the Bakuena country, and their "siboko" (coat of arms) was the Dew, or the Rheebok (Letsa), for they did not eat that animal, or the Hare, of which they would only eat a portion of the ear, not cooked. Inkoo's daughter by Mahou was married to Letsie, her cousin. Her name is Nsepas, or Louisa, mother of Josiah Letsie. All the Basutos respect the Bafuking. The tribes believe that men and animals came out of a cavern called Marematle, meaning *good blood*, situate somewhere in the interior, but I forget exactly where. It is said that the footprints of men and animals are to be seen at the mouth of the cavern imprinted on a flat rock, and that Barimo (gods or spirits) live in the cave. It is usual for visitors to throw stones into the cave, and to cry out to the spirits, "Go in! go in!" for if anyone sees them he is blinded or dies. The exclamations made are to induce the spirits to hide themselves. The Bafuking build their kraals of sandstone, and will not use "iron stone" (igneous rocks), which we use readily. There was an independent tribe of Bafuking living under Makarra, son of Mopa, at Leribe, and he had an extent of country there, and fought with Mokachane before Moshesh's time. He had more men than Mokachane. The Basutos would not at that time attack each other in the villages, but only in the fields, taking cattle, and if a man was wounded it was not lawful to kill him. Any one killing a wounded man would be called a murderer, and be punished as such. In

Moshesh's time Makarra's people rebelled against him, and broke up his tribe, and Makarra fled to Moshesh. Makarra died at Thaba Bosigo, and his children are still there. Makarra was a great counsellor of my father. Makarra's people were called Bamautwana, a nick-name. Moshesh said that he was built up by the good advice of Makarra, who always advised against people being destroyed, and he sided with Moshesh against Mokachane in advising that the missionaries should be received. Makarra counselled my father to consider all human beings as friends, and to make friendship with all neighbouring tribes. He was with my father on Butabute during the siege, and when Sikonyela's brother, Mokakailane, fled from Sikonyela to my father on Butabute in consequence of Sikonyela ill treating him, and brought men and cattle with him, Makarra advised that he should not be hurt, and he was spared. Sikonyela lost power by his ill-treatment of Mokakailane, for several of his people went over to Moshesh, more especially Sikonyela's relatives, and thus it was that Sikonyela became weak, and was driven out in 1854.

I claim the Batlokuas to be Basutos, even when they were under Sikonyela, and they claim this. I think their "siboko" is a wild cat. They are not Bakuena. The Bapedi under Sikukuni are Basutos, but not the Bahalaka of Mankopani, who claim to be Matabele, and they speak Zulu and Sepedi. Sikukuni's father was Sekwati, and his father Malekutu subdued the Bahalaka, who spoke Setabele, and thus they speak now both languages. The chief of the Bahalaka when they were subdued was Mapéla. There is now a tribe in the Transvaal and towards the interior named Batlokuas, from which Sikonyela's Batlokuas came. The town Pretoria in the Transvaal is in native language Tlokua, and the country in which Pretoria is situated belonged to the Batlokua. The chief who occupied Tlokua was Kwadi. The tribes which form the Basuto nation are, first, Bafuking, then Bakuena, Batlokua, Basia, Bachuening, Banareng, Batloung, Bataung, Baputing, Baphuti, Bakhatla, Bakulung, Bahaleroa (Makheta's mother's tribe), &c. These are from the Siboko, or coat of arms. Then there were clans named after persons such as the Bahamaieane Basili, Bamokoteri, Bamotlumi, Bamonaheng, Bamoshesh, Baramokheli, Bakwakwa,

Batlakwana, Bamakkatong (who were Batlokua under Intatle, son of Lebaka, separate from those of Sikonyela and his father Mukocho). The Bahamahoana and Basili were clans of the Bafuking. All these claim to be Basutos. Other nations or peoples are the Leghoya, Barolong, Batlaping. Inkokoto was chief of the Batlakwana, and he had his town near Vaal River, and was killed by Mosilikatsi, who took his cattle and destroyed his people. Dumisi, his son, is with Letsie. Sitchaché is the son of Ratlahana, chief of the Bakhatla, who killed Inchuku. He is now at Moputsing (Bamboes Spruit). Lechuku's nephew Motuamala is in Basutoland. Makhooa is a name applied to white people, while Lechoametsing (people who came out of the sea) is specially applied to the English. Each Basuto clan had its own chief, and all practise circumcision. The Zulus and Amapondo, excepting their chiefs, do not. I know of no paramount chief before Moshesh. The paramountcy was created by the disturbance of the Fetcani. It can be said there were no independent chiefs but Moshesh and Sikonyela lately. One of the Bamonaheng would be called oa Monaheng. A man of one clan offending his chief, or desirous of leaving him, could go to another and become subject to him, but he would retain the name and "siboko" of his clan. The Maouwas say for no "ouwa," and are thus nicknamed by us Maouwa though they may be Bapedi. I know no paramount chief of the Bafuking, they were among all the clans under their chiefs. The principal clan among the Basutos were the Bakuena. I know of no country which was peculiarly that of the Bafuking or any chief of them who claimed to be wholly independent They were under other chiefs. The dispute which broke up Makarra's people was their denial that he had power to appoint commonage; they maintained that that power rested with the Bakuena. His people when he fled acknowledged my father's authority over them. A Mofuking chief will not eat pumpkin at new year—first fruit, before a Mokuena chief, who eats first. The chiefs' first house eats pumpkin at that time first, and any man contravening this law would be liable to have his cattle taken from him. The Bakuena chiefs being descended from two brothers Cholo and Cholwani, among other ancestors, and Cholo being the eldest, no descendent of Cholwani can eat pumpkin at first fruit till those descended from Cholo have

eaten. A Cholo chief having eaten pumpkin takes or sends some to the Cholwani chief, or sends him permission to eat that vegetable. The graves of the chiefs for many generations are well known to this time, and are venerated and can be pointed out. At the mountain Sefiking, near and to the north of Thaba Bosigo, is a large mount of stones, and it is the custom of travellers passing to add stones to it saying, "The pillar of the road where I go, I must be prosperous and eat and be full." The locality of the fountain at Bloemfontein is called in Sesuto Harasili, which means that it is Sili's own residence. It is also known as Manqoun, meaning leopards. Rasili was a head man of the Baramokheli. Moelitsi, formerly chief at Beersheba, a Bamenheng chief and a grandson of Nkopani, used to live at Leeuwkop near Modder River, near one of the roads towards Smithfield from Bloemfontein. A Mosuto chief named Pati of the Bachuening, son of Khiba, lived at "Lefiking la Bokhiba," south of Orange River, within sight of the seat of magistracy at Herschel. Setlu, a Baputi chief, lived near Mayapudi (Hanglip), on north side of Orange River, a little above Herschel. His son Raisa, one of Morosi's men who rebelled, lately died at Aliwal North. Setlu's Bushman chief was Lekometsa. The Bushmen among the clans used to accompany the Basuto chiefs to hunts, more especially the Basuto Baramokheli chiefs who were connected by marriage with them. A Bushwoman was married to Mokhobo, son of Matlasing, son of Ramokheli himself. This woman's son is named Mahongo. The Basutos used to bury their dead in a sitting posture, with their faces towards the east. If a daughter be born to a man as his first child, the fact is made known to him by an old woman coming behind him when sitting and emptying a potful of water on his head. She says, "There is a girl for you!" I suppose it is meant thereby that the girl can carry water for her father. If a boy be born to a father as his first child, a man comes behind him and strikes him with a rod on his back, saying, "There is a boy for you!" When a chief or a headman dies he is buried at night or before day under his kraal wall by non-relatives who come to assist. Ten days afterwards the relatives kill a cow or an ox, and opening it, each takes a pinch of the contents of the paunch, and spitting upon it, at once throws it upon the grave, saying, "Sleep peacefully for

us!" Then the first man who came to dig the grave is given the skin and the head of the ox or cow. The second man is given one side of the animal, and the remainder is divided between the others who assisted. At the same time or earlier the relatives throw a handful of grain on the grave. If the man who dies is owner of the village, his cows are not milked on that day. The spears, shield, knob-kirri, battle-axe, and karosses of the deceased are given to his "Malumai," his uncle on the mother's side. If a female dies her karosses and household property are given to her mother or sister, or some female relative. When a headman dies his death is reported to his chief a month after his death, and an ox is given to the chief as a present. When a female dies her death is reported one month afterwards to her relatives, and a heifer is given to them. When the death of a woman or man takes place the old women from neighbouring kraals come in long processions, crying aloud, "Our relative! our relative!" and when they come to the enclosure of the hut of the deceased the crying is taken up by the relatives, and after a while all become silent. Then the widow, if a man has died, begins to relate the circumstances of the sickness, and how her husband died. The mourners remain a considerable time, sometimes three or four days, to comfort the widow. Neither Mokachane, Moshesh's father, nor Masotuane, Makwai's father, were important chiefs, but they belonged to the family of the Bakuena chiefs, and Moshesh rose to be important from the manner of his rule, and his good fortune. Makwai became to be of note because my father placed him on the border to communicate with the Boers, because he had acquired a knowledge of Dutch while serving in the Colony after he had been driven out by war. He served one "Dons de Klerk," at or near Somerset East. I do not think that any people were more free than the Basutos in their old state, prior to the disturbances in this country.

Regarding the entrapping of the cannibals under Muthleloa by Morosi, it happened on this wise. When Morosi found himself exposed to the barbarity of the cannibals, he held council with his men as to how they could be overcome and general safety secured. One of his offered to lead them into a snare, and he was offered by one four head of cattle, by another two, and so on, if he should be suc-

cessful. He started on his mission, and allowed himself to be taken by some of the cannibals, and brought before Muthleloa. Arriving at the cannibal's kraal, he was questioned about where he had been going to, and he said that he had been ill-treated by Morosi, and had run away, as Morosi was gone out on a cattle-raiding expedition with most of his men. He offered then to lead Muthleloa to where he could make a haul of Morosi's cattle. The witch doctor was consulted, and on throwing his charms he charged Morosi's man with being a spy desirous of leading them to mischief, and a cry was raised to put the man to death. He, however, exposed his breast, and pointed out a sore thereon which he assured them had been caused by a blow from Morosi, and he said it was ridiculous to suppose him an imposter, as it would be quite sufficient to send half-a-dozen men with him to satisfy them that he was speaking the truth. He played his part so well that he at last so hoodwinked the cannibals with the prospect of a large and easy capture, that they, with women and children and utensils, started on their expedition with him. On the road, as he had promised to give Morosi a sign should he be successful, he, in talking to one of the cannibals at some distance from the main body, suggested obtaining an omen by trying to fire the grass. If it should take fire it was to be understood that the expedition would be very successful, and thus a smoke was raised. Morosi's man then at night led the cannibals into a narrow "kloof," where he said the cattle were concealed, and Morosi and his men then suddenly fell upon them, crying out that the day of retribution had come; and ut few of the cannibals escaped the slaughter.

A Tribute.

The crown she wore.
The breathless homage of a mighty realm,
The courtly incense and the gilded state,
The giddy height so well sustained,
Who can forget?
Who can compare for aught but pitying tears—
The vanish'd splendour and the empty throne?

Widowed! but still
A mother, bless'd with tender stay of love!
Ah me! the cruel war that was not his
Nor hers—yet fired the hero blood!
Black hands, that struck the stripling down,
Struck out the life
That fed the wasted heart with purer joy
And light more precious than the blaze of thrones.

The crown she wears,
The triple-woven crown of lonely grief,
The leaden load of painful memory,
The desolation and the void
Who sees or hears,
Men mother-nursed, or women child belov'd,
But feels the pressure of that load and crown?

G.

Mr. Gladstone and Lord Beaconsfield.

CONTINUED FROM LAST NUMBER.

To one bred in the North of England and associated with the wonderful developments carried on there within the last fifty years, a material paradise might reasonably have been looked upon as possible. Political economy came to be regarded as the science of sciences, and the occupation of the war minister seemed destined to vanish. Free trade was one of the grand principles of the federation of nations, and to use Mr. Gladstone's own words, "the productions of different countries, when adequate channels were open, would flow by a natural process to a common centre." Of course this common centre was presumably England, and the north of England in particular. The present is an age of machinery, and the hegemony of a mechanical world lay with England. She and she alone could lead the van with her fertility of resources, her iron, coal mines, and skill of adapting means to ends. Some such ideas as these floated across the vision of the late Prince Consort when inaugurating the first World's Fair in 1851 at Paris. Mr. Gladstone reproduces them in his estimate of the life of the Prince Consort, when he says:— "In this exhibition were comprised powerful agencies tending to promote the great four-fold benefit, of progress in the industrial arts, of increased abundance or diminished stint of the means of living amongst men, of pacific relations between countries founded on common pursuits, and of what may be termed free trade in general culture. It was a great work of peace upon earth; not of that merely diplomatic peace which is honeycombed with suspicion, which bristles with the apparatus and establishments of war on a scale far beyond what was formerly required for actual belligerence, and which is potentially war, though still only on the tiptoe of expectation for an actual outbreak." But the millennium was not near at hand in 1851. The Russian war broke out in 1854, and Europe has been turned into a bloody battle field ever since. The rough practical creed of nations, the struggle for place and power, has broken the gossamer threads of the philosopher's amiable dicta. So great, in fact, has Mr. Gladstone's disgust been at the proceedings of armed nations, and so

devoted his admiration of the philosophy of the Manchester school, that he has become excessively insular, a crime which the cosmopolitan spirit of the age can scarcely afford to pardon. On some points, the Liberal is narrow, instead of being broad ; short-sighted, where his vision ought to be extended. Even to an enthusiastic theorist like Mr. Gladstone, it can hardly be certain that the productive power of England will be prolonged for an indefinite time, and be always sure of silencing competition. Another objection to Mr. Gladstone's combating the warlike spirit of other nations is his refined and exceedingly sensitive nature which revolts from war and the concomitants of war. The atrocities which one nation inflicts upon another, in its unbridled frenzy and hatred, call forth his sternest reprimand and most eloquent reprobation. This is an excessively honourable trait, and evokes our most sincere admiration. On many occasions, from the time of his well-known interference with the Neapolitan exiles, he has stood forward as the champion of the oppressed and the vindicator of wrongs, whatever the creed or nationality. Unfortunately, the world is in a bad state, the car of Juggernaut rolls on, victims hurl themselves upon destruction, and nations love the barbaric cult of the ancient Ares rather than the doctrines of the Prince of Peace. We have some time to wait until we see the sphere of the politician tally with that of the philanthropist. As a financier, political economist, scholar and orator, in the piping times of peace, Mr. Gladstone stands forth unrivalled. In the capacity of curbing hot jealousies of other nations, thwarting their dangerous and aggressive tendencies, he is deficient. The disciple of the Manchester school has proved himself neither a diplomatist or foreign minister. Time, as it went on, showed the deep degeneracy of the age. Even a cheap breakfast-table began to stink in the nostrils of the working man, and Lord Beaconsfield was able to remark, somewhat quaintly and epigrammatically, in 1874 :— "It is time for us to give up mumbling the dry bones of political economy and munching the after-remaining biscuit of an effete Liberalism."

When Mr. Gladstone broke off his connection with Alma Mater he consciously or unconsciously began to head back to a kind of political blank wall, or *cul de sac*. He missed altogether the

growth of a new Conservatism, and misapprehended the development of a "Young England" which knew not the intense political fervour caused by the Reform Bill of 1832, and was becoming sadly oblivious to the mission of Cobbett and Bright. The old generation was passing away, the aspect of England was changing, and as there existed no crying evils of political and social disabilities, the work of Reformers was easier, needed less heroic and drastic efforts, and was capable of being approached by Liberals and Conservatives alike. Old high and dry Toryism was losing itself in a popular conservatism, which sought to recruit its strength not exclusively from wealth linked with tradition, but from Conservative forces found amongst the lower franchise-holders themselves. Hence the apparent anomaly of the Conservative operative and working-man. The old Whig families have stood aghast at this sudden change of front, and have scarcely yet recovered themselves. To unite either with Home Rulers, or to be the tool of caucuses, is neither in accordance with their wishes or their dignity.

Mr. Gladstone was in a peculiarily suitable position, as M.P. for Oxford, to lead the "new generation," but here the political foresight of the great financier failed him. Facts, figures, and theories have blinded him to the course of events. He has passed many great and popular measures, but he has at the same time accepted, or half accepted, indiscriminately, a number of will-o'-the-wisps which have floated before him, and endangered his safety in the Serbonian bogs of mere demagoguism. How nearly he has reached the spirit of mere demagoguism we have seen lately by his Midlothian Philippics, when he has been employing the weapons of an itinerant political agent, and endeavouring to win over the ear of the people by oratorical display and a political crusade. We have seen one of England's greatest advocates for the unimpeded play of private judgment usurping the duty of the many-voiced press, and by heroic attitude and skilful posing swaying the convictions of his auditors. A dangerous precedent to be set by one of his influence and position, and if sanctioned by the applause of an excitable and unreasoning assembly, we might have a modern counterpart of the ancient Athenian

Republic in its decay, with its exceptional Demosthenes but swarming Æschineses in the pay of a foreign power. Oratory, as an accomplished art, might certainly be benefited, teachers of rhetoric might again flourish their periods before an emulating youth in the precincts of our schools and universities. There is, as we know, a certain amount of hero-worship amongst men, however decayed and antiquated such a notion may seem, to well-balanced and scientific minds, and the devotees, if anxious to be guided by its legitimate influences, should remember not to be entranced beyond their deliberate judgment. In politics the intrinsic merits of a creed should commend themselves first to our reasoning approval. We should be careful not to admire the individual first and then the principle. The wealth of an orator's words will sometimes obscure his postulates, and leave, as the object of an applause and commendation, his personality only.

Contrasted with the orator and scholar, the man of many words, of many promises, of open and enthusiastic temperament, is the man of few words, few promises. Lord Beaconsfield rules by the very opposite qualities which distinguish Mr. Gladstone. We fancy that there are more men fascinated by the peculiar genius and personality of Lord Beaconsfield than we should at first sight suppose. How many freely confess that they have abandoned the trouble of thinking over political questions for themselves, and are satisfied with the belief that "Lord Beaconsfield must be sharp and acute enough to know what he is about." Such self-surrender proves in many cases that the fascination of the man has been greater than the attractiveness of principles. His adversaries look upon him as a Semite, who is infinitely more dangerous than the Pagan Turanian, delighting in dark and tortuous courses. For a very long time Lord Beaconsfield had to struggle against the objections which the accident of his being born a Jew involved. His opponents and pseudo friends have been ungenerous enough to cast his extraction in his teeth again and again, and Lord Cranbourne, afterwards Lord Salisbury, once said, when in 1868 the concessions of Disraeli to the advocates of Reform angered his Tory spirit, that no consideration would ever make him go into the same lobby with the Semitic statesman, described by him as a political adventurer, the professor

of a policy of legerdemain, the destroyer of the mutual confidence which is the soul of party government. Mr. Disraeli remarked, "The young man's head is on fire," and let him go his own way. Strange sequel of events! In 1874 the head of the house of Cecil took office under the Semitic statesman, and is now his faithful adherent. That Lord Beaconsfield was able, in spite of all disadvantages, to overcome the prejudices of the old Tory families is, perhaps, the most striking proof of his genius and patience.

The peculiar genius of Lord Beaconsfield showed itself first of all in his literary productions. At the age of twenty-two he wrote "Vivian Grey," a novel which is generally looked upon as a kind of illustration of his own particular view and aspirations. The hero is a young man who, without the adventitious aid of wealth and family, wins for himself the regard of dukes. The book was brilliant and descriptive, attracting the public by its boldness and originality. Lord Beaconsfield's literary bias was hereditary. His father, Isaac D'Israeli, was the well-known author of the "Curiosities of Literature," and in the opinion of Lord Lytton, the most elegant gossip upon the learned letters, not only of his time, but perhaps his country, and in a letter addressed to him on the subject of the "Curiosities of Literature" and the "Calamities of Authors," he says, "In these works you seem to me to be in literature what Horace Walpole was to a court;—drawing from minutiæ, which you are too wise to deem frivolities, the most novel deductions and the most graceful truths; and seeming to gossip where in reality you philosophise." The skill, fancy, and discernment, which distinguish the literary gossip, the worker in old and rarely-dug mines, the patient compiler of almost forgotten occurrences, have all been transmitted to the son, and illustrated by him in wider fields. The father was content in a quiet, Athenæum-like manner, to burrow in the records of the past, and root out the secret histories of forgotten worthies; the son has successfully aspired to interpret the secrets of the present, and disentangle the web of modern diplomacy and intrigue of European council chambers. The early life of Lord Beaconsfield was a great contrast to that of his rival. Whilst that of Gladstone was spent at Eton and Christ Church,

that of Benjamin D'Israeli was passed at a small school at Winchester, and afterwards at the house of a Unitarian clergyman at Walthamstow. The influences, therefore, of an English public school or university were never brought to bear upon him.

The friends and associates of his early life were more curious and remarkable than great and instructive. Amongst them were the Countess of Blessington, Count d'Orsay, Theodore Hook, and Tom Moore. All this time Mr. Gladstone, it will be recollected, was sitting at the feet of his great Gamaliel, George Canning, and others like him. At the University he was absorbing all that was best of the well-known curriculum, and drinking it at its very sources the pure wines of Hellenism. His everyday tastes were leading him to that ancient culture and refined habit of thought which found its best expression afterwards in the "Homeric Studies," and the "Juventus Mundi." Lord Beaconsfield missed all this and has never shown that he has deeply appreciated the spirit and meaning of ancient poetry. The Homeric legend and the early myths he has certainly not treated wirh Teutonic earnestness, as the following extract from "The Infernal Marriage" will prove. "It was clearly a runaway match—never, indeed, was such a sublime elopement. The four horses were coal-black, with broad red manes and tails; and they were shod with rubies. They were harnessed to a basaltic car by a single rein of flame. Waving his double-pronged trident in the air, the god struck the blue breast of Cyane, and the water instantly parted. In rushed the wild chariot, the pale and insensible Proserpine clinging to the breast of her grim lover.

"Through the depths of the hitherto unfathomed lake, the infernal steeds held their breathless course. The car jolted against its bed. 'Save me!' exclaimed the future Queen of Hades; and she clung with renewed energy to the bosom of the dark bridegroom. The earth opened; they entered the kingdom of the gnomes. Here Pluto was popular. The lurid populace gave him a loud shout. The chariot whirled along through shadowy cities, and by dim highways, swarming with a busy race of shades.

"'Ye flowery meads of Enna!' exclaimed the terrified

Proserpine. 'Shall I never view you again? What an execrable climate!'

"'Here however, indoor nature is charming," responded Pluto. 'Tis a great nation of manufacturers. You are better, I hope, my Proserpine. The passage of the water is never very ageeeable, especially to ladies.'"

What a spirit in which to approach the ancient myths! Imagine the horror of serious and enlightend mythologists if their adored legends were all dressed in such a modern garb! How the soul of the writer of the "Epic of Hades" and the "Two Worlds" could be shocked if such a modern travesty were made of his "Marsyas and Andromeda." Lord Beaconsfield has shown us what he could do in the "Ixion." But the true import of Greek culture was not grasped in its more poetical aspect by the political novelist. Neither his training nor antecedents fitted him for it. Perhaps more ancient events than those which happened in Hellas, and a more ancient literature than was composed by Homer and Plato, claimed his attention. Lord Beaconsfield has always had a pride in his Semitic origin, which shows itself in such expressions as the following, put into the mouth of the Emir when addressing Tancred:—"The Christendom which thou hast left, and over whose departing attributes thou art a mourner, was a barren wilderness, whilst the cedars of Libanus had for countless generations built the palaces of kings."

The oriental tinge of Lord Beaconsfield's mind is capable of ample illustration from his writings. He himself, when young, visited Palestine and lingered long amid the ancient scenes of his race. The plains of Syria, the palm trees of the desert, the romance of wild eastern tribes, have impressed him more deeply than the "groves of Academe" and the historical land of the Hellenes. The tale of "Alroy" was written after a stay at Jerusalem in 1831. The traditionary tombs of the Kings of Israel caused his thoughts to recur to that Prince whose marvellous career had, he observes, even in boyhood attracted his attention, as one fraught with the richest materials of poetic fiction. His narrative takes us back to the twelfth century, and to the magnificence of the Princes of the

Captivity, who are represented as scarcely inferior in grandeur to the ancient Kings of Judah themselves. In it there are passages of great beauty and imagination, as might be expected in a work intended to hand down and make public a lost record of his race; but occasionally there are descriptions with a glitter almost too great and overwhelming to be real. Honain leads Alroy "through a monolith gate, thirty feet in height, formed of one block of green and red jasper, to a long and lofty and arched chamber, lighted by high windows of stained glass, heavy with tapestry of silk and silver, covered with prodigious carpets and surrounded by immense couches. And thus through similar chambers they proceeded, in some of which were signs of recent habitation, until they arrived at another quadrangle nearly filled by a most singular fountain, which rose from a basin of gold encrusted with pearls, and which was surrounded by figures of every rare quadruped in the most costly materials. Here a golden tiger, with gleaming eyes of ruby and glowing stripes of opal, stole, after some bloody banquet, to the refreshing brink; a camelopard raised its slender neck of silver from the centre of a group of every inhabitant of the forest," and so on.

Imagination has run riot here, and brilliant images as of fairy land crowd thickly upon one another. But the hyperboli is too great, and the plot and the characters pale before the gorgeousness of description.

Generally speaking, however, the writings of Lord Beaconsfield, at first rather neglected, have been read as illustrations of his political and social beliefs, and to some extent they are true guides. They are not altogether infallible, as you can draw diverse conclusions from the same book, and see in it tricky veneering on the one hand or sage wisdom and deep foresight on the other. A true estimate, probably, is that in which both the extravagance and the seriousness of the author are taken into consideration. However unreal the filling in of Tancred is, there is a genuine note of enthusiasm about the chief character. So in the "Young Duke"—there are follies and foibles innumerable, but in the conclusion there is a trait of honesty. Both Tancred and the Young Duke are typical characters; the one is the man who has real religious earnestness, and

strives to satisfy it at considerable self-sacrifice: the other is the prodigal who spends all he has, finds the world ungrateful, grows wise, and becomes a useful citizen and legislator. Some of Lord Beaconsfield's characters are taken from real life, notably that of Lothair. In "Coningsby" the hero is meant for Mr. Smythe, Lord Henry Sydney for Lord John Manners, and as portraits of contemporaries have therefore a value of their own.

"Young England" has had especial attractions for Lord Beaconsfield. In Sybil he remarks, "We live in an age when to be young and to be indifferent can be no longer synonymous . . . the youth of a nation are the trustees of posterity." A picture, therefore, of political life was held forth to the rising generation in which they were the chief actors. All were to partake in it without distinction; the noble and the peasant were to unite in one idea and work out a political development hand in hand. What was still feudal was to be respected because feudalism would divest itself of what was offensive and overweening. Rich men were to learn their responsibilities, and enter upon the political arena. Such a character is described in the "New Crusade." "It was a name (Lord Henry Sidney) that touched Tancred, as it has all the youth of England, significant of a career that would rescue public life from that strange union of lax principles and contracted sympathies which now form the special and degrading features of British politics. It was borne by one whose boyhood we have painted amid the fields and schools of Eton, and the springtide of whose earliest youth we traced by the sedgy waters of the Cam. We left him on the threshold of public life; and in four years Lord Henry had created that reputation which has made him a source of hope and solace to millions of his countrymen. But they were four years of labour which outweighed the usual exertions of public men in double that space. His regular attendance in the House of Commons alone had given him as much parliamentary experience as fell to the lot of many of those who had first been returned in 1837, and had been, therefore, twice as long in the House. . . . Nor should it be forgotten that, in all he accomplished, he had but one final purpose, and that the highest. The debate, the committee, the article in the journal or the Review, the public meeting, the private research—these were all means to advance

that which he had proposed as the object of his public life, namely, to elevate the condition of the people."

This is a healthy description, and it is true that a "Young England" school came to the aid of Lord Beaconsfield and acknowledged him as its head. It has been calculated as one of the numerous forces which contributed to his success in 1874. For his desire to remove class prejudices Lord Beaconsfield was termed a Radical and a subverter of the principles of Toryism, but this seems hardly just. In the "Two Nations" he showed that he had sympathy with a suffering people and was not so cold-blooded in his political calculations as his adversaries gave him credit for. We all remember how the tale of "Alton Locke" was scouted and underrated at first, and how the political parson was voted a political bore, but the age came to the rescue. In all parts of England an enthusiastic "Tancred" and an energetic "Sidney" could be found. If Lord Beaconsfield could win over to his side such men, the name of Conservatism could scarcely suffer much, meaning as it did an awakened life and a popular philanthropy.

We are not surprised therefore when in 1868 we learn that Lord Beaconsfield and his party could outbid the Liberals in Reform concessions. The fear of the people, which up to that time had been almost hereditary with the Conservatives since the French revolution, was now proved to have become groundless.

During the political life of Lord Beaconsfield, the Conservative party has undergone many changes, too numerous and complicated to be recapitulated here. He has managed, however, to impress his personality upon his party whether for good or evil. He has encouraged a more popular view of questions—his reform concessions prove this—and has trusted to the wisdom of opening the gates of Conservatism to all classes, and entrusting its cardinal doctrines to the judgment of the many. With his name, especially, will be associated a great and extended notion of England's world-wide responsibilities. Time alone can show how far he was justified in his views. Many continental statesmen regard him as one of the wisest of England's politicians, and certainly the greatest of her diplomatists. At Berlin Lord Beaconsfield was at a disadvantage

with councillors who represented despotic Governments, had not to ascertain the sense of their country at every step, and were possessed of the reliable force of ready-equipped armaments at their backs. Yet, on the whole, Lord Beaconsfield must be regarded as having gained a diplomatic triumph at Berlin. His party at home regard him as a leader capable of entertaining and carrying out great ideas, and above all, as especially jealous of the honour of England and the integrity of the Empire.

W. H. G.

Rondebosch,

The Ballad of Count Alarcos.

(FROM THE SPANISH.)

Note.

[The following lays no claim whatever to literary merit, but is merely a specimen of what may perhaps, with some justice, be styled a close translation. For simplicity of diction, accuracy of detail, and heartrending pathos, the Spanish original stands unrivalled among its brethren, and is therefore, as a ballad, fairly entitled to the almost unlimited praise bestowed upon it by Bonterwek and Ticknor.

I am fully aware that it has already met with a translator in the person of Mr. J. G. Lockhart, Sir Walter Scott's son-in-law, and am therefore conscious of temerity in risking a comparison between the spirited rendering of a celebrated author and mine own feeble endeavours. Yet, notwithstanding the adverse criticism which my rashness is almost sure to occasion, I feel that my closer adherence to the text is an excuse for my submitting this version to the public.

In order to make his version more readable Lockhart has sacrificed the simplicity and pathos of the original by substituting tetradeca-syllabic iambics for the octosyllabic trochaics of the Spanish. As the first and third finals are in the Castilian *disonante*, and the second and fourth *asonante*, alternate rhyming trochaics would seem to approach more nearly to the conception of the text, and at the same time procure a plain unvarnished rhythm which saves the simplicity of the Spanish ballad. Lockhart's version can scarcely be called a translation, since he has condensed the original, which consists of upwards of 400 octosyllabic lines to 144 lines of fourteen syllables, and, indeed, one could almost fancy that after perusing the ballad in Spanish he had shut the book, and endeavoured not to reproduce the expressions, but to give a general idea of the nature of the text.

A comparison with the Castilian will shew this more clearly than any explanation of mine.

M. L. Wessels.]

In her chamber the Infanta
Lived secluded and alone,
Discontented with her fortune,
Though the heiress to a throne;
For she felt her time was passing,
And the glow of youth had fled,
But the king, her royal father,
Had no care to see her wed.
And as thus she stood reflecting
In whose honour to confide,
She, with customary frankness,
Called the monarch to her side;
For she wished to tell her secret,
And relieve her troubled mind,
And with beating heart awaited
The approach of one so kind.
And her father, being summoned,
Came to see the child he loved;
He beheld her standing lonely,
From all company removed.
Since her comely features clearly
Shewed the grief that filled her soul,
Soon the king perceived her sadness,
For the tears began to roll:
"What means this, oh fair Infanta,
What means this, my daughter fair?
Tell this loving heart thy sorrows,
Banish all this anxious care;
So that, knowing thy affliction,
I may remedy thy pain,"—
"You must remedy my life, then,
Other solace is but vain;
For my dearest mother left me
Recommended to your care,
And it plainly is your duty
All such evils to repair."
Then with blushing face she told him
How her youth was fading fast,
And the king, her royal father,

Deeply moved, replied at last :
" Fair infanta, do not blame me,
For this fault is thine alone ;
Long e'er this thou couldst have wedded,
And been seated on a throne ;
But the embassy was slighted,
And thou wouldst not list to me,
For thy chances were neglected,
And no partner suited thee.
At my court there is no noble
Worthy of my daughter's hand,
None except the Count Alarcos,
Bravest knight in all the land ;
But a wife and children hath he "—
Then he stopped and she replied :
" To thy board invite Alarcos,
Place him, father, at thy side,
And whene'er the feast is over,
Straightway tell him this from me :
Tell him that he should remember
How he promised mine to be.
Faithful promise made the traitor,
Words that did my soul rejoice ;
With his suit I felt contented,
And repented not my choice.
For his love I scorned an empire,
Scorned to be a royal queen,
And if he my love hath slighted,
His the fault, not *mine*, I ween."
With amazement heard her father
Words that filled his soul with grief,
But reflecting, to his feelings
In these terms he gave relief :
" Daughter, these are not the precepts
Which thy sainted mother taught,
For thy rank thou hast forgotten,
And mine honour set at naught ;
If to me the truth thou tellest
Thy good name will be at stake,

For so long the countess liveth
Thee as bride he cannot take.
And if thou perchance shouldst wed him,
Though with justice and with right,
In the eyes of all my people
Thy fair fame the deed would blight.
Give me counsel, fair infanta,
For my wisdom is at fault,
And thy mother, my adviser,
Sleeps within the silent vault."
"I shall give thee, royal father,
Of the little that I have:
Let Alarcos slay the countess,
And be silent as the grave;
Let him spread about a rumour
That a sickness caused her death,
Of the marriage that must follow
Let him whisper not a breath;
In this manner, noble sire,
Will mine honour be retrieved"—
Hearing this the king departed,
But his troubled spirit grieved,
For his thoughts were ever flitting
To the news his ears had heard,
And the words his child had uttered
To his pensive mind recurred.
Then he saw the Count Alarcos,
Who was saying to his friends:
"Ah! what boots it, noble gallants,
Her to love who love pretends?
For where constancy is absent
All your labour is but lost;
This I know from sad experience,
Know it, gallants, to my cost.
But if *once* I loved a lady,
Brighter than the sun at noon,
More, I love her now, and surely,
Who loves well forgets not soon."
This he said, but soon perceiving

That the prince was drawing near,
Low obeisance quickly made he,
Lent his courteous king an ear :
" Bold Alarcos, I invite thee
On the morrow to a feast,
For thy company I cherish,
And thou can'st not be released."
" Sir, your noble will gives pleasure,
I obey my lord's behest,
For his courtesy I thank him,
And shall be his honoured guest ;
Then to-morrow I must tarry,
Though desiring to depart,
For the countess sent a letter—
Wished to press me to her heart."
After mass, upon the morrow,
To the feast the guests repair,
And the king, although unwilling,
Took his wonted station there ;
For he only wished to mention
To the count what he desired ;
So that when the feast was over,
And the courtiers had retired,
He, the king, remaining seated,
Bid the count awhile to stay,
And his embassy fulfilling,
To Alarcos thus did say :
" I have most unpleasant tidings,
Most distressing news to tell,
Thy discourteous conduct grieves me,
Thou whom I have loved so well !
Thou did'st promise the infanta,
Promise of thine own accord,
She should be thy loving consort,
Thou should'st be her wedded lord.
Then thou was't a base deceiver,
Now be thine the greater pain,
For I bid thee slay the countess,
And mine honour so regain.

This fulfil, and spread a rumour
That a sickness caused her death ;
Of the marriage that must follow
Whisper not the slightest breath,
Lest my daughter be dishonoured.
Daughter whom I fondly love—"
This he said ; the count who heard him
Thus against the mandate strove :
"Sire, 'tis true, I can't deny it,
True what the infanta said,
But my liege's anger fearing,
Rightful spouse I fail'd to wed,
For I thought your royal highness
Would not give us your consent ;
Gladly would I wed your daughter,
Never of the deed repent ;
But I cannot slay the countess,
Cannot, may not do her wrong ;
She, who no-ways hath deserved it,
Should not perish whilst so young."
"She must die, count, she must perish,
For mine honour is at stake,
This thou should'st before have thought of
When thy promise thou did'st break.
Mark what now thy sovereign tells thee :
If the countess do not die,
Thine own life shall be in peril,
Therefore with my wish comply !
To preserve a monarch's honour
Many undeserved are slain,
Little marvel will it cause then
If the countess die in pain."
"Be the blame thine own, proud ruler,
I shall slay the guiltless dame,
May the God above assoil thee
When grim death thy soul shall claim ;
Here I pledge my knightly honour,
Be a traitor's fate mine own
If the countess do not perish,

Though no fault she need atone !
Give me leave, my liege, I pray thee,
That I take departure soon—"
"Go, good count, and get thee ready,
Willingly I grant thy boon."
Grieving then the count departed,
Weeping did he wend his way ;
Of his three poor bantlings thought he,
Thoughts that caused his soul dismay.
One, a tender babe, the countess
Fondly on her bosom bore,
And the others, somewhat older,
Pattered gaily on the floor.
But the count, his home perceiving,
Musing to himself did say :
"Who can bear to see thy features,
Laughing face and aspect gay ?
Why shouldst thou come out to meet me
When thy death approacheth near ?
I alone, the cruel culprit,
I alone the blame must bear."
Whilst these cheerless words he uttered
Him to meet his spouse did hie,
For a gentle page had told her
That the count was drawing nigh.
When the countess saw his sadness,
And his tearful eyes perceived,
Swollen eyes, that showed how deeply
For her loss his spirit grieved :
"Welcome, more than life beloved,
Welcome to thy home," said she,
"But what ails thee, Count Alarcos,
Wherefore this despondency ?
Changed thine aspect so that scarcely
Thine own self I recognise ;
Thy unwonted face and gesture
Cause my troubled soul surprise ;
Make me partner of thy sorrows,
As thou mak'st me share thy joys,

Quickly tell me, quick, my husband,
Thy delay my life destroys."
"I shall tell thee, gentle countess,
When the fatal hour draws near— "
"If thou tell'st not now, Alarcos,
I shall die of grief and fear."
"Do not press me further, countess,
For the time has not yet come ;
Let us eat, if such thy pleasure,
What thou hast prepared at home."
"All is ready, my Alarcos,
All is ready as of old— "
But, when at the table seated,
Soon he let his food grow cold,
For his children sat beside him,
Children whom he loved so well,
And the father, looking on them,
Vainly strove his grief to quell,
Bent his neck in abject sorrow,
Laid his face upon his arm,
Fearful lest the rolling teardrops
Should too soon his spouse alarm ;
But the countess marked his sadness,
Though the cause she did not know,
Yet nor word nor question uttered,
For she dared not, could not, now.
Said the count, in haste upstarting,
"Drowsy feelings o'er me creep ;"
And the countess said so likewise,
Though, in truth, they felt no sleep.
To their chamber then they hastened,
While his spouse her infant bore,
And the count, with care unwonted,
Fixed the bolt and barred the door.
Then with grief and heartfelt pity
Spake Alarcos to his wife :
"Oh, thou poor and wretched countess,
With misfortune teems thy life !"
"Not unfortunate, but happy
In that I have wedded thee ;

This alone doth make me joyful,
  Fills my loving heart with glee."
"Calmly hear me, and consider
  Whether I have truly said,
When I tell thee thy misfortunes
  Sprouted from our marriage-bed.
Know then that I loved a damsel,
  Fondly loved a gentle maid,
Wooed and won the fair infanta,
  And with scorn her love repaid ;
For in evil hour I promised,
  Rashly promised her my hand,
Now fulfilment she insists on,—
  Helpless am I to withstand,
For the king, her royal father,
  Says her claim is just and fair,
Bids me wed his noble daughter,
  And my broken faith repair.
Yet another order gave he,
  Words that rent my heart in twain :
He, to save his daughter's honour,
  Ordered that thou shouldst be slain."
Hearing this the countess fainted,
  Fell upon the ground for dead,
But her ebbing strength retrieving,
  Meekly to the count she said :
"All my labour is requited,
  Count, with which I served thee well ;
Slay me not in cruel humour,
  List to what I have to tell :
Send me to my distant castle
  Which my father holds for me ;
I shall rear thy feeble children
  Better, better far than she.
Faithful as thy spouse for ever,
  I shall keep mine honour pure—"
"Long before to-morrow daybreak
  Thou must die, thy death is sure."
"Lone and lorn I am, Alarcos,

In this world without a friend,
For my father's locks are hoary,
And old age his frame doth bend ;
In her coffin sleeps my mother,
And my brother they have slain,
For the king, his boldness fearing,
Bade them cleave his head in twain.
It is not my death I fret at,
For all men are doomed to die ;
But I sorrow for my children,
Who will miss my watchful eye.
Let them come, ah ! let me see them,
Once, but once, before I go !"
"Nevermore shalt thou behold them,
Ruthless fate hath willed it so.
Kiss that infant who no longer
In its mother's arms shall sleep ;
I bewail thy sad misfortunes,
For thy mournful death I weep.
But my tears can naught avail thee,
Thou for whom my heart doth grieve,
Therefore to thy God commend thee,
Pray that He thy soul receive."
"Let me lift my voice to Heaven,
And His clemency implore—"
"Haste thee, countess, for at daybreak
Thou shalt breathe this air no more."
"Soon shall I have said my prayer,
For a short one it will be,"—
And the countess, humbly kneeling,
To her God addressed this plea :
"Lord, myself to Thee commending,
I submit to Thy control ;
Judge me not as I deserve it,
But have mercy on my soul ! "
"I have finished my petition,
Finished, count, the one I know,
In thy care I place my children,
Blessings on their heads bestow ;

And, Alarcos, whilst thou livest,
Pray for me when I am gone,
For it doubtless is thy duty,
Since no fault I need atone.
Give the child and let me nurse it,
Suckle it before I die—"
Do not strive to wake it, countess,
Let it slumber, let it lie.
But behold the day is dawning,
E'er thou goest, pardon me—"
"Freely I forgive thee, husband,
For the love I bore to thee;
But the king I cannot pardon,
Nor his cruel child forgive,
And, e'er thirty days are over,
They shall surely cease to live;
For the wicked pair I summon,
Who have bid thee shed my blood,
To appear before their Maker,
And the Judgment-Throne of God!"
When these words his spouse had uttered,
For the deed the count prepared,
Threw around her neck a kerchief,
Wildly on his consort glared;
With both hands the noose he tightened,
All his strength the count applied,
Loosened not the fatal kerchief,
Till the strangled countess died.
When the breath had left her body,
And the count beheld her dead,
Quickly he undid her garments,
Threw her corpse upon the bed,
Drew a covering o'er the body,
Quickly laid himself beside,
And then from the bed up-springing
Loudly for his servants cried:
"Help! I pray you, help your mistress,
For her life is ebbing fast!"—
When they came to give her succour

She had long since breathed her last.
Thus the noble countess perished,
Basely perished in her prime;
But e'er thirty days were over
Died all partners in the crime;
For the pitiless infanta
Perished e'er the thirteenth day,
And when passed were four and twenty
On his bier her father lay.
On the thirtieth day Alarcos,
Victim of a monarch's pride,
Overcome with grief and anguish,
Fell upon his sword and died.
To the judgment seat are summoned
Both the slayers and the slain;
There may God His mercy shew them,
And His glory so maintain.

M. L. Wessels.

May 23, 1878.

Books on the Gcaleka War.

The Gcaleka War of 1877, and the Gaika Rebellion of 1877-78 seem almost to have passed out of men's minds; compared to the campaign in Zululand, the operations conducted against our Colonial natives dwindle into insignificance, and it is hardly to be wondered at that Quintana and Umzintsani should be temporarily forgotten, while Isandlana and Ulundi are fresh in our recollection. It needs little horrors to awaken our memories, and call to mind the exciting times that have gone; and any work upon the Colonial Wars of 1877-8 will be received with interest, and if at all readable, will be perused with pleasure. Mr. Fenn and Mr. Streatfield have each of them given us an account of their experiences during these wars, and we have read their books. To anyone who wishes for a volume which shall not in the slightest degree tax his mental powers during its perusal, we recommend that of Mr. Fenn. In the title of that gentleman's work there are two capital I's, and throughout the book there are about half-a-dozen of these modest letters to every page of five-and-twenty lines. In fact, the impression which we received after perusing the volume was, that Mr. Fenn had kept copies of his letters to his friends at home, and had subsequently published them in the form of a book—omitting only the beginning and the end of each epistle. In no other way can we account for the garrulous manner in which Mr. Fenn prattles on from first to last all about himself; and our suspicions are strongly confirmed when, at page 29, we find him familiarly addressing an imaginary reader as "You." The author commences by describing, in very indifferent English, how he landed at East London, and how difficult he found it to get his luggage ashore; having succeeded at length, he takes us on to King William's Town, and informs us that he had dinner and that he went to bed. After that interesting intelligence, we are told that Mr. Fenn shared a room with a man who was drunk, and informed that man that he was "not in the mood to be tampered with;" Mr. Fenn evidently meant to say, "trifled with," but one expression was doubtless as good as another under the circumstances; and besides, a man who is off to the war cannot be expected to choose his words. Our hero was appointed next day to a sub-lieutenancy in the Frontier Light Horse, and posted off *viâ* Kei Road to Blaine's farm, there to join his regiment.

From this point the real narrative of Mr. Fenn's experiences during the war commences, but it would be impossible to follow him through all his wanderings, and to narrate in detail how he eat and drank, how he slept and tubbed, and how he generally spent his time. The Frontier Light Horse took an active part in the operations in the Perie Bush, and a great part of the book is taken up in describing the life led by the author during the progress of these operations. Many were the privations suffered and the hardships endured by the author and his comrades, and the number of times they were rained upon is duly chronicled in the pages of his book by the faithful scribe. But he stops ever and again to give his opinion upon questions political and social; he believes that "the idea of a loyal Kafir is on the face of it absurd;" we are not told why it is absurd, and are therefore compelled to take Mr. Fenn's word for it. Some of these so-called loyal Kafirs, it appears, "used to cultivate crops and graze cattle in close proximity to the bush, and then appear very much annoyed and grieved to find both stolen by hostile Kafirs." Mr. Fenn is of opinion evidently that the "loyal" Kafirs, instead of being annoyed at having their cattle stolen, should have rejoiced exceedingly; for he firmly believes, as he lucidly puts it, "that it was simply an arranged thing between them and those fighting." Missionaries and education are subjects upon which the author holds very decided opinions; the former do their charges more harm than good, and as for education, "teaching a Kafir to read and write is very like giving a child edged tools to play with." These opinions are sufficiently decided, but it is quite unnecessary to comment seriously upon them, for on the very next page we find Mr. Fenn making a statement which proves that he knows little or nothing about the Kafirs. In their savage state he does not suppose "that there is such a strictly moral nation on the face of the earth as the South African nigger." In the first place the "South African nigger" is not a nation; in the second place the "South African nigger" in his savage state is anything but moral; no scrap of modest feeling, no shred of morality can remain after the ceremonies through which all Kafir youths and maidens "in their savage state" are compelled to pass. Now let us hear Mr. Fenn on educated natives—"But is this the case with the school Kafir? I am afraid not. Go to one of these mission schools, and you will hear some young

girls sing hymns very nicely; but if by-and-by you meet them on their way home, you must not be surprised if they give you a look not at all in keeping with the religious devotions they have just left." It does seem rather hard to condemn a whole system merely because some coloured damsels happen to have ogled Mr. Fenn; a cat may look at a king; and the gentleman in question is doubtless possessed of great personal attractions. Soon after the passage above quoted there follows the astounding assertion that education teaches the Kafir "the taste of our strong liquors." As a matter of fact, many natives who have never had any educational influences whatever brought to bear on them are inordinately addicted to brandy—of which liquor, by the way, they can only learn the taste by drinking the fluid itself. We cannot compliment Mr. Fenn upon the correctness of his theories any more than upon the vigorous style in which he narrates his facts.

The death of Sandilli in June, 1878, put an end to the Gaika rebellion, and the Frontier Light Horse were marched to the Transvaal in order to assist in the expedition against Secoceoni. In the second part of his book, Mr. Fenn describes his experiences while serving under Colonel Rowlands, commander-in-chief of the column which was first sent into the enemy's country. At some parts of their march the English were warmly opposed by the natives, but the causes which ultimately compelled the column to retire were the scarcity of water and the ravages of horse-sickness. Let Mr. Fenn explain the case in his own words—"In such a country as we were in with no water, and the horse-sickness raging so fiercely, what could cavalry do? Answer, by any person of ordinary intellect: nothing, but to get out of the infected part as soon as possible, and wait until the horse-sickness was over and the rainy season commenced, and then go in and win!" Before the cavalry could "go in and win," however, Mr. Fenn was obliged to return to England, and he resigned his commission accordingly. And here the story closes. This work will probably be perused with interest by the author's own friends, and by the friends of those brother officers whose adventures he now and then describes; but we have no doubt that he is far more at home when in command of a troop of irregular cavalry than when engaged in writing a book.

A.D.V.

S. A. Fine Arts Association.

The principal feature in the Annual Exhibition of Pictures which is to be opened this month, will be the contributions of Art students who have been invited by the Association to compete for medals and other prizes. We shall not be much surprised if the result of the Committee's action will be to establish a very strong conviction of the great necessity there exists for a regular School of Art, presided over by a properly qualified master, and furnished with all the necessary apparatus for teaching. There ought to be no difficulty in carrying out some such arrangement as we now suggest. We propose that the Association procure a first-class teacher from a recognised School of Art, say the South Kensington School, and guarantee him a salary of at least £350 per annum We suppose that municipal bodies are not far enough advanced to see the advantage of such an institution, and would therefore decline to contribute, but other Institutions and Schools might be asked to state what amount of the guarantee they are willing to subscribe. Upon a sufficient amount being raised, the Government might be requested to supplement the grant on some fixed ratio to the amount guaranteed—in the same way that Agricultural Societies are encouraged. The fees from Schools and Art students would also form a considerable source of income. A selection of examples and casts recommended by the South Kensington authorities should be obtained, and also electrotypes, glass, and textile fabrics. A room should be properly fitted up for the Art classes. The teacher to have the entire direction of his pupils' studies. He should also be required to lecture upon the History of Art, the Principals of Perspective and Composition, Geometrical, Architectural, and Engineering Drawing, the Grammar of Ornament, and the Chemistry of Colours. There might be evening classes for mechanics. Elementary drawing from approved copies and casts should be encouraged in every school, and pupils showing marked progress should be admitted into the Head School in Cape Town. Local examinations might be held half-yearly, and an annual general examination. We think that the adoption of some scheme such as we have roughly outlined will do much towards educating the eye and taste of the whole community.

THE CAPE

MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

Zululand under Dingaan.

Account of the Rev. Mr. Owen's visit to Zululand in the year 1837, as related by Mr. R. B. Hulley.

[The Rev. Mr. Kirkby, a neighbour of Mr. Hulley, the interpreter to the Rev. Mr. Owen, Missionary at Dingaan's Kraal when Retief and his party were massacred, has taken down from Mr. Hulley's dictation the following narrative. We feel sure that this plain unvarnished tale will be read with great interest, and we hope that others who may have similar opportunities of preserving accounts given by eye-witnesses of the stirring events in the earlier periods of our history, will be induced to commit them to writing before it is too late.]

In the month of June, 1837, I was engaged by the Rev. Mr. Owen to accompany him to Zululand in the capacity of interpreter and artizan. We started in the same month from Butterworth, a Wesleyan Mission Station, in Gcalekaland, with three wagons, two for the conveyance of the Mission party, which consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Owen and myself and family, the third wagon containing provisions for the journey. The bulk of our goods were sent round by ship from Algoa Bay to await our arrival at the Natal port. Usarili (Kreli), then a young man, was about this time acknowledged as paramount chief of his tribe—the Gcaleka.

On the 3rd day after our departure from Butterworth, we crossed the Bashee River, about twelve miles below the Clarkbury Mission Station. On the banks of the river near Clarkbury lived Ufadana, the Regent in Tambuki country during the minority of Umtikaka, son of the deceased chief, Umguba Ucuka. With great difficulty we crossed the Umtata at the lower wagon drift. Three days after we reached the Mission Station near the Little Umgazi River in Pondoland. The station is about seven miles from the chief's

Great kraal. Faku at that time was chief of the Pondos only. Some time after he became an ally of our Government, and was made Paramount Chief over all the tribes in the territory lying between the Umzimkulu and the Umtata. The Pondos were then living for the most part between the rivers Umtata and Umzimkulu, a few only residing on the northern side of the last mentioned river, and on neither side of the river were they residing more than twenty miles inland. The Amapondomise at this time under their own chief, Umyeki, the grandfather of the present Umhlonhlo, acknowledged Faku as paramount chief. This tribe, then very small, was living near the Umtata, between the present wagon drift and the one above mentioned at which we crossed. The Pondo people were in a state of great poverty, their country having been clean swept of cattle by the Zulus; and but for the productiveness of the soil the people must have been scattered. The Rev. Mr. Boyce was then missionary with Faku. On our arrival he called the chief, and in order to secure his permission to our passing through the country, stated the object of our journey. Our trek from Buntingville to the Umzimvubu was over an exceedingly broken and hilly country.

The Umzimvubu we crossed at the ebb and flow drift, so entering the country occupied by the Amabaca. These people were living mostly between the Gosa Bush and the Tabankulu Mountain. Uncapai was then the chief. I was told by his headmen that the country in which they lived had been purchased by the tribe from Faku for one hundred oxen. The chief thus became an ally of Faku's; the late Damas' sister was given in marriage to Uncapai to confirm their alliance of friendship. It was in this country, as I learned from the Bacas, near the junction of the rivers Umzimhlava and Umzimvubu, that copper ore was plentiful; the people living on the spot sold to the parts of tribes living at a distance from this ore which they called Mqabu, green paint. I was also informed that the Xesibes, then a small tribe, were living in this country by the side of the Bacas, and that the two tribes had formed an alliance for mutual protection against their enemies. Leaving these tribes we travelled on for about one hundred and twenty miles through an entirely uninhabited country. Nearing the Umzinto we found a few kraals belonging to the

Fynns, who had formerly resided in Kafirland. Passing on we crossed the Umzinto and Umkomasi, we neared the Jelovo, where were residing a few more Kafirs under John Cane and Ogle; we met with no natives. From this we trekked through heavy deep sand on to the Umlaas, where in the bush above the road, Dr. Adams, of the American Mission Board, had formed a station. On reaching what is now Durban, we made our way to "Berea House,"* which had been built by Captain Gardiner for the Church of England Mission. From this house the Berea took its name. At the Kangela we found a small cottage built of reeds called "Kangela House," belonging to John Cane. Besides the two erections already mentioned we saw but one other, a stone building at the Point.

On our arrival at Port Natal we found that the goods which had been sent by ship were already there. After a short stay at "Berea House," leaving our wagons and families, we, Mr. Owen and myself, accompanied by Captain Gardiner (at whose request Mr. Owen had been sent to establish a mission among the Zulus), went on to Zululand on horseback, in order that the missionary might be introduced to Dingaan, the Zulu chief. Accompanying us we had a number of natives, on foot, carrying luggage and a few presents for the King, a circumstance which compelled us to travel slowly. On reaching the great place we met with a friendly reception. An ox was killed for the missionary, and two houses placed at our disposal, one for the use of the Europeans of the party, the other for that of the native servants. The day after our reaching the great place, we had an interview with the chief, who expressed himself as quite willing that we should settle in his country. An arrangement was entered into by which we were to return at once for our wagons and building materials; he in the meantime was to build two huts,

* The origin of the name of Berea at Natal, was as follows:—Captain Gardiner, on his first trip to Zululand, about eighteen months before Mr. Owen went to Zululand, found that the Zulus refused to listen to the Gospel But on his return to Natal he found some natives ready and willing to hear him, and to receive his instructions, and taking the analogy of St. Paul's experiences at Thessalonica and Berea as recorded in the 17th chapter of the Acts of the Apostles, verses 10 and 11, he named the place at which he settled Berea.

about half a mile from the Great Place, as temporary places of residence for us.

In the month of August we started on our return journey to Zululand, with three waggons containing our families, building materials, provisions, &c. Mr. Richard King accompanied us as guide, there being no beaten track beyond the Tugela River, and only a faint track between that river and the Natal Bay. The rainy season not having set in, we found no difficulty in travelling, beyond what we met with in passing through the deep sand. In five days from our starting from the bay, we reached the Tugela, and forded it with some difficulty. About ten miles beyond the river we came to an American Mission Station, occupied by the Rev. Mr. Champion and family, by whom we were received with great kindness. Here we also found Mr. Brownlee, then a youth. We rested at this station four days ; then after more than a week's trek, reached in safety Dingaan's kraal. As the wagon came up to the King's kraal, which contained at least a thousand huts, we were told to halt, in order that the white men, women and children might be brought into the chief's presence and introduced to him. This sudden summons was excusable, as he had never before seen an English woman. On looking at our wives he expressed his surprise that they should wear such a weight of clothes. One of the children of our party, on going up to shake hands with him, picked up a stone and threw it in his direction, at which the chief broke out into a laugh, and said, "What! does he think I am only an ordinary Kafir?" After chatting with us and asking a few questions, he sent a man to shew the way to the hut which he had built for us. He told us that our oxen should be taken care of by his men, and that when we wanted them we were to let him know, and they should be sent to us.

For several days the King would send for us early in the morning, and until nine o'clock of each day would keep us to answer any questions that he might put, and also that we might observe the manner in which he conducted his affairs with the people. During this time Mr. Owen made several requests that he might be allowed to speak to his people and pray with them. He made excuses of various kinds, but at length appointed a day—the Christian Sabbath—

when the missionary was to conduct a religious service at the Great Place, that the King might hear for himself and see what it was like; but it was only to take place once; he did not wish to be troubled again. On the appointed morning the minister went to the Great Place, and found there nearly a thousand men gathered to hear the message he had to deliver. There was not a woman within sight or hearing. The congregation sat on the ground, inside the great inclosure, forming a half circle several rows deep. Before the service commenced, about a hundred large pots filled with Kafir beer were brought and placed in front of the first row of men, and a large number of beer baskets were given the men out of which they were to drink. The chief then said, "Now, my men, there is something to quench your thirst with while the white man is talking," and forthwith told the missionary to commence his address, which he did, through me, as interpreter. The missionary, after speaking for about half an hour, and putting as much Gospel truth as he could into his message, was told by the King to stop, he had heard enough. Dingaan then said, "I have a few questions to ask you, that I may not misunderstand"

First.—"Do you say there is a God, and but one God?"—The Minister replied, "Yes."

Second.—"Do you say there is a heaven for good people, and only one?"—Reply: "Yes."

Third.—"Do you say there is a devil?"—Reply: "Yes."

Fourth.—"Do you say there is a hell for wicked people?"—The Minister replied, "Yes."

Said the King if that is your belief you are of no use to me or to my people; we knew all that before you came to preach to us. I and my people believe there is only one God—I am that God. We believe there is one place to which all good people go; that is Zululand. We believe that there is one place where all bad people go. There, said he, pointing to a rocky hill in the distance; there is hell where all my wicked people go. The chief who lives there is Umatiwane, the head of the Amangwane. I put him to death, and made him the devil chief of all wicked people who die. You see that there are but two chiefs in this country—Matiwane and myself; I am the Great Chief—the God of the

living; Umatiwane is the Great Chief of the wicked. I have now told you my belief; I do not want you to trouble me again with the fiction of you English people. You can remain in my country as long as you conduct yourselves properly.

This was the first and last time that Mr. Owen was allowed to preach the Gospel to the Zulus. During the delivery of the King's speech after each sentence the men shouted with a mighty shout, "Hail, great father; thou art as great as an elephant!" Mr. Owen, greatly disappointed with this dictum of Dingaan's, still unwilling to give up all attempts to reach the people, requested permission to teach some of the children to read. "Yes," said the chief, "provided you begin with me." This the Missionary agreed to, and said he would teach the King and as many more as he would wish. The chief replied, "I won't trouble you as we cannot understand each other." Pointing to me, he said, "I appoint your interpreter as my teacher." This command was obeyed. The chief commenced with the alphabet under my teaching, and very soon could read words of two syllables. At the end of two or three months he gave up his task; he had more important work to do. A war had broken out between the Boers and his people, which took up all his time and thought.

During this time Pieter Retief, Commandant of the Emigrant Boers, with five Dutchmen, and an English youth from Natal, as interpreter, paid Dingaan a visit, to report to him that the Boers had trekked from the Cape Colony, and were seeking a country where they might live in peace and quietness. The King asked him, "Where is the place you would like to settle?" Retief answered, "If I might choose I should like the tract of country near the Natal Bay, as we white people need many things that come from over the sea." Dingaan thanked the party for coming to see him, and said he would grant their request on a certain condition. If it was fulfilled he would give them the country lying between the Tugela and Umzimvubu rivers, and between the Drakensberg and the sea. The condition was this: "You return and capture a certain Basuto chief, Sikonyela, who has made a raid on the upper part of Zululand with mounted men and guns, sweeping away a large herd of cattle. You must bring this chief to me with his men, his horses, and his

guns; then you shall have what you request." Retief returned, accompanied with ten Zulus, with the answer of Dingaan to the headmen of his party, who were encamped in Sikonyela's country. The Boers seized Sikonyela, but promised to release him provided he would give up to them a certain number of cattle, horses, and guns. This was complied with, and in a fortnight from the time that Retief left Dingaan's Kraal some of the Zulus were sent back to the Chief to tell him that the Boers were coming to see him, having fulfilled his condition.

On receiving this message from the Boers, Dingaan called for Mr. Owen, and requested him to write a letter to Captain Gardiner and John Cane, requesting them to be present at a meeting of the Boers, which was to be held at his Great Place. To this request Mr. Owen agreed, and I was sent with the letter. Twenty of the chief's men went with me, ostensibly to carry anything I might have to bring, but really to watch my movements, and to learn anything of importance that might arise. I delivered the letter to Captain Gardner. He declined to be present at the meeting, telling me he did not think it would be safe.

I returned with the Zulu guard; reached the Tugela to find it impassable here. I was detained eight days. Some time after crossing the river, and ascending a hill, we came to a ridge overlooking the Great Place. To the right of the Great Place, in the direction of the execution ground, I observed a large flock of vultures hovering over the place of the dead. At once I suspected there had been some evil work going on during my absence. Leading my horse I descended the hill. About half way down I saw lying by the side of the path the sleeve of a white shirt, which had been forcibly torn from the garment; it was partly covered with blood. This greatly alarmed me, and I feared lest the mission party with my family had been put to death. When I reached the King's kraal I rode up to the principal entrance, and from there saw a number of saddles piled one upon the other. I sent a message in to Dingaan to give notice of my return; but I was so anxious about the safety of my family that without waiting for the messenger to come out I mounted my horse and galloped off on the way to our huts, to see if they were all right. On coming to the hut occupied by my family I glanced hurriedly in. On the

table I saw plates and cups with the remains of a meal, but not a person was to be seen. This seemed a terrible confirmation of my worst fears. I turned from the hut and hastened on to Mr. Owen's. When I came near to it, my little son came running out towards me, shouting, "Father's come."

I found the rest of my family with the whole of the party safe. They were all assembled in Mr. Owen's hut for family worship. I cannot tell you how thankful I was to find all safe. I had only time to congratulate Mr. Owen and my family on their safety, and to drink a cup of coffee, when a messenger came in great haste from the chief to call me to his presence. I at once hurried away, anxious to know what would come next. I was conducted into the inner inclosure, where was the Royal House, in which the King received me in a most affable manner. He congratulated me on my return, saying, "You will have a great many things to tell me, and I shall have much to tell you. I suppose you will have been told by your people what has happened while you have been away?" I replied, "I have had no time, as I had hardly arrived when your messenger summoned me, but my eyes tell me a great deal." "I must tell you," said the King, "that during your absence the Boers arrived; I kept them waiting as long as I could, expecting you to return with Capt. Gardiner and John Cane, but when I could keep them no longer I had them put out of harm's way. I see that every white man is an enemy to the black; every black an enemy to the white; they do not love each other, and never will. I find fault with the Boers in that they disobeyed my instructions. The chief that I told them to bring me, they let go." When he had told me this, he turned round and said, "Don't you think I have done a good thing in getting rid of my enemies at one stroke?" I replied, "I cannot say whether you have done a good thing or not." He then asked, "What is it that Capt. Gardiner and John Cane had heard that led them to decline coming to the meeting?" I told him I could not inform him on the point. He replied, "I am sorry that they were not here, as they fully deserved what the Boers received. When I asked you to tell me if I had done a good thing you replied that you could not tell me. What was the reason of your saying so? I might have told you that yesterday my army was out, and part of it had gone to-day to attack the laager where the Boers were encamped, to

kill all the men, women, and children, and to bring their property to me. Now I ask you what you have heard in the way of news while you have been away?" I told him the news I had heard was that the Boers had camps reaching from that of Retief's party to the banks of the Orange River. I added, why I told him that I did not know if he had done a right thing or not, was that I understood he had killed some of the men of one camp only, and that there were others behind. He had begun a war which neither he nor I could tell where it would end. The chief said: "If what you say is true, my men have deceived me. They told me there was only one camp—Retief's—and in that there were only about thirty old men and boys left to defend it." This concluded the conversation for the time. He said, "You had better go home and hear the end. There is a pot of beer to strengthen you, and I will send you a beast to kill." I learned that during my absence the Boers, numbering sixty armed men with the same number of after-riders, had arrived, bringing the cattle, &c., which they took from the Basuto chief; that they had had what they considered a most satisfactory meeting; that up to the last half hour of the time they intended to start they thought that all had gone well. The horses had been brought up and they were preparing to start, when they were requested by the chief to enter the enclosure, to come to him in a body to say, "Good-bye," and to drink his health, then go home to their wives and children in peace. With this request was another, that they should leave outside all firearms. Not suspecting any treachery, they did what the King wished; stacked their guns, went to drink the King's health, and to receive cattle as food for the journey. When they reached near where the King stood, at a sign from him they were surrounded by a thousand Zulus, who had come under cover of night and filled the King's kraal; to prevent any resistance their necks were at once broken; then their bodies were carried to the execution ground to be mutilated, then left to decay. On the following morning I had a conversation with Mr. Owen about removing my wife and family to Natal. He told me to do so if I thought it necessary, but I had better first ask permission from Dingaan. He at first declined to leave the country, but after thinking the matter over also decided not to remain. He told me we had better go to the King together, and request to be allowed to

remove. Before we had done talking a messenger came from the chief saying he wanted to see us. We accordingly went. In reply to our request he said, "I must take time to think about it. I don't yet understand you. I believe you are as much my enemies as the Boers whom I killed. My people tell me that when the Dutch were put to death you set up a loud cry. Would you cry for me if I were killed? No, I don't think you would! I was told also that you stood on the front of the wagon with your glass in your hand, and that when you saw what was going on you fell down in a faint, and were taken up insensible. No, you cannot be my friends, you are my deadly enemies. If I had done what was proper I should have put you out of the way at the time I put to death my other enemies." Mr. Owen replied, "No, you are mistaken; I am no man's enemy, much less yours." "I want to hear no more of your lies," said the chief. "I have had proof that you are my enemy, and I believe it, whatever you may say to the contrary." On this Mr. Owen turned to me and said, "I have nothing more to say. I see that the chief is in a great rage, and we may prepare to die. If you have anything to say on your own behalf say it now." For some minutes after this there was a dead silence, when it occurred to me to ask the chief what had become of the young English interpreter who was with the Dutch at the Great Place. He replied, "You do well to ask that—he is dead. In the confusion of the time he was killed with the rest. I am sorry; I did not intend to take his life; but why do you enquire about him?" I replied, "He was an Englishman, not a Dutchman; and I understand that you did not look upon an English subject in the same light that you look upon the Boers; and as you say you killed him accidentally, would it not be well to report the matter to the British authorities?" He replied, "How is it to be done?" I replied, "The matter is easy. Here is Mr. Owen asking permission to leave this country, so why not get him to write down your statement, and through him send it to the Government." The chief replied, "What you say is true. I see what you say is right;" and turning to a boy standing near, he said, "Go to the Missionary's house and fetch pen, ink, and paper." The ladies, who were anxiously waiting to see what had become of us, on seeing the messenger were much frightened, thinking he had come to

summon them to the King's kraal, but learning his errand they were glad to know that no harm had come to us. When the messenger returned Mr. Owen wrote down at the King's dictation that the Boers had come into his country professing friendship, but he had no doubt they were his enemies. Treating them as such he had taken the opportunity to put them to death. He did not think the Government would censure him for what had been done. However, he wished to report the accidental death of a young Englishman who, in the confusion, was killed with the Dutch. "Now I have done," said he. "Leave the country as soon as you like. I shall detain one of the wagons and a span of oxen; the oxen for the other you may have to-morrow morning." Mr. Owen thanked him for this permission to leave, and we returned to our homes. Next day we inspanned one wagon and trekked past the Great Place, but we were not allowed to leave until we had all been before Dingaan. I asked him if he thought it right for us to travel alone, as to use a native expression 'the country is dead.' He then gave instructions to two men who were standing by to go with us through the country, to see that we were not molested, and also that we were supplied with milk and meat until we reached the Tugela. These men conducted us safely to the border of Natal; there they left an ox with us to kill for food for the remainder of the journey. They returned, bearing many greetings from Mr. Owen to the chief, and thanks for the kindness he had shown us while in his country. We then proceeded on our journey. As we passed the Mission Station of Mr. Champion, we found it deserted. The Missionaries and families had left the night after the Boer massacre. The English having received a message from the American Missionaries of the intended attack on the Boers' laager, Richard King started with some natives on foot, walking night and day to reach the camp before the Zulus should make the attack. He reached the first camp to find that the Zulus had surrounded it; he passed on to the main body of Boers, reached them just in time to enter the laager before the Zulus could cut him off. We trekked on from the Tugela, got safely to the port, and shipped from there to Algoa Bay. Thus ended our Mission to Zululand.

Whilst in Zululand I had many opportunities of seeing the

summary way in which people were put to death on most trivial charges. One morning, when at the Great Place giving the King his reading lesson, I saw coming over the ridge in single file, sixty Zulu girls, each one with a pot of beer on her head. They came up singing, entered the enclosure, and put down their burdens. As I passed by them on my way home, I saw that a pot of beer had been given them to drink. About an hour afterwards, looking over towards the place of execution I saw a great commotion, but could not tell what it was, only supposed that some one or more victims were being put to death. On enquiring of a messenger, who had just come from the King's kraal, as to what it was, he asked me if I had seen the sixty young women sitting inside the kraal? I told him I had. He said, "They are all killed, and the vultures are now eating their bodies." I asked the reason; he told me that the kraal from which they had come had shown some disrespect to the King, and that was the way he had shown his disapproval of their conduct. This was one of many cases, though I did not witness any other execution on so large a scale as this; but so often were people put to death that the vultures were accustomed to sit round the Great Place outside the enclosure, and also within, without any fear whatever, and so soon as a man or woman was pinioned ready to be carried away the vultures would run and fly on before, in order to be ready when the food which the King prepared so plentifully should be left for them.

On one occasion, when out with my gun, the game I was after ran up to the valley in the direction of the execution ground, and before I was aware I found myself in the midst of human skeletons. It was a valley full of bones—not all dry. A glance around showed armlets of brass and copper strewing the ground. Nothing here was ever touched by any human being, and no one went to this spot as the King told me next day, unless sent by him. I was in "Dingaan's Hell." Forgetting all about my game I hastened out of the place, and got home as soon as possible.

(Signed) R. B. Hulley.

The above statement was taken down by me,

(Signed) Thos. Kirkby.

Dated March 11th, 1880.

A Letter on Frontier and Natal Travelling.

By Victor Sampson.

In these days when questions regarding South Africa are uppermost in the minds of colonists, and enquiries about its condition and capabilities are made on every side, a brief account of visits paid the Cape Frontier and Natal may not be uninteresting. Within the last three months I have travelled on one duty and another from near the foot of Moirosi's Mountain to East London, and from thence through the heart of Natal to Kokstad in East Griqualand. I may therefore claim to have visited but recently some of the most important parts of the two colonies. A month ago I was ordered to proceed from Queen's Town to Kokstad. The shortest route I found would be over the Gatberg, to Matatiele, and from thence to my destination. I started accordingly by cart, intending to penetrate Tembuland by Cacadu and Southeyville. As far as Glen Grey the journey was performed without mishap. The steep Bongolo Nek was successfully scaled, and the heights above Glen Grey safely descended. But here a severe thunderstorm overtook us; and to make matters worse the horses stuck in the centre of the White Kei Drift. It had been raining off and on during the day, and the river was fast rising. Another storm was also brewing. But no amount of coaxing on the one hand, or all the known artifices of the driver on the other, could make the horses budge an inch. They would neither move backward nor forward. The left-wheeler, to mark his resolution, quietly laid down in midstream and all but reached another world. So far I had left everything in the hands of the driver, but I now thought it time to interfere, and calling in some eight or ten Kafirs had the horses taken out and the cart dragged through by main force. Before doing the latter, however, all baggage had to be carried across separately. I need hardly add as an incident of drift-crossing, that a Kafir disappeared under water with my portmanteau. The large stones, or rather boulders, hidden under water in these drifts often bring down both man and beast. On the bank our horses stuck a second time. Ultimately they were induced to proceed, but six miles further on they came to a dead standstill

before a small sluit. Nothing could make them move. By this time we were in the centre of a large plain, without shelter, in one of the most terrific storms I have yet witnessed. A storm had been gathering on our left, and another along the mountains on our right. They met overhead. One vast sheet of water seemed to descend upon us, illuminated with very rainbows by the incessant lightning. The case looked desperate ; but I was determined to reach Cacadu that night if possible, and there obtain fresh horses. My only hope for the present was a small trading shop which I knew of, some three or four miles distant. There I hoped to obtain assistance ; but on arriving at the station I found the trader had neither servant, horse, nor ox to lend me ; nor was he willing to leave the place himself, being the only European on the spot. Numbers of Kafirs were about, but I could only induce two to accompany me to the cart This is where the natives shine. You may be in any fix you please, but unless paid separately for each act of assistance they will leave you without further ado, and, as in the present instance, they will often not assist you at all. I happened to try and encourage my men by giving them some tobacco. They immediately stopped short, and gave me to understand that if that was the coin they were to be paid in, they were going home. When the men at Glen Grey drew the cart through the drift, they refused to drag it up the bank until they had bargained for extra payment, and when the horses stuck again they would not put a finger to the wheels until it was settled how much they were to receive ; and this not in the neighbourhood of a large town, but out in the wilds on the borders of Tembuland. May no philanthropist of Ethiopian leanings travel through that country with a pair of sticking horses. His theories about nature's gentlemen will be sadly damaged. I took my two men, however, back to the cart at their own pace, which is always a long, steady run. My boots were heavy with mud, and my cords soaked with rain, but experience in the football fields of Rondebosch was, perhaps, not without its use in Kafirland. I was also afraid of fresh difficulties should the rain continue. When I reached the cart I found a river thirty yards wide running over the sluit. This will give some idea of the rain which had fallen in a quarter of an hour on the mountains. Driver and Kafirs tried to dissuade me from crossing.

I remember one of them putting a long stick into the water to show me that it was up to my neck on the opposite side. But there was no time for hesitation. The sky was filling with the smoky mist so peculiar to continuous rain, and I knew that to get back I must recross the Kei drift at once. I had resolved to give up the overland route. The summer was breaking up, and I felt certain that the rains would be general, and the whole country flooded. Wading, therefore, to a point where there was less water over the sluit, I threw my boots, cords, and coat across, and with a long leap cleared the water at a bound. Some passing Kafirs were prevailed upon to assist in starting the horses, and we soon reached the Kei. But here we found the drift already too deep to cross. That night we slept out on the bank in the cart. The tattered hood and drizzling rain did not allow us much rest, however, and early next morning I swam across. Fortunately, it had not rained very heavily during the night, and the cart was able to be taken through by oxen ; otherwise, we might have been detained on the banks three days. At Glen Grey I managed to get a letter sent on to Queen's Town, engaging a seat in the post-cart to Cathcart next morning. By the courtesy of the magistrate I was enabled myself to reach Queen's Town that afternoon. All that night it rained heavily. At half-past three in the morning I was awakened by the driver on his way to the stables. I fancy I still hear his footsteps splashing through the water in the street, and see his lantern throwing its dim light on the wet trees. He did not return for fully an hour, and then only to tell me the Komani drift was too full to cross. The river was roaring. Seven hours later we were prepared to start ; but the drift seemed to me as full as ever. However, the man was an experienced driver, and with six splendid greys one felt inclined to attempt anything. A crowd collected to see us cross. I was the only passenger. Now the Komani drift is very steep and we went into it at a galop. Down went the first four horses under water. No sooner were they up than down went the two wheelers. By this time we were in midstream, and the cart was grating on the edge of the falls. Six inches further, and cart and horses would have been hurled over the rapids. Not a word was spoken. Just at this moment the driver, who never lost his head an instant, turned the leaders. The cart was saved ;

and amid a cheer we reached the opposite bank in safety, after as near a capsize as has been known in that drift. I now heard reports of the swollen state of the rivers all over the country, which justified me in my resolution to travel *via* Natal. At the Imvani drift our cart was washed right down the river, but the horses, making for a steep bank, drew it to land by sheer force of terror. At Tylden I enjoyed the sight of the Zwart Kei rushing along in waves twenty feet from crest to crest. It had none of the roar of the minor rivers. It was too deep for cataracts; and as I looked upon it I could well imagine how futile would be the effort to struggle with its waters. Such a river would detain a wagon or cart on its banks for a fortnight. Fortunately for us, there was the fine railway bridge to cross by. Parts of the bridge, however, have not yet been railed in, and the boards being wet and slippery our horses became terrified, and ran the cart against a stone buttress. That buttress saved us a fall forty feet. For the remainder of the journey to Cathcart I have only to chronicle continuous rain, deep muddy ruts, bruised limbs, and the steep ascent of the Windvogel Mountain.

This was in March. I had travelled over the same road the year before in July. It was then a blinding dust track. All was bare and leafless. Now the country was like a very garden for blossom and verdure. Grass grows almost an inch a day on the frontier after the rains, which fall, however, in summer; not as might be expected in winter. From Tembuland to Kokstad I did not see a single patch on either mountain or hill where one could lay his hand and say here is no grass. Mountains fifteen hundred feet were covered to their summits; valleys appeared like wheat-fields. But luxuriance is not to be taken as an index of agricultural power. Were the wet weather in the Cape districts dependent upon summer storms, the climate would probably be similar to that of East London or King William's Town, and vegetation, quickened by moisture and sudden heat, would attain the same semi-tropical but unhealthy luxuriance. Neither grain nor sheep, the staple products of the land, will thrive in such country. Rust affects the one, and a variety of diseases the other. It is the home of horned cattle rather than sheep; of maize rather than wheat. However, this is not true of the whole frontier. The belt I refer to runs for forty or fifty miles

inland, along the whole eastern coast from Port Elizabeth to Zululand. The interior table-land is free from the defect. A good sample of the belt I speak of may be seen between East London and King William's Town. The country there is a perfect network of low undulating hills, stretching as far as the eye can see, and covered completely with grass knee deep. Now and then a hill breaks into a sharp precipice, like that of the romantic Horseshoe, or is covered in the far distance with dark blue patches of bush, but, as a rule, there is no defect in these smooth undulating curves. What strikes a stranger most is the absence of all heather. The grass runs lawn-like right up to the foot of a clump of tall trees whose dense undergrowth confers upon it the name of bush; but actually there is not a bush to be seen in the whole country. It is one vast sea of grass islanded here and there with knots of trees, whose dark blue or light yellow foliage adds to the landscape a beauty of its own. What is termed a bush may be best seen at the Perie, situated in a deep kloof of the Amatolas within sight of King William's Town, as Eerste River or Somerset West is within that of Rondebosch or Wynberg; the bush covers the mountain on either side; and with the clear water of the Buffalo running in between and the wing of the Cowrie flashing among the trees in the quiet of a summer afternoon, is a scene not easily to be forgotten. The density of the underwood will at once explain the difficulty experienced in dislodging the Kafirs from it during the last war.

From King William's Town to the foot of the Stormberg, beyond Queen's Town, the country losing its hilly features breaks into a succession of mountains and plains. Between the Stormberg and Basutoland it is all mountain. Here commences the grain district extending through Queen's Town to Aliwal North on the one hand and to Barkly on the other. Basutoland Proper is the granary of the Free State. Around Moirosi's mountain the country washed by the Orange River seems to reach the acme of fertility. Almost everything will grow there. It is the same on the other side of the Drakensberg mountains in East Griqualand. Unfortunately, however, for these districts, agriculture has to struggle with an enemy little known in the gardens of the west. Frost kills here like an angel of death. 5,000 feet above the level of the sea, the tempera-

ture always low, becomes almost unbearable in midwinter. Snow has already fallen at Kokstad, Dordrecht, and Barkly. Speaking of Barkly, I may remark that it is the new fiscal division of the Cape Colony which I refer to, and not the town on the banks of the Vaal. Much confusion is apt to arise from the similiarity of names, and letters should be carefully addressed to the place intended. It is a wonder, however, that letters ever do arrive at the colonial Barkly. Such country it has never been my lot to travel through since or before. It is one unbroken succession of mountains. The road, unlike that over the steep hills of Natal, is blocked and jagged all along with boulders of rock. You ascend some tall mountain like the Waschbank or Paarde Nek, and look with satisfaction on the plain to be travelled below. The sheer ascent or stony descent of some pass as high as the Nek on the Devil's Peak, prepares you for the enjoyment of a level track. But, alas! on nearing the seeming plain you learn that it is nothing but the summits in perspective of numerous precipitous hills, often five hundred feet in height. Your pleasant prospect is a delusion, and the plain you were to travel over in half an hour probably takes you three. The district is, however, well cultivated and exceptionally well watered. Looking over the country one sees little sign of habitation, but lying close among the hills, like birds in cover, are numerous farms which can only be discovered on near approach. Farms like that of Mr. Fleischer's below Paarde Nek will show what can be done in the district. The town of Barkly itself, consisting of some thirty houses and a rather large Dutch church, lies on an exposed slope. It is subject to wind and dust all day, and must be bitterly cold in winter. It is a two days' distance from Dordrecht. The mountains of New England in the distance resemble and represent to Barkly the view of the Stellenbosch Mountains from Mowbray or Wynberg, but the absence of anything like bush or tree gives an unusually black appearance to the immediate surroundings of the place. The New England district is very fertile, and as the map will indicate, rejoices in names that would gladden the heart of a very Sir Walter. The Kraai River runs between and in wet weather will present great difficulties to the people in attending the seat of magistracy. All this country is grain-producing and very well watered; but above all it is famous for its

horses. These are the hardiest in the Colony. The climate of Barkly as indeed of all parts of the Stormberg and Drakensberg is simply incomparable. The cold in winter may be severe, but the dry, clear, and exhilarating atmosphere during at least nine months of the year, makes up for all deficiencies. Life near the coast would be unbearable to one brought up in these regions. The whole table-land abounds in good shooting. Partridges literally crowd the hills, while duck and snipe frequent every river and lakelet. Fish are to be found in all the rivers, but the practice of killing them with dynamite will soon lessen the number. At present barbel and yellow fish are so plentiful that, as in the case of the overflow of the Kraai River, they have been shovelled back into the water to avoid the consequences of putrefaction. Barkly Pass, now in the course of construction, will throw open the whole of the Barkly district, and place it within five days' wagon distance of Kei Road. The Indwe coal mines will also attract a branch railway if the iron horse does not tread through Dordrecht itself on its way to Aliwal North; and these combined will, I trust, tap districts as fertile as those of Malmesbury or Piquetberg, but incomparably the most difficult in the Colony to traverse.

Queen's Town is at present the most desirable district on the frontier. It is wholly in the belt between the moist atmosphere of the coast and the cold climate of the Stormberg. Unfortunately it suffers occasionally, as it has done during the past two years, from excessive droughts. With a constant supply of water it would be the richest district in the Colony. It is certainly the most enterprising. Farms like those of McCaen's, near Tarkastad, or the native gardens at Shiloh, will show what can be produced in the Division. The revenue of Queen's Town, for the coming year, notwithstanding the loss of Cathcart and Tarka, will probably be £40,000. The town itself, built in the perplexing shape of a hexagon, is very prettily situated, and with the tall peak of the Hanglip Mountain in the background, and with its green willow trees makes as pretty a picture on a summer afternoon as could be desired. The railway, which is fast approaching completion, will further enrich the town with its picturesque buildings and the district generally by the increased facilities of transport. To the

north-east of Queen's Town lies the Glen Grey Reserve. Here one sees at its best the cultivation achieved by the natives; acres of land are under the dominion of the plough. It is even said that, man for man, the Kafirs of these parts are better farmers than the Europeans, more careful of their stock, cultivating a larger area of land, and working themselves more assiduously. However this may be, I have myself seen the cultivation of the Cacadu Valley, and in my long trot across the flat, which I have already spoken of, more than once blessed the extent of their ploughed fields. To give an idea of the value of some of their crops, I may mention an act of the Civil Commissioner of Queen's Town, Mr. Hemming, during the Gongubella rebellion, which is worthy of remembrance. That gentleman, with an eye to the interests of Government, as well as with a love of an act of thrift for its own sake, ordered that no wheat-field in Gongubella's country should be touched by the men under his command. The grain not being in ear, he had the crops properly guarded, and in the end realized £1,500 for Government, after paying all expenses.

But I must now return to my journey. I broke off at the summit of the Windvogel Mountain. On the other side we descended to Cathcart, a rising township of some seventy houses. It is situated on a slope, and has the word Cathcart ingeniously written on the mountain above it in large whitewashed stones. The district is rich in agriculture, and has a quitrent roll of £4,000. Here the train relieved me of my uneasy seat in the post-cart. It was like meeting an old friend to travel over the smooth rails once more. Along the line the scenery is very much as I have described it between East London and King William's Town. Glimpses of beautiful flowers and bulbs are caught by the eye as one hurries along, and the occasional view of a homestead cradled in peace far away at the foot of the valley above which the train is rushing stands out in trong contrast to the wild haste of the locomotive. At length, after some six hours travelling, the train arrives at Panmure. Every time one visits East London he is struck with the progress made by Panmure. To me it seemed the town of bricklayers and carpenters. The trowel and the hammer sounded incessantly on all sides. Building after building continues to start up, and these of a nature worthy of the place. The new Town Hall and Mutual Buildings

now in the course of completion will form a very fine block. Perhaps no town possesses such scenery in its immediate vicinity. Separated from East London Proper by the Buffalo, Panmure is situated on a steep hill commanding a view of the Bay in the distance. Dense bush and wild creepers crowd every ravine and nook on the hill. Below flows the wide river, a blue expanse of water three or four hundred yards across, lined on either side with steep bushy hills fringing the very water with their luxuriant growths. It has been called the South African Dart Here and there one sees an out-rigger. Add the incessant ferry, a tug or two, a long line of unwieldly surf-boats, the jabber of Kafir coolies, and scores of convicts quarrying the hills on either side with explosion of dynamite and sound of sledge hammer, and one has the picture before him. It is an animated scene; and viewing Panmure and all its surroundings one feels himself in presence of a place endeavouring to fulfil the high destiny laid up for it in the future. The trade of the immense district which I have described, stretching away to Basutoland and the Free State, will find its way to this port; and only those who have carefully noted the capabilities of the land can form an idea of how they will one day be developed by the influence of cheap transport and a safe harbour. The bar is the great obstacle at present. It is caused by the sand silting up where the force of the river meets that of the sea. A breakwater checking the latter will, therefore, check the formation of the Bar; and consequently the further out the breakwater is carried, the further will the bar be shifted. If I mistake not there is a strong sea current sweeping round the coast some distance out, and it is into this current that the water of the river is to be emptied. It is the sea breaking over the sand-bank which causes the danger. The bar at present is a serious loss to the country. In bad weather it often prevents communication with the shore for week stogether, and then only we have clumsy means of surf-boats. Added to this is the annoyance one is subjected to at times in connection with the shipping arrangements. An agent will, perhaps, inform you that the tug is to take off passengers at a certain hour; at the appointed time you find, owing to some change in the weather or water, that the tug has performed the trip and that all communication is ended for the day. It is little satisfaction to be

told that a clerk was sent to your hotel to inform you of the change. You were probably over the river at the time. This happened to me. I had hastened all the way to East London from Queen's Town to catch the first available steamer to Natal, knowing the difficulty constantly experienced in obtaining a passage. The *Florence* had been lying outside for a week and was that day for the first time communicating with the shore. I thought myself extremely fortunate in obtaining a berth, and was appointed a certain time to embark. When the hour arrived I found the *Florence* had already sailed. The clerk had made a mistake in the time appointed, and I had to wait two days longer for the *Melrose*. Fortunately for me the weather remained fine and I was able to embark when she arrived; but it would have been nothing out of the common had I been suddenly detained by the bar another week. All this annoyance might have been saved by the simple expedient of ringing a bell or hoisting a flag in some conspicuous place, say an hour before passengers are required to embark.

The weather remained fine, however, and I had a good view of the coast scenery. As far as the Bashee, the low hills with their bushy ravines, which I have described as the feature between East London and King William's Town, ran down to the sea, showing here and there a stretch of sandy beach. From the Bashee to Natal, and especially along the coast of Pondoland, the country is very mountainous, and the coast scenery correspondingly bold and impressive. On reaching the mouth of the great Kei, I saw something more of the waters which I had crossed far inland. Long before the vessel rounded Cape Morgan the sea had turned to a deep brick-red colour. On nearing the mouth there was not a spot of blue or green to be seen on the ocean out to the very horizon. At the mouth of the Bashee the same phenomenon presented itself, and by means of these muddy outlets we were afterwards able to discover the smallest river along the coast. Before reaching the mouth of the Umtata, we passed the Hole in the Wall—an immense block of solid rock rising some hundred feet or more sheer out of the waves with a tunnel through its base large enough for a wagon to pass through. In the days of Grecian story such a mass with its twin sister would have suggested a romantic tale similar perhaps to that of the sea

monster turned into stone by the terrible sight of the Medusa's Head. Nearing the St. John's River the country becomes even more mountainous. Unfortunately, however, it was night-time when we passed the famed scenery at its mouth. By morning we were far beyond it on the coast of Natal. The tall chimneys of the sugar factories now began to show; and at nine o'clock we steamed into D'Urban harbour. The town, lying in a hollow and half-bedded in the trees of the Berea, looked very pretty. A bold Bluff, surmounted by a charming cottage and tall lighthouse, runs into the bay on the left. At its base sweep the waters of a narrow channel, with a deep curve into an inland lagoon on the right. The inevitable bar here presents itself, and the tide being low we have to cross by tug. Passenger after passenger is swung through the air in a Madeira chair worked by the ship's crane; and with a cargo of Cape grapes that gladdened the heart of many a Natalian, we are soon spinning in to shore—a shoal of porpoises leap on in front to make glad the way. Arrived at the wharf, we were greeted by a crowd, composed for the most part of noisy coolies and eager 'bus drivers. A 'bus driver in Natal has as much conscience on the score of passengers as a monkey swallowing grapes. We had a dozen in a vehicle no larger than the compartment of a railway carriage. But this *en passant*. Four things strike one in D'Urban. First, the Indian coolies with their handsome faces and peculiar nether garments. Secondly, the tropical climate and large leaf growths, making the place look like a Botanical Garden. Thirdly, the great dishes of shrimps ornamenting the hotel tables. And lastly, the price charged for carrying luggage from the Point to the Royal. The first two give the town a very eastern appearance. Coolie labour is employed for every purpose. Seated aloft on some neat trap, in scarlet tunic and white turban, wheeling a perambulator in knee-breeches and armless vest trimmed with coloured braid, or doing duty as a common carrier in soiled linen, the men always look well. The women also are comely; and with their nose ornaments and a mode of dressing which gives grace to their movements present a very novel and pleasing appearance. Along every street thunder omnibuses. There is but one hansom in the town. For the most part, the private vehicles are well kept and look neat. The wealthier inhabitants, as

in Port Elizabeth, reside upon the hill; and the Berea is studded with villas commanding the fine view of the distant Bay and woody Bluff. The public offices are situated something like the Cape Library at the foot of a public garden. But in D'Urban the garden in the centre of the town, and, communicating with the adjoining streets by numerous gateways, is at once a convenience and a pleasure. The new Standard Bank is a building worth visiting. Its capacious hall, with ornamented ceiling, stained skylights and tesselated floor, speaks well for the community. Taking flight now by some of the bye-paths to the back of the Berea, one is bewildered and amazed by the mass and luxuriance of the bush. Creeper, convolvulus and scarlet berry, in wild confusion, make it simply impenetrable—wild banana, grenadella vines, and tall acacia trees struggle for light; and the perplexed wanderer rides through glade and leafy tunnel, with rather the hope than the certainty of ever issuing from them. To build a house on the Berea, one would have to go into the bush with a hatchet like an American backwoodsman, and first clear a site for the foundations. But it is time to depart. A train runs at present half way to Maritzburg, a distance as the crow flies of about thirty miles. It takes three hours to travel this distance by rail.

(*To be continued.*)

Cape Dutch.

I.

A eyt de waerheyt in het graf,
A wat haer druckt dat moet 'er af.

CATS.

FROM a reprint of an article published by Chief Justice Reitz in the *South African Magazine*, which appeared in the *Cape Argus* of the 29th April, 1880, and was highly commended in one of the leaders of the same paper, it would seem that the indignation of the Chief Justice was vehemently aroused after perusing an essay of the Rev. A. T. Wirgman, in which the following expressions occur :—"The feeble remnant of the Hottentot nation, losing their language with their nationality, substituted for it the barbarous *patois* called Cape Dutch, which still, after eighty years of English rule, forms (to the great injury of civilized speech), the chief medium of communication in our country districts."

On careful examination of this sentence and the exceedingly discursive remarks of the Chief Justice, it becomes plainly manifest that the words adding fuel to his wrath, and eliciting the reply to which I have alluded, were those by which Cape Dutch is stigmatized as a *barbarous patois*, and as doing *great injury* to *civilized speech* in South Africa ; and, accordingly, in order to calm his troubled spirit and relieve himself of the feelings these words would seem to have unduly excited, he forthwith proceeds to "prove" :—1. That Cape Dutch is *not* a barbarous patois ; and 2. That its use as a chief medium of communication is *not* injurious to civilized speech ; and after two columns of seemingly learned matter, comes to the triumphant conclusion that, as far as Cape Dutch, at all events, is concerned, he has utterly demolished his opponent.

As it happens, I can boast of the acquaintance and, let me hope, the friendship of Mr. Reitz, and knowing him as well as I *do*, can feel confident that he will neither take it amiss in a fellow countryman that he should desire to correct what he cannot help regarding as a pernicious error, nor will he be at all displeased if, in the course of what is meant to be a friendly combat, some hard blows should accidentally be dealt. But should his disposition have changed from what it used to be "in the days of auld lang syne," I can do no more than apologise beforehand for any unpalatable comments which I might accidentally be led to make.

With the avowed object, then, of proving the two negative propositions

to which I have referred, he quotes two passages from Max Muller, in order to shew the meaning of the word "barbarous,"—passages which are altogether irrelevant to the case at issue, and merely tend to explain that the word *barbarian* as used by the Greeks and Romans, had the effect of diminishing their sympathy with foreigners, and caused them to look upon those to whom they applied that term as not only being no kindred of theirs, but also as utterly beyond the pale of humanity and unworthy of brotherly love. In Max Muller's own words, "If the Romans had not received this convenient name of *barbarian* ready-made for them, they would have treated their neighbours, the Celts and the Germans, with more respect and sympathy; they would have, at all events, looked at them with a more discriminating eye." Now, to use the favourite expression of one of our legislators, what has this to do with the breakwater? In other words, how does the light in which the Greeks and Romans looked upon surrounding nations affect Cape Dutch? I am altogether at a loss to understand; unless, indeed, Mr. Reitz merely quotes the two long passages he has copied out as a salutary warning to Mr. Wirgman not to use the words "barbarous" or "barbarian" when speaking of Cape Dutch, lest he should imperceptibly and unwittingly be lured to look upon his fellow-colonists with the same want of brotherly love, as that which the Greeks and Romans displayed towards their poor benighted neighbours.

That the term "barbarous," in its English sense, as applied to an individual, or nation, is totally distinct in meaning from the same term as applied to a *language*, is patent to every one who has the merest smattering of English at his command, and if there were the slightest doubt on the subject, a glance at any dictionary (Webster's, for instance), will show that this is an incontrovertible fact; "barbarism," in the latter sense, being defined as "an offence against purity of style or language," —"any form of speech contrary to the pure idioms of a particular language," whilst in the former it signifies "rudeness of manners"—"a savage state of society;" or, if Mr. Reitz should prefer Ogilvie, he will find that the word "barbarous" is defined as "cruel, inhuman," when applied to an individual, but "contrary to the rules of speech" when spoken of a language; and we may add "savage, rude, and uncivilized," when used with reference to a nation. A nation may be "barbarous" and yet have a polished language, or, conversely, its language may be "barbarous," and yet the nation itself may not not be so. Zulus are "barbarians," as being uncivilized, in our accepta-

tion of the word, but their language, from all accounts, would seem to be anything but "barbarous." If a language admits of decisive, elegant, and expressive combinations, imparting a pleasing sensation to the ear as well as being capable of expressing distinctly every phase of human thought, it is not "barbarous;" and if to this power of reproducing our mental emotions be added harmonious modulations, and fixed and determinable rules of speech,—in other words, grammatical construction, the language is not only free from "barbarism" but forcible, highly civilized, and polished.

Now Cape Dutch is not only poor, in so far as it is utterly inadequate to express every phase of human thought clearly and distinctly, unless indeed it be the grosser passions and feelings of mankind or the wants of every-day life, but also displays a dearth of terms for nearly every conceivable subject in literature, science and art. The nicer logical distinctions of argumentative reasoning are beyond its reach, and the finer sensations of which humanity is susceptible continually elude its feeble grasp. When intelligent individuals attempt to use it for any of these purposes, they are perforce obliged to borrow from English or High Dutch, and in having recourse to these, they render themselves quite unintelligible to the majority of their countrymen.

But apart from the consideration that Cape Dutch is incapable of clearly and distinctly expressing the outcome of our thinking faculties unless it filches from some kindred tongue, its utter disregard of grammatical constructions, and purely analytical nature, combined with that exuberance of consonants which would tend to make High Dutch itself harsh and grating to the ear (were it not for the rich vocabulary and wonderfully terse combinations which the latter can command),—all these objectionable qualities render it unfit to be a medium of literary communication between man and man.

And further, inasmuch as Cape Dutch is merely a modification of the language of Holland, and displays a want of that due observance of the rules of grammar to which the Dutch have given their assent, and is, moreover, contrary to the pure idioms of the High Dutch language, it can clearly, in its present stage at all events, and so long as it has not been raised to a higher level, as Dante raised the Tuscan or Luther the German, tongue,—it can clearly, I say, be defined as "barbarous" in the meaning assigned to that word by our best authors. That this word "barbarous" can with justice be employed when speaking of Cape Dutch will more plainly appear when we shew that it is in reality a

patois—a term which in itself denotes a dearth of literary wealth, and is stamped with all the attributes of linguistic barbarity.

But to return to our critic. After his learned quotations, he boldly flings down the gauntlet, and undertakes "not merely to assert, but to prove—(mark this!)—to *prove* that there is nothing barbarous about it." And how does he do this? By another assertion, namely, "that Cape Dutch stands in a similar relation to High Dutch as English does to Anglo Saxon;" and yet another assertion that "Phonetic Decay and Dialetic Regeneration," the "annexation of foreign words," the "breaking away from the fetters of grammatical forms," and "natural growth and developement has" (*sic*) "converted the language of Holland into the language of South Africa."

Now, I most unfortunately fail to see how Cape Dutch and High Dutch can bear the same relation to one another as English and Anglo-Saxon, seeing that both English and Anglo-Saxon are not only each (reference being had to the period in which they respectively flourished), perfectly adapted to express every phase of human thought, but can also severally boast of a literature, and a rich and noble literature too, whilst Cape Dutch can shew nothing worth perusal save a few stray verses, most of which are due to Mr. Reitz himself. But, judging from the context, our critic holds that the Phonetic Decay and Dialectic Regeneration, of which he speaks, took place after the arrival of High Dutch in this country. That I may legitimately draw this conclusion from his words is, I trust, plain enough, for, if he did not mean this, he could only have referred to a change which took place in Holland, and in *that* case he must admit that the language he speaks of is only a Dutch dialect, or, as we may call it, a *patois*. To this portion of his argument I would desire to direct the reader's careful attention, and shall endeavour, hereafter, to prove that his views with reference to the locality in which the most remarkable modifications arose are quite unfounded.

In the train of these assertions we next find another and a bolder one, viz.: that "our Cape Dutch is richer in words than the Dutch of Holland, for whilst adopting and, if need be, having a right to employ every word contained in the Dutch dictionary from A to Z, we have added thereto a large number of words derived from the English, Malay, and even Hottentot languages." Now, I deny, and every person who is intimately acquainted with the Cape Dutch will bear me out, that the language spoken by the Colonists is richer in words than the Dutch of

Holland ; for although I am quite prepared to admit that we have "*the right* to employ every word contained in the Dutch dictionary from A to Z," I maintain that we are by nature precluded from doing so, and that, in nine cases out of ten, if we borrow so recklessly from that source, we would be making ourselves utterly unintelligible to the majority, as much so, indeed, as would result from a similar adoption of Spanish, Greek or Hebrew equivalents. In course of time, undoubtedly, and after producing some lasting works of genius, we might be able to convert Cape Dutch, if not into an universally admired, at all events into a tolerably efficient language. But that is not now the question. We must simply take Cape Dutch as it stands, and on its own merits. What, taking a few words at random—what would our countrymen (I am not now speaking of the educated minority),—what *would* they say if you spoke to them of vaak, ylings, aafsch, aanylen, gluren, gluiperd, gylkulp, malie, pook, pompzode, scheut or even ootmoed, and thousands of other words too numerous to mention ? They would simply shrug their shoulders, and reply, "Ik kannie verstanie." And as to the "large number of words derived from the English, Malay, and even Hottentot languages," we must flatly pronounce it a myth. There are, indeed, some words accepted universally by the Dutch-speaking population of South Africa, derived, or taken over bodily from these, but they are few in number, and scarcely more than a hundred in all. Many of those which might have been presumed to belong to this class are essentially Dutch, as I hope to shew further on. In short, so far from Cape Dutch being a richer language (if such it can be called) than High Dutch, with reference to the copiousness of its vocabulary, it is, as will readily be admitted, infinitely poorer, hundreds upon hundreds of words having lost all meaning to a Cape ear, and leaving not the faintest trace behind of its ever having existed in our speech. But should I, too, be accused of making bold untenable assertions I would simply request Mr. Reitz to draw up a list of the "large number of words" in Cape Dutch derived from these sources, and it would then be seen how insignificant that number really is.

We next come upon a statement which, whilst giving an undoubted misrepresentation of facts, is at the same time superbly ludicrous, for our essayist gravely informs us that "the Dutch word *kaplaarzen* has made way for the shorter German word *stevels* (boots)." Now, first of all, I was altogether unaware that there is such a word in the Dutch language as *kaplaarzen* and, being somewhat startled by this novel term, for an instant doubted whether

my ignorance had not, perhaps, overlooked the expression, and, to make sure, I at once referred to several ponderous lexicons,—but my search proved positively futile, and no such word was to be found. I have heard of *laarzen*, of *stevels met kappen*, or in our way of putting it, of *kapstevels*, but *kaptaarzen* is altogether uncommon. Nor did our ancestors in South Africa borrow the word *stevels* from the German, as could be inferred from Mr. Reitz's assertion, for that word was in constant use in Holland long before they dreamt of settling in this country. Whether or not the Dutch originally took over this term from the Germans, I do not pretend to discuss, as such an enquiry would here be utterly out of place, but that the Cape Colonists did not adopt the word directly from the German, is patent from the fact, that all the Dutch dictionaries contain it.

The Chief Justice then goes on to say, that the main reason why Cape Dutch is so devoid of inflections is simply because, like the English, the Africander is of a practical turn, and finding it too irksome to observe the rules of Dutch grammar "he rejects the inflection of the verb," and ignores any distinction of gender in his nouns as expressed by the changes of the article; and then, having drawn a comparison in this respect between English and Cape Dutch, Mr. Reitz triumphantly asserts that he has *proved* that Cape Dutch is not "barbarous," wisely forgetting to continue the parallel, and show that the former is a highly literary medium, whilst the latter can, as yet, boast of no literature at all.

If the self-confidence with which, as we have seen, Mr. Reitz makes random assertions, and then mistakes them for positive proof, leaves a sense of deep regret in those who know that he possesses true ability (if he would but use it in a right direction), the want of that logical acumen which every lawyer should command is equally painful to witness, and if he has failed to prove that Cape Dutch is not "barbarous," he is similarly unsuccessful in his subsequent arguments; for, taking a fresh departure, he tells us that he will "proceed to show that Cape Dutch is not a *patois*," but, finding himself utterly bewildered by that strange-looking term, he exclaims in a most lugubrious tone:—"*What* does Mr. Wirgman mean by a *patois?* for it looks to me very like a barbarous and uncommon" (*sic*) "French word;" but recovering his equanimity, adds that he is "under the necessity of assuming that by *patois* he means a degraded dialect of a living, written, and spoken language." But surely if he had glanced at any French dictionary, he would have found that the word is neither *barbarous* nor *uncommon*, and that the greatest French

authors habitually employ it. Nay, if he had "taken a dip into' Webster (to use his own expression), he would have found the term there explained as meaning :—"a dialect peculiar to the lowest classes ; a provincialism ;" or, as Spiers defines it :—"a dialect peculiar to each province," or Barberi :—"*Il linguagio inculto dei rustici ; Il dialletto d'una provincia.*"

This, indeed, is plain enough ; then why add the word "degraded," unless we take that word to indicate the fact of the dialect being banished from polite society ? A language that is *degraded* must at some time or other have occupied a higher position. Is this the case with any *patois* ? But again he asserts that he has disproved that Cape Dutch is degraded, although we may fairly leave his readers to judge whether he has done so or not, and again he sturdily denies that it is a dialect. And why ? "*For that High Dutch, as a spoken language in South Africa has any existence,* excepting amongst a few recently arrived Hollanders, *no one can contend.* The Hollander may speak it for a while, but very soon he finds it more convenient to do as Rome does, and his children never speak anything but the 'purest' Cape Dutch." Now, *where* Mr. Reitz has gained his experience I cannot tell, but as far as my own knowledge can reach (and I have seen and spoken to a wide circle of Cape people, not only in the metropolis, but even in the country districts, and that in parts which are usually looked upon as barely civilized),—as far as I am able to tell, the majority of the better class, although not making use of the peculiar nasal twang and guttural utterance which usually reveals the native of Holland, yet speak High Dutch, in a slightly modified form, it is true, but still in a form which differs from the *purest* Cape Dutch as day does from night. Their grammar may now and then be at fault, and the distinctions of gender may be disregarded, but in the main their language is defective High Dutch and by no means the *purest* Cape Dutch, "anything to the contrary specified by Mr. Reitz and the 'much-abused' editor of the Paarl *Patriot* notwithstanding."

His chief, and indeed only, arguments to shew that Cape Dutch is not a *patois* would therefore seem to be "because High Dutch, as a spoken language in South Africa, has no existence," and because although not being at present a literary language (which he admits), yet, "it is a written language, and not gradually, but, rapidly becoming more and more so" on the testimony of the *Patriot* aforesaid. The *Patriot* forsooth ! As if we are to be guided in our estimate of philological evidence by the foredrawn conclusions of a country newspaper, a newspaper which

displays its inanity in attempting to drag still deeper into the mire, by dint of unheard of corruptions in grammar and orthography, a language which already bears the impress of a highly illiterate vernacular, a language unsuited alike to literature, science, and art, although adequate to the expression of our daily wants, and exceedingly efficient when pressed into service by scolding fish-wives and itinerant pedlars! But not only do I contend (and all will bear me out), that "High Dutch, as a spoken language," *has* an existence in this Colony, although as a rule only among the better classes, and in a slightly modified form; nay, I go further and maintain that, even granting such not to be the case, the absence of High Dutch here would not by any means be conclusive evidence to shew that Cape Dutch is not a dialect, is not a *patois*.

And then comes another denial, although our author in the same breath confesses that he does not know what he denies,—a most extraordinary proceeding, and one of which a critic of all persons in the world should under no circumstances whatever lay himself open to accusation. That there can be no misapprehension here is plainly manifest, for, to quote his own words, he denies that "the use of Cape Dutch in our country districts, as a chief medium of communication, has been injurious to civilized speech," and adds, "what civilized speech does Mr. Wirgman refer to? Does he mean that the English spoken and written by himself and others who reside in South Africa has deteriorated in consequence of the co-existence of the barbarous *patois*? or does he mean that by reason of Cape Dutch being the chief medium of communication in our country districts, the exclusive use of English has become restricted to Port Elizabeth and Graham's Town?" Surely, if one writer takes upon himself to deny a statement made by another, he should first ascertain what he intends to deny, and not first make the denial, and then ask what the statement is! To me Mr. Wirgman's intention is clear and plain; for I look upon the terms "civilized speech" as used by him to denote not merely English, the purity of which is undoubtedly tarnished by frequent use of Cape Dutch, *vide Cape Monthly Magazine*, 1872 (Vol. v.,) 182, 228, but also High Dutch, and every other literary language which is or may be spoken in Southern Africa.

But enough of this; for I have already trespassed sufficiently on the kindness of the editor, and shall reserve such further remarks as I have to make for a subsequent number, in which I shall endeavour to the best of my ability to shew that Cape Dutch, whether barbarous or not, is

nothing more than a Dutch dialect—than a veritable *patois*, whose origin must be sought in the Dutch writers of the seventeenth century, and the back slums of Amsterdam two hundred years ago!

Yes, bold as this statement is, startling as it may prove to many, and unpalatable as it will doubtless be to some, the truth must prevail; for we have had enough of the apotheosis to which Cape Dutch has been subjected by the *Patriot* and its multifarious consorts, and it is time "the spell should break of this protracted dream." Dagon must be hurled from his pedestal, the god of the Philistines must be trampled under foot!

(*To be continued.*)

A Week in Rome.

> The city which thou seest no other deem
> Than great and glorious Rome, Queen of the earth,
> So far renowned and with the spoils enriched,
> Of nations.—*Paradise Regained.*

THE man who could visit Rome for the first time without enthusiasm is not to be envied. Gibbon, the historian, confessed that at the distance of twenty-five years he could neither forget nor express the strong emotions which agitated his mind as he first approached the eternal city, and that several days of intoxication were lost and enjoyed before he could descend to a cool and minute examination. But then Gibbon had prepared himself for this visit long beforehand by a special course of reading and study, and it would be well, in these days of rapid travelling and sight-seeing, for every tourist who really cares to profit by a visit to Rome, if he were to prepare himself specially for it. Rome at first sight is disappointing, and only gradually does the mind become aware of its powerful charm. As regards natural scenery, it cannot for a moment be compared with either Florence or Naples, while in size and population it is but the ghost of its former self, and behind most modern capitals of Europe. The streets are mostly narrow, the houses crowded together in some parts, and the sanitary arrangements far from satisfactory. As seen from the mighty dome of St. Peter's, there are but few objects on which the eye can linger with pleasure; and it is only by a strong effort of the imagination that one can recall the glorious panorama which Milton saw unfolded before his mind's eye, when he described with such graphic power the splendours of Imperial Rome. The modern city is divided into two unequal parts by the Tiber, which rolls lazily along, with hardly a single boat to enliven its turbid waters. Four of the seven famous hills are now uninhabited, and are covered with gardens, vineyards, or ruins. The magnificent baths, palaces, and triumphal arches of the Ceasars now mouldering to dust fill the mind with awe and sadness. Large open spaces, once teeming with life, lie desolate and forsaken. The marble temples and glittering cupolas have all vanished, while in their place have risen hundreds of gloomy churches and convents. Then, if one

looks beyond into the distance for some relief, the bleak and barren features of the campagna, extending all round the city, only deepen the sense of gloom and loneliness which gradually steals over the spirit. Yet, after all, there is something appropriate and impressive in this very gloom and loneliness. Everything seems to recall the glorious past. Broken arches, crumbling walls, and aqueducts, marble columns lifting their heads above masses of ruins, meet the eye in every direction :

> "The Niobe of nations, there she stands,
> Childless and crownless in her voiceless woe."

Gauls, Goths, Christians and Barbarians, "time, war, flood and fire," have combined during twenty centuries to deprive the seven-hilled city of all its glory and renown, but they have not succeeded. All the ravages of time and all the fierce storms which have burst over her have only added to her fame, and rendered her name more illustrious throughout the whole word. Truly, in the words of the Poet :—

> Her wreck is still a glory, her ruin graced
> With an immaculate charm that *cannot be effaced.*

To know Rome well requires a study of many months, not to say years, and it would, therefore, be mere affectation to profess any intimate acquaintance with it after only a week's stay. Some tourists only stay two or three days; but in such cases the impressions received must be very much like those produced on the mind when whirling through a country in an express train at fifty miles an hour. Yet, by dint of hard work and constant driving, a good deal may be seen in a week that will never be effaced from one's memory. For some reason or another I had a lively dread of guides, but in Rome no stranger can get on well without one. In company of another tourist, I was fortunate enough, however, to secure the services of an excellent guide, with whom we had good reason to be satisfied. He spoke English well, and could give information on all conceivable subjects connected with Roman history or art. As our time was so limited, he promised to take us only to the principal sights, calling for us every morning at the hotel, and arranging everything beforehand, as to cab-hire, fees, and tickets of admission.

Of the thousand-and-one sights in Rome, St. Peter's, is, perhaps,

the most conspicuous, and the one which most strangers visit first and oftenest. On going thither we crossed the Tiber by the bridge of St. Angelo, erected by Hadrian in 136, and adorned with twelve marble statues of angels. Exactly opposite stands the venerable castle of the same name, surmounted by a colossal bronze figure of the archangel Michael, with a drawn sword in his hand, as he was supposed to have been seen by Gregory the Great, while on his way to pray for the cessation of a plague which ravaged the city towards the end of the 6th century. The castle was originally used as a mausoleum for the remains of Hadrian and other emperors, but afterwards served as the principal stronghold of Rome. It still contains a number of gloomy dungeons, in one of which the unfortunate Beatrice Cenci and her mother were incarcerated. In 1527 Clement VII. was besieged here by the troops of Charles of Bourbon. For a whole month Rome was given over to slaughter and desolation, and every kind of excess. Benvenuto Celini, who happened to be in Rome at the time, greatly distinguished himself during the siege. "Having taken charge of a few pieces of artillery," to quote his own quaint language, "I continued to fire away with such vigour, that it made some of the cardinals (!) and gentlemen bless me and extol my activity to the skies. My drawing, my elegant studies, and my taste for music, all vanished before this butchering business, and infernal employment." It is sad to think that after all the Pope had to flee for his life, disguised as a merchant.

During another memorable siege, marble statues and boiling oil rained down upon the assailants. From this famous castle three streets lead up to the piazza or square of St. Peter's in front of the great Christian basilica. The piazza is lined on either side by immense colonnades, forming covered passages, the roofs being supported by over three hundred columns, and surmounted by many large statues of saints. In the centre of the piazza stands the famous Egyptian obelisk, which was placed in its present position after a great deal of trouble by order of Sixtus V. in 1586. This obelisk was brought from Egypt by Caligula, and weighs about five hundred tons, but is destitute of hieroglyphics. On either side there is a large marble fountain nearly fifty feet high. As a whole, the piazza is very impressive, and forms an appropriate approach to

the largest church in the world. St. Peter's is the largest, but it is not the most beautiful church. Even the size does not appear so vast as one would fancy. This may partly be accounted for by the extravagant notions generally formed beforehand, but it is also owing to the different proportions of the building, which seem designed in such a manner as to deceive the eye completly. Many faults have, indeed, been found with St. Peter's in point of architecture. A writer in the recent edition of the *Britannica* asserts that the front is not more distinguished by its magnitude than by its littleness and deformity. The magnificent dome, which is the great redeeming feature of the exterior, cannot unfortunately be seen from the pavement in front on a near approach to the building. When we consider, however, the centuries it took to complete the church, the many different architects employed, to say nothing of the whims of Popes and others, no great unity of plan can well be expected. St. Peter's may be regarded as a symbol of the Roman Catholic church itself, which when looked from at a distance, fills the mind with admiration and astonishment, but which loses much of its charm on a closer inspection. Yet, in spite of many faults, St. Peter's is a wonderful building. It covers eight English acres, or nearly twice as many as St. Paul's. The total length is two hundred and thirty yards, and its greatest breadth one hundred and fifty yards, and there are two hundred and ninety windows. The dome to the summit of the cross is four hundred and thirty five feet high. To keep the vast building in repair, a sum of over £7,000 is required annually. The interior is splendid and costly, but many of the statues and monuments are in very bad taste Beauty in design and grace of outline are sacrificed to size and gorgeousness. Large mosaics copied from the most famous pictures adorn the walls. On the inside, or concave of the dome, there are four colossal pictures of the Evangelists. St. Luke holds a pen six feet long, which from the pavement does not look much larger than an ordinary goose quill. An immense, ugly, bronze canopy ninety-five feet high, rises over the tomb of St. Peter, with its one hundred and fifty ever-burning silver lamps. The pavement like the walls is entirely of marble, inlaid with beautiful designs. The ceiling is supported by some seven hundred columns, and is richly gilded. From

beneath the sublime concave the best view of the interior is obtained, which as a whole produces an overpowering effect on the mind, marred only by the enclosure of the South transept by an imitation marble partition. This part of the church was used for the meetings of the last Œcumenical Council, and still contains the papal chair and other seats for the members, ready for the adjourned meeting! Entrance can only be had by special permission, which is the more to be regretted as most visitors thus miss seeing a copy of Guido's archangel, perhaps the most beautiful mosaic in St. Peter's.* The rest of the church, like most Roman Catholic places of worship, is without seats. Confessional stalls are provided for the devout of all European nations in their several languages. Worship goes on at all hours of the day, while visitors are left undisturbed by beadles or priests. Nor is it considered necessary to put up notices in large type, as is the custom in English cathedrals, warning people against walking about or creating a disturbance during the services. Religion in Italy is not separated from every day life and put off for Sunday only, but seems to pervade everything. Particular dogmas have lost their hold on the nation, but respect and reverence for divine worship are still apparent everywhere. Were it not for practices such as the kissing of the great black marble statue of St. Peter, which goes on all day, this mighty church would welll deserve the name of the "world's cathedral," as Hawthorne calls it. The size seems to grow on one at every step, and it was only at my third visit on ascending the dome that I got a good idea of the vast extent of the building.

Next to St. Peter's, the most important church is the Lateran, the Pope's metropolitan church. It is also an imposing building, and the interior is magnificent. The pavement is inlaid with mosaics, and the ceiling is said to have been designed by Michael Angelo, who is credited, however, with a good many things he never did. Of the chapels the principal is that of the Corsini, which is considered the finest in the world, and is said to have cost £400,000, the walls being sumptuously inlaid with all kinds of precious stones. Five great councils have been held in this church. Since the time

* From a recent *Times* it appears that the benches are to be removed.

of Constantine the Great, it has been considered *omnium urbis et orbis ecclesiarum mater et caput*. St. Paul's outside the walls of the city is also a superb building. The interior is so brilliant and sumptuous as to exceed any idea that can be formed of it. Mosaic portraits of all the Popes that ever lived, some two hundred and sixty in all, line the walls above. There are eighty Corinthian columns of granite, the two largest being fifty-six feet high and eighteen in circumference, besides eight of oriental alabaster. On the arch above the choir there is an ancient mosaic picture, dating from the 5th century, representing Christ with the twenty-four elders of the Revelation. Other fine pictures and statues are seen everywhere, the whole producing a sight worthy of the Arabian Nights. In fact the gorgeous wealth displayed in this and all other Italian churches is simply astounding, and is said to equal in value all the landed property in the country! Jewels of great price, gold and silver ornaments, painting and statuary, are everywhere scattered in profuse abundance. This enormous outlay of capital, accumulated during the lapse of many centuries, has been altogether unproductive from a material point of view. The country is impoverished to an alarming extent and teems with beggars. Paper and coppers are the only money one sees in Italy, if we except English and French gold, which is accepted everywhere with alacrity, even at the railway stations. Beggars accost one at every church door, sometimes follow you inside. On some frequented roads they hail the traveller at every turn, and will even stop his carriage to beg for alms, imploring blessings on his head for a small copper, or imprecations if he proves intractable. "We are poor, my dear Sir, we are very poor," said an Italian Protestant minister to me at Rome. Families living in splendid old palaces, formerly belonging to the nobility, only with difficulty maintain their position in society. At Naples—beautiful smiling Naples—on which nature has lavished all her charms, beggars infest every nook and corner. And yet, this is the fairest country under the sun:—

> "The garden of the world, the home,
> Of all that art yields, or nature can decree
> Even in thy desert what is like to thee?
> Thy very weeds are beautiful, thy waste
> More rich than other climes' fertility."

But it is idle to quarrel with this social evil. Beggars in Italy are as much an institution as monks and priests, and travellers must get used to them. Let us hope that under the present government which has had to cope with so many difficulties, the land will renew its youth. In Piedmont and Lombardy, signs of progress and commercial enterprise are apparent everywhere. Robbers have almost entirely disappeared except in Sicily. Popular education has made great strides, and religious liberty is gaining ground steadily Even in Rome Protestant schools and churches rise up alongside of convents and basilicas.

Of the old heathen temples, once numbering over four hundred, the only one which remains in almost perfect preservation is the famous *Pantheon.* It is a large circular building without windows, light being admitted through a large round opening in the centre of the dome. It was built some fifty years before Christ, and dedicated by Agrippa to "all the gods." The walls are of brick, being twenty feet in thickness. All the original statues and decorations have long since disappeared and are replaced by inferior works. The roof has been successively covered with silver, bronze, and lead, part of the bronze having been used for the casting of cannon, by order of one of the Popes. Formerly, five steps led up from the piazza to the door, but in the course of ages, the ground in front of the temple has risen so much, that the pavement now lies below the level of the piazza. This is the same pavement, however, on which nineteen centuries ago Augustus and other famous Romans walked. Statues of Christian saints fill the niches where once stood the heathen gods, and through the opening above ascend vapours of incense from Catholic altars, by which once escaped the smoke of heathen sacrifices. If these walls could speak, what a marvellous tale they would unfold! The rise and fall of the Roman Empire, the dying throes of Paganism, the wonderful triumph of the Cross, the fierce incursions of barbarian nations, the ambition and power of Popes, the civil wars and distractions of the middle ages; and, finally, the re-union of Italy under Victor Emanuel, whose ashes now repose beneath its stately dome,—all this, and much more besides, these walls have witnessed—and still they remain as massive and strong as ever, and so may stand, for aught we know, without a

rival, when this and succeeding generations will have passed into oblivion from the ever-varying stage of this world.

Next in point of interest among the ancient buildings is the Colosseum, of which about a third part remains standing. Like so many other old buildings, it was used during the middle ages as a quarry for churches and dwelling-houses. When finished under Titus it could hold about eighty thousand spectators. Stained as it is with the blood of tens of thousands of martyrs and captives, it recalls no pleasant memories. The Colosseum has, indeed, long been regarded as a witness at once to Roman greatness and Roman cruelty. A visit by moonlight is considered indispensable, when the vast ruins present a weird and most impressive sight. Close by stands the arch of Titus, which as, is well known, was erected to commemorate the conquest of Jerusalem. The arch is much damaged, but the representation on the inside of captive Jews carrying the table with the shew-bread and the golden candlestick, can still be seen. It is said that no Jew will ever pass under this arch, which only reminds him of the destruction of Zion and its sacred shrines.

The *Forum Romanum*, around which so many glorious memories cluster, is now covered with ruins, the present surface being twenty-six feet higher than the ancient level. Where once resounded the tramp and bustle of multitudes now reigns the silence of the grave. Excavations in modern times have laid bare many objects of historical interest, the most conspicuous being the triumphal arch of Severus, which remains in good preservation. The *cloaca maxima*, a sewer built by the first Tarquin, for the drainage of the forum, after two thousand five hundred years, remains the admiration of all visitors, and still does service. The base of the rostra, on which Cicero stood when uttering some of his famous orations, is still pointed out, as is also the *via sacra*, along which passed the triumphal processions to the capital, there to receive the thanks of the Senate, and to offer to the gods. From the forum a magnificent flight of marble steps now lead up to the Capitol, the most famous of the seven hills, where once stood the great temple of Jupiter, and the scene of popular assemblies, after the Republic. In 133 B.C. the great tribune, Tiberius Gracchus, with three hundred of his adherents,

were murdered not far from the Senate house. The hill is now covered with several modern buildings, among which is the Capitoline museum, filled with a thousand valuable pictures and statues. Of these the most famous are the truly wonderful dying gladiator, the Venus Capitolina, and the Faun of Praxiteles, which seems to have furnished Hawthorne with the main idea of his remarkable romance, the "Transformation." Behind the museum is the Tarpeian rock, down which traitors were hurled,—the leap which cured all ambition. Owing to the rubbish accumulated at the foot it does not look very formidable. At no great distance from here is the Mamertine prison, almost as old as the city itself. It consists of two dark, gloomy, underground cells, one on the top of the other. In the lower one Jugurtha was starved to death, and Catiline with his fellow-conspiritors strangled by order of Cicero. Tradition also asserts that Paul and Peter were imprisoned here, and two very old portraits, said to be good likenesses of the apostles, are shown, while a fountain in the lower cell is attributed to a miracle performed by Peter. Leaving this fearful dungeon it is a relief to visit the *Vatican*. This immense palace, considered to be the largest in the world, contains some eight thousand or more rooms, halls, chapels, private apartments of the Pope, &c. The large collection of sculptures, paintings, and other works of art would require the study of years to form an adequate idea of. The Laocoon Apollo Belvidere and a thousand others, which it would take a book to enumerate, fill many galleries and corridors. The Sistine chapel, on the painting of which Michael Angelo was employed for years, I will not attempt to describe. Only an artist can do it. Neither will I say anything about the Loggie and Stanze of Raphael containing the "School of Athens," the "Transfiguration," and other world-famous works by the hand of the master. In the library there are twenty-four thousand manuscripts; but these I did not see, as we were prevented by the appearance of some of the Pope's body guard dressed in the most extraordinary livery. It was the time when his holiness generally took his morning walk in the adjoining garden, when he did not like being stared at through the windows by strangers.

Of the great number of private collections in the palaces of the

nobility, I only visited a few, among which the Barberini, containing the wonderful picture of Beatrice Cenci, by Guido, sketched in prison on the morning of her execution. The face is of ethereal loveliness, but expressive of such infinite woe and sadness, that I do not think there is anything in art to equal it. It is one of the most difficult pictures to copy, and few artists succeed in reproducing the eyes, which in the passionate language of Shelly, seem to look into "a wide, grey, lampless, deep, unpeopled world." Another beautiful picture of Guido's is the "Archangel and the fiend," in the dismal looking Cappucini church. Beneath this church are burial vaults, in which the bones and skeletons of four thousand monks are exposed. After lying in holy ground from Jerusalem for some time, the bones are taken out, to make room for others, and used for purposes of decoration! On a certain day in the year the vaults are lit up, and visited by crowds of people. An American lady has pinned up some lines, the burden of which is, that the visitor will one day be like one of these skeletons, and that it behoves him to offer up a mass for the soul which may be in purgatory yet. Leaving this sickening sight, it is a relief to drive out to the Protestant cemetery, a lovely and retired spot, near the city wall, and shaded by tall cypresses. Many foreigners lie buried here. The tomb of Keats, recently restored by English residents at Rome, is specially interesting, and still bears the well known inscription:—"This grave contains all that is mortal of a young English poet, who on his death-bed, in the bitterness of his heart, at the malicious power of his enemies, desired these words to be engraved on his tomb-stone:—*Here lies one whose name was writ in water.*" The place where Shelly's heart was interred is marked by a plain tomb, with this inscription:—

Cor Cordium.
"Nothing of him that doth fade,
But suffer a sere change,
Into something rich and strange."

Little did Shelly know when he wrote "Adonais," and alluded to Keats's grave, among the violets and daisies, that his own heart would so soon rest in this "sweet place." And yet, there seems to breathe a spirit of longing throughout that beautiful tribute to his

friend's memory, to escape from the "world's bitter wind, and seek shelter in the shadow of the tomb," which is most touching. In the wide range of English poetry, there is not a more striking view of death than is expressed in the following lines :—

> "The *one* remains the many change and pass ;
> Heaven's light for ever shines, Earth's shadows fly ;
> Life, like a dome of many coloured glass,
> Stains the white radiance of Eternity,
> Until death tramples it to fragments.—Die
> If thou would'st be with that which thou dost seek !"

To many visitors there is not a more interesting sight at Rome than the *Catacombs*, of which there are sixty in all, extending all round the city, and covering an area of six hundred acres. Their origin is involved in obscurity, but that they were largely used as burial places, by Christians and others, during the first four centuries of our era, admits of no doubt. Those of St. Calixtus, on the famous Appian way, are considered the most interesting. At the entrance, visitors are provided with candles, and follow the guide down into a dark passage, cut like a tunnel, through the *tufa*, a peculiar kind of reddish volcanic soil abounding round the city. The walls on both sides are lined with a series of recesses, into which the dead bodies were put, and closed up with marble slabs, bearing Greek or Latin inscriptions. Most of these graves were ransacked during the middle ages for the relics of the martyrs. Boniface IV., when he consecrated the Pantheon as a church, had twenty-eight wagon loads of bones from the catacombs buried under the altar. As the Popes were not then infallible, it is difficult to say how many saints and sinners were mixed up together in the transaction. Following the passage, some large chambers are passed, which were probably used as family vaults, and for the interment of Popes and distinguished martyrs. In times of persecution the Christians also assembled here for worship. Several inscriptions giving the names of martyrs and others still remain. In one chamber there are two sarcophagi, in one of which a body is preserved like an Egyptian mummy. Symbols of Christian faith and hope are carved on the slabs, such as the dove, the anchor, the good Shepherd, and others. Small glass vessels containing the sediment of a red fluid have also been found embedded in the walls, supposed by some to be blood of martyrs, by

others wine used in the eucharist. The catacombs have been aptly called a mighty underground city of the dead, which cannot fail to leave a profound impression on the mind of every visitor. The narrow galleries are estimated to have a combined length of five hundred miles, and form a vast net-work without plan or system. The number of interments is estimated at several millions. Returning from the catacombs we visited an old heathen burial place in the middle of a vineyard, consisting of three underground chambers, called *columbaria* from their resemblance to pigeon houses. In the largest of these there are six hundred urns in the walls, containing the ashes of the dead collected after cremation. Some still bear the names of the deceased, and inscriptions have been found expressive of a stoical submission to cruel destiny, but without any allusion to a future life. One of the chambers was used for the remains of slaves. In ancient Rome no corpse was allowed to be buried within the walls, and however repugnant cremation may be to our feelings, from a sanitary point of view, it is, undoubtedly, far better than the custom of infesting large towns with cemeteries and burial vaults.

Another matter in which the old Romans excelled, was the admirable supply of water in the city for bathing and other purposes. Numerous remains of aqueducts and baths still testify to their former magnificence. Those of Caracalla could accommodate one thousand six hundred bathers at once. The pavement was of mosaic, portions of which remain. On visiting the several chambers for hot and cold baths, one is forcibly reminded of the time when in the words of Gibbon:—the meanest Roman could purchase with a small copper coin the daily enjoyment of a scene of pomp and luxury, which might incite the envy of the kings of Asia. The ruins extend over a large space, and are overgrown with plants and flowers, among which I was agreeably surprised to find our own wild creeper, the "traveller's joy," in full blossom. Rome at one time is said to have been supplied with no less than one thousand three hundred and fifty public fountains and nineteen aqueducts, four of which are still in use. The *Aqua Marcia*, constructed in 146 B.C., lately restored, brings water from the Sabine hills, a distance of fifty-six miles. Even at the present day the city is well

supplied with water. Beautiful fountains with marble designs adorn the piazzas. One of the most famous is the fountain *Di Trevi*, or *Virgine*, which is thus described by Hawthorne: —"It draws its water from a source far beyond the walls, and sparkles forth as pure as the virgin who, as the legend says, first led Agrippa to its well spring by her father's door. In the design some sculptor has gone absolutely mad in marble. It has a great palace front, with niches and many bas-reliefs, out of which look the legendary virgin, and several of the allegoric sisterhood; while at the base appears Neptune with his floundering steeds and Tritons blowing their horns about him, and twenty other artificial fantacies. And after all it is as magnificent a piece of work as ever human skill contrived. From a hundred crevices, on all sides, snowy jets gush up, and streams spout out of the mouths and nostrils of stone monsters, and fall in glistening drops. Finally, the water, tumbling, sparkling, and dashing, with joyous haste and never-ceasing murmur, pours itself into a great marble-brimmed reservoir, and fills it with a quivering tide." This picture is not much overdrawn, and on moonlight evenings when people crowd around the fountain, the scene is especially interesting. A legend says, that a coin thrown into the basin and a parting draught of its delicious water, ensures the traveller's safe return. I am not ashamed to confess that I yielded to the spell.

Since Rome has become the capital of United Italy, it has improved a good deal. The power of the priests is still great, but nothing like what it was before the temporal rule of Pius IX. ceased. Long before that time the great majority of the inhabitants were longing to become subjects of Victor Emanuel. For many years past it has been almost impossible to stir up any enthusiasm, on behalf of the Pope, while the late King and his family have received many striking proofs of loyalty and attachment. Pius IX. was considered a good, kind-hearted old man, with whom personally the Romans had no cause to quarrel, but his ministers were detested. While I was there, Antonelli lay dangerously ill, but no one seemed to care about it, one way or another, and if it were not for a telegram in a London paper, I would, perhaps, never have heard of it. The people, like most Italians, are fond of amusement. Every fine

evening they flock in hundreds to one of the principal squares, where a military band performs. The fashionable drive, in the afternoon, is on the Pincio, which still deserves its ancient name of Hill of Gardens, where people receive and pay visits in their carriages. There are beautiful walks, shaded by trees, and adorned with busts of famous Italians. In one place there is a large clock, worked by water, and surrounded by green leaves and flowers in the most artistic manner. After taking a last look at the beautiful prospect spread out at the foot of the hill, I left the city, which for several days had held me spell-bound, and had proved of such all-absorbing interest, that I seemed to be waking from a long pleasant dream.

H. T. K.

S. A. Fine Arts Association.

An Address to Art Students by His Excellency Sir Bartle Frere, 27th May, 1880.

I propose this morning, if you will allow me, to continue a few of the remarks which I should have been glad to have made at the end of our last meeting;* but which I was prevented from making, partly by want of time, and partly because I thought they were not so much for those who are merely interested as amateurs in the study of art, as for those who are art students. In particular, I omitted to make much reference to the very unrivalled collection of photographs—unrivalled so far as we are concerned in Cape Town—which have been lent to us by Mr. Cowper, who I am very glad to know will from to-day occupy the influential position of Secretary to the association. I am heartily glad to welcome him to a position which will enable him to do a great deal of very good work for us. I have no doubt you took notice of the very well selected collection of photographs which he has had put out for us; but it struck me there were a good many things connected with them, to which it might be well especially to draw your attention as art students.

I may allude in passing also, to a collection which Dr. Dale has got out from England, and which I hope, if space is afforded us, may at no distant date be placed within the reach of students for their benefit, and to further their progress in art. That, however, may not be for some months hence, and meantime when this Exhibition is closed, which it must be at no distant period, I am afraid that we may lose a great deal of the benefit which might otherwise have been derived from the photographs which Mr. Cowper has exhibited.

Now, in speaking of what I hope we shall have an opportunity of looking at more closely after the meeting is over, I would ask you to consider first of all, why you learn to draw?

There are a great many answers which might be given to this

* His Excellency took the chair and delivered an address at the formal opening of the Sixth Exhibition of the Association on the 19th May.

question. Drawing is a very fashionable accomplishment: it is a very pleasant thing to show one's drawing to one's friends; but I trust there are not many here who learn to draw merely for that purpose. Too much of the teaching, however, goes in that direction.

I think we have as yet in Cape Town hardly touched upon what I may call the practical uses of learning to draw as a profession. Of course we know that in other countries the study of drawing, painting, and art generally, is a profession which many men of the greatest genius take up. I may tell my young friends form the South African College here, that so numerous are artists in London that one of the smartest and handsomest and best appointed volunteer regiments in Middlesex, is that which is composed entirely of artists, and though one would be very sorry to see a shower of grape shot go among them, still one feels there could not be a better body of men to defend all that is worth defending in the old country.

But, besides the use of drawing as a part of the education of professional artists, let us look at its value to the engineer and to the soldier; and you will see that no man can be anything like a decent engineer, and very few men can be perfect soldiers, who have not learnt something of drawing. You know that there is nothing in the world which does so much to educate the perceptive faculties as learning to draw. When you attempt to draw a landscape, you must make up your mind what is the shape of the ground, what is the distance, what are the peculiar features of the ground, and these are the very things which a soldier when he goes into the field, ought to remark at once. When he has got to put out his men or take up his own position in the country, the first thing he wants to know as quickly as possible is, what is the nature of the ground before him; and nothing teaches him this so well as learning to draw, because he must in sketching remark all these things, and see how he can put them on paper so as to remember them.

Then there is an immense body of artists in England, and in every European country, to whom the study of scientific drawing is a material part of their professional training. Now, we have not

got much in that way in this city as yet, and there are very few workmen here in Cape Town, or in any part of South Africa, whose bread depends upon a good knowledge of drawing and design; but in England you will meet numbers of men who have been carefully taught as artists coming out of large pottery, paper-hanging, and glass manufactories. There it makes all the difference whether a man ranks as an artist, or ranks merely as a working artisan; and I have heard some of these men, who have been trained in schools of art at home, describe their career in a manner to show you the great money value of what they have learnt. One instance occurs to me of a man who is now making many hundreds a year as a designer for pottery, porcelain, and other things of that kind. He described how he came one night and looked in at an art school in Southwark when he was himself a little street arab. He was quite frightened by the blaze of the gas when he opened the door. It was an evening school, and he and his companion, who had made up their mind to come and see it, ran away frightened after peeping in at the door. At last they made bold to go in, and, approaching the teacher, said they wanted to learn to draw. The one who now tells this story was taken in and trained, and from a street arab has risen to be one of the most respected artists probably on the south side of the Thames. He is hard at work among the potteries and glass works in London, and his history may serve to illustrate the practical results of this kind of training we are talking about.

But besides this practical money value, the study of drawing, and especially drawing from nature, is valuable as an education of the eye and the hand, which is not to be surpassed by any other species of education of the same kind; above all, it is a help to the memory. Anyone who has been in the habit of sketching, will tell you that there is nothing so useful, and nothing so delightful in after years as to look back at a collection of your old sketches. You will find that you observed and that you remember twice as much as those who do not draw. Your own companions, who were perhaps much quicker and readier observers than yourself, did not take the trouble to put what they observed down on paper, and the consequence is, they have forgotten what the draughtsman and the artist have put down and remembered, and made a life-long source of pleasure.

These, then, are all reasons why you should learn to draw; and I am quite certain that nobody who has begun and got beyond the first difficulties, ever complained of being set down to draw, unless it was to expend time, trouble, and eyesight upon mere unintelligent copying. That, I admit, is very dreary work, but directly you get to be able to think for yourself and say, "how shall I put this object I see before me down on paper?" then it becomes really a delightful occupation. Every step is a difficulty surmounted, and you feel at every advance that you are in a better position than before

That brings us to another question, which is, when you are learning drawing, what do you learn?

At the present time I am afraid that a great many of us are habitually occupied in merely copying copies of figures, copying copies of flowers, or copying copies of landscapes. I think it would be found that such is the case with pupils generally.

Well, now, does this help you at all to draw from nature? You have only to ask the question of any learner, and you will find it almost always answered in the same way. I have seen beautiful heads, beautiful flowers, and beautiful landscapes, which must have cost an infinity of time and trouble, so extremely well done, that it would require an artist to tell whether they were done from nature or were mere copies, and when you ask the pupil who has done them, "have you been sketching much from nature?" you very often get the answer, "Oh, dear no; I have never tried to do that, and I am sure I could not." But an artist will tell you at once, that anyone who can draw a good head, or a good landscape, or a good flower, as a copyist, would have much less real difficulty in drawing the same object from nature than in drawing from a copy before him; and this for a very simple reason, which you will see at once directly you consider the matter. When you are drawing from a copy, you feel there is nothing here that cannot be done by a good mechanical copyist precisely like the original. You have only to look at the copy and imitate it stroke for stroke as you see it on paper before you, and the thing is done. But you must not deviate a single stroke from the copy before you, or the imitation will be imperfect. It is quite different when you set to work to draw from nature. There you have to consider, how am I to give the idea of distance, the idea

of colour, and the idea of form? The whole thing is a process of thought and invention, because you know you cannot put it upon paper in the same relief; you cannot put the distance actually upon paper; you must do something upon the paper which gives the impression to the eye of the observer which is given to you, by form, or colour, or distance, and the whole process, therefore, is one of active intelligence, and it becomes in the end much easier; because directly you make the slightest mistake in servile copying, you cannot alter it, whereas in producing upon paper the effect of a landscape or a flower before you, you at once see that there is room for doing it in half-a-dozen different ways. You try to do your best, and even if you are not very successful, still there is something which is your idea, which has the life of reality in it, and which represents in an intelligent fashion what was before you.

Having said so much to exhort you to draw from nature and not from copies, you might very reasonably ask me, "Then, why do you tell us to study these copies? a photograph is emphatically not only an exact copy but a mechanical copy, so why do you tell us to study these photographs when you have so much objection to our copying?"

The reason is a very simple one. A photograph is as far as your senses can tell you, a perfectly accurate copy of the object It is for that reason a very valuable kind of copy. I do not tell you to go and copy such copies because they are good copies, but because these particular photographs represent exactly the flat drawings from which they were taken, and they will enable you to see how the great artists who drew them went to work in preparing to paint their greatest pictures. By studying them you may get an insight into the ideas of the great artists, whose works they are, and you can trace the process that they went through when they were framing their large pictures.

And this brings us to a question which is also worth considering, namely, how do you learn to draw? Let us each ask ourselves that question, and you will very soon find that those who draw well, do not confine themselves to copying, but go to see how the artist works. Everybody who has learned under a good teacher,

knows quite well that there is notnihg so improving, nothing that advances you so much, as watching other people at work; and it is just this, that these photographs of Mr. Cowper's enable you to do, with regard to the work of artists long since dead. They are photographs, a few of finished pictures, and of those we will talk afterwards; but I wish to direct your particular attention in the first instance to those photographs which are photographs of sketches; and if you will read the descriptions which are given of them, you will be enabled to trace through them, much of the process by which the great artists, whose drawings are here copied, produced their great works. Let us take, for instance, the great picture which by many is thought to be the greatest in the world, the Transfiguration, by Raphael, perhaps the greatest treasure in all the collections of pictures at Rome. There is a very large photograph of the great picture, which Mr. De Smidt lately brought with him from Europe, and you will see in the photographs which are copies of Raphael's sketches, a great deal of the elementary ideas which were afterwards embodied in the large picture. For instance, there is a sketch of the group at the top of the picture, representing our Lord, with Moses and Elias on each side; the figures are not precisely as they were afterwards put upon the canvas, but as they first occurred to his mind, and you will trace there, if you carefully compare the photograph of the sketch with the photograph of the finished picture, how the idea which first occurred to the painter, was afterwards worked out and perfected before it was put upon the canvas, with all the accessories. This is exactly the sort of learning which you acquire from watching a great artist at work. There is not one of the photographs which is not worth your most attentive examination. You will see, first of all, what great care and what immense labour the great artists bestow upon their works, even the smallest and slightest. It is a very erroneous idea to suppose that a great artist is a man who dashes about pencil or paint, and produces a great effect with very little trouble, although he may work very quickly. I have heard a well authenticated anecdote regarding one of Turner's greatest pictures,—the burning of the Houses of Parliament in England. The gentleman who told the story was with Turner, running in and out of the crowd as the con-

flagration was going on, and he saw him sketching notes upon bits of paper as he went. The next morning he went to see Turner, when he said he was going to make a picture of the great fire. Turner showed him a large blank canvas, and said, "This is what I am going to paint of the conflagration last night." Everything was ready for him to begin the work, and he said, "I cannot talk now; I am full of the subject; go away, and come in the evening." He went, and returned in the evening, and found the picture which has since been sold for a thousand pounds. It was not quite finished, but so nearly so that anyone might have taken it for finished; and this was done by twelve hours' incessant labour, without a moment's rest, yet there was not a single point in that picture which was not the result of perhaps years of study. All the details had been prepared in the mind of the greatest master of modern times, and also in his eye; and he had merely to work upon the canvas He afterwards painted two other pictures of the same scene from different points, and they are all among the greatest treasures of Turner's art, being painted with great care. I have heard people talk of the great effect that Turner produced without any trouble, but the real fact is, that every moment of his time was employed, and his paintings were the result of years of incessant observation and hard work. You will see something of the same kind in the sketches of which we have photographs before us. There is not one line there which is out of place, or one line which is thrown away; and even if you take the smallest and simplest of the sketches and look at it attentively, you will be struck by observing with how much fewer strokes of the pen or pencil the great artist worked compared with what we now find necessary. There are one or two charming little figures, one of the Virgin holding a child, and I do not think there are twenty strokes in the whole group. If, however, you tried to produce the same effect upon paper, from memory, you would find you could not do it under many times twenty strokes of your pen or pencil. You must recollect that it was not by inspiration merely that this result was achieved, but by incessant labour, the artist taking care never to throw away a single movement of the hand.

I hope we may be able afterwards to walk through the room in which the photographs are, and look at them a little more in

detail, but there are some points which I should like you to note, before we move, and which will illustrate, I think, what may be of use to us; at least, to those gentlemen who have the direction of the Association, namely, the kind of pictures and drawings to which they might devote the funds of the Institution. There is a celebrated picture of which you have got photographs here, as well as a large copy in oils—the Aurora of Guido, at the further end of the other room. It is a picture painted on the alcoved roof of a room somewhat of the same shape as that we are now in, and you can only see it by looking up. There is a large mirror, however, placed on the table below, so that you can look down upon it, and I have heard artists say that seemingly it was a a most easy picture to copy, but in reality it was exceedingly difficult. Our large oil copy gives you a very imperfect idea of the original; it is imperfect in almost everything except the mere outlines of the figures. If you look attentively at the photograph, you will get a much better idea of the original, though the photograph, of course, cannot represent the marvellous colouring. If you remember, the chariot of the sun has the hours round it: the early hours of the morning are light, and the later hours are in darker and more sombre colours. You get acquainted with the effect of that from the photograph, because it is a faithful copy of all that can be given in black and white without colour; and this oil copy which we have got illustrates one point which I wish to mention—namely, how very little use it is to attempt to get copies, even if they are expensive copies, of great works, unless they are themselves done by a great master. You may occasionally see in collections at home, and you find sometimes sold, copies by great artists of celebrated pictures; and these are great treasures, because when you look at them you see exactly what the artist was about in trying to reproduce the picture before him; but a bad copy gives you nothing of this. Instead of the artist having the artist's idea of what was to be done, and doing it as an artist, he simply copies servilely; and nothing is worse, either for example or for exercise, than that kind of copying. There is another copy here of a picture by Gainsborough, of Mrs. Siddons. It is a small miniature copy, which is a thoroughly good and beautiful picture, giving you very much the effect of the original. There is a photograph of it,

and if you compare the photograph with the copy, you wil. see what I mean in regard to the peculiar utility of photography in producing copies for the use of the student. And this may lead you to ask why photographs will not do for us all that we require? You will see the reason directly. If you look at any photograph of your intimate friends, it is very seldom indeed that it is entirely satisfactory. You say, "This is not my friend; this is only one of his phases, or one of his expressions." You wonder at this, knowing that it is absolutely an accurate copy of the person as he or she stood before the camera; but a moment's reflection will show you why this is the case. You want to get the person as he generally appears; and the great portrait painter's art is to see at once, not the person exactly as he stands, looking very grave or very solemn it may be, but to catch the different expressions, the different play of features, and the different phases. A photograph only gives you one phase.

Before we leave this part of the subject, I should like to say a very few words about one series of photographs, namely, that of the Cathedral of Santiago, a most glorious building. It is a photograph of a kind of architecture which had immense influence upon architecture throughout the whole of Holland, both in regard to municipal and ecclesiastical buildings; and I would only in passing remark, that I do hope some of our young friends will remember that there is such a thing as a national style of architecture. You had it once here in Cape Town. In your own streets you will see what very picturesque, as well as very convenient, buildings your ancestors built in this city, and I am sorry to say they are disappearing in many parts and there is a style of domestic architecture growing up, which is more like a plain deal box than anything else. I am quite sure when you go from your drawing studies and look at some of the old houses in some parts of the town with their picturesque spiral chimnies, gateways, and gables, you will agree with me that it is not desirable that we should have the deal box style of architecture as he national style in South Africa. There is great danger of s becoming so, however, unless some of the rising generation will take a little pains in the matter, and remember that their ancestors

never thought it beneath their dignity to invest with as much beauty as they could, even the gables of the stables attached to the houses. This, however, is only by the way; but I trust that the matter will be borne in mind by my young friends, who will have in their hands, a great many of them, the means of materially influencing what shall be the domestic architecture of South Africa.

Before we go to look at the drawings in detail, I would just ask you to bear in mind a very few points, not particularly connected with what I have been saying, but which may be of use to you in your studies. One is, not to think you can make a jump at perfection in drawing, but to begin as you will find from their drawings of which photographs are before you, Raphael, and Holbein, and the great masters of former days began, with the very elements of drawing. They never thought of painting a great picture without previous careful thought and consideration. They took every pains to begin from the very smallest details. Then you should copy as much as possible from the thing itself, that is, from nature; and I would here once more say what I have said already, I think more than once, that you could not be in a better position than you are in this city and its neighbourhood, for obtaining the best models for almost every kind of picture that you wish to put upon paper. I only wish that some of the young ladies who have done so well with their chalk heads, would try and draw some of the little street figures, the ragged little boys, with their picturesque brown faces, and many coloured garments, and slouched hats. Just put them on paper instead of merely copying lithographs or drawings put before you; and the same remark applies to landscapes. There is no landscape which Claude or Turner ever painted, that can exceed the beauty of the landscapes you have around you, of almost infinite variety, according to the time of day, and the change of the seasons; and though I do not think we always choose our residences here for the sake of a good view, I know very few that have not a perfect picture somewhere or another, without going much beyond the stoep in front of their house. The same with flowers. You have the most beautiful flowers here of probably any country in the world, and if you only take a flower itself, and try to produce on paper the same effect as your eye looks upon, you will

find it is not only much easier than drawing an elaborate copy, but very much more satisfactory. Then, again, whenever you can, correct your copy by a good picture or a good photograph do so. What I mean is this: say, among your friends in some farm-house in the country, you meet with a fine head, such as Rembrandt would have delighted in, and you try to sketch it, then compare what you have done with a photograph or picture of a similar kind by one of the great masters of the middle ages. You will then very soon come to find how it is you do not at once catch the exact portrait of your friend, the old farmer. Then, I would recommend you never to copy from anything but the best, the very best you can get. You should not only always choose the best examples, but you should avoid what is a temptation to a great many, especially young artists, anything like caricature. Nothing is easier than to exaggerate with the pencil or with the pen, as well as in other ways; and caricature is simply the exaggeration of some peculiarity, and it is an immense temptation to all young people, as well as a terrible stumbling-block in the way of keeping on good terms with your friends. It is, moreover, almost fatal to good drawing. You may remember how one of the best caricaturists who ever lived, said he wished he had never drawn a caricature in his life, for he never saw a face that he did not picture it in his own mind with some exaggeration of any peculiarity which was disagreeable; and this is just the opposite of the result which ought to be produced by a study of art. It should teach you to see and to remember, and to think of all that is best and most beautiful that comes within your view. Lastly, I would ask you never to tear up or let anyone else tear up, your old work, no matter how bad it is; just keep it and compare it with what you do in after years, and see if you are getting on. I do not say that you should keep all your old sketches, but never tear up old work, before you have done something better. I hope the time is not far distant when you will have professional teachers of the highest qualification to help you in your work. In the meantime there is a good deal to be done by studying from books as well as from drawings. You cannot make an artist by all the reading in the world; it is only by constant practice; but there is an immense deal to be learned from books. The works of

Mr. Ruskin are rather too voluminous to be in the hands of everybody; but I think in all our great schools here or in the neighbourhood, there should be a copy of Ruskin at hand, and it might very appropriately be given as a prize: at any rate it should be somewhere where it can be readily consulted by those who like to read on the subject. There are, however, a great many smaller works of Ruskin, such as his lectures at Edinburgh and Oxford, which are extremely useful to learners, and though I do not think anyone can agree with all his rather exaggerated statements, yet you will find in his description of a picture, and his estimate of painters, their faults and perfections, more real artistic wisdom than in any other work that I know of, and told in the most perfect style of modern English. There are other works, such as Reynold's lectures, and the works which Harding, the landscape artist published, which are very easily accessible, and are full of interest to anybody who has once begun to think what is the root of the matter in the training of an artist. Harding was one of the first to break down the old-fashioned system of teaching a particular touch for each kind of tree. It was supposed that when you had mastered all these different "touches," you were able to draw a landscape. Harding shewed what a mistake this was, and his Elementary Works are as good as anything I know to help a young learner to draw trees from nature. I trust that whenever our art teacher comes, that the Association will be able to help him to better rooms, with more space and better light. I am quite sure that there is one person, Dr. Dale, who will do his very best to secure the very best facilities for all our young artists. A very great deal is due to him for what he has done already; but I hope he will not give up the work till he has really got not only a good Art Gallery, but good schools and class-rooms for teachers and learners. I would, in conclusion, only add that what I have said does not profess to be anything like a lecture on art, which is beyond my capacity. They are only a few local observations, which I trust may be useful in making some of my young friends turn their talents to good advantage in drawing; and that they will reap the same pleasure from so doing that anybody who has been a draughtsman all his life must have experienced.

Philology.

Address by Professor Gill.

The whole tenour of the remarks I shall submit to you is of the nature of an appeal. For a study, which has but recently established its credentials as a scientific pursuit, and which has still to win its way to general recognition, I have undertaken to plead. If I fail in my object, I shall be glad to believe the failure due more to my ineffectual pleading than to the weakness of the cause. With a full consciousness of my own inability to deal with the subject in a comprehensive and satisfactory manner, I have dared the risk; and I have done so, because I think it is a cause which has peculiar claims upon, and an especial value for the community of which we are members. Under the circumstances, if I offer the customary propitiation to Nemesis, I trust it will be accepted with more than the customary meaning. At least I shall venture to hope that the great interest and importance of the subject—and I fear I must add its need of more extended advocacy—may stand as my apology for a somewhat presumptuous and certainly inadequate attempt to secure for it a more general and earnest support. There is indeed no little hardihood involved in an attempt to make intelligible to those whose pursuits have lain out of the range of its activity, the claims of a science, which is the latest born of all the sciences; which is still in the ebb and flow of speculation and controversy; which has hardly yet formulated its articles of belief; sketched out its rules of procedure, or defined its area of operation. Hardly, yet, I say; for, in spite of the splendid results already accomplished, if we may judge of it by the analogy of other sciences, we may fairly regard its actual achievement as but the first glimmer of a dawn of which the full day is yet to be revealed.

More than once the question has been put to myself, and I have no doubt to others—"What is the meaning of all this fuss about philology? What is the good of it?" And from the tone in which the question has been put, I have been led to think the questioner has entertained a strong suspicion that the pursuit of such studies is a mere scholar's fancy, a leisure pastime of crazy

pundits, a shadow land in which intellectual Don Quixotes tilt at imaginary windmills, a joy of wild asses in the wilderness, a species of literary trifling with which busy men and the practical affairs o life have nothing to do. I shall endeavour to show that comparative philology is something more than this; that it has very real practical objects; that it opens up vistas of promise, in which studies and interests most momentous to human society seem to beckon the enquirer forward; that it offers a prospect of solution to many problems—social, political, and educational; that it holds out a guiding hand to other branches of research; that it is replete with questions that touch the very core and essence of our being; and there is ground to hope that it will justify the labour bestowed upon it by setting new stars in the firmament of scientific discovery.

Of the deep human interest attaching to these studies, a bare recital of the names and achievements of its most prominent champions would go far to convince you. Many countries have contributed to the work. Indian Brahmins, Greek Sophists, Alexandrian grammarians, Roman generals and writers, have transmitted enquiries more or less valuable into the principles of grammar and word-formation as illustrated in the narrow sphere of their own knowledge. The comparative method, which changed the whole aspect of these researches, was reserved for the wider outlook and deeper scientific insight of later times. Early in the commencement of the last century, that renowned and many-sided philosopher, Leibnitz, suggested to Peter the Great the idea of a comparative table of languages, and sketched out the plan on which it should be conducted. The work was actually carried out by Catherine II, under whose auspices a rough comparative analysis of nearly 300 languages was compiled. More than a century since Halhed, called by Canon Farrar the "Copernicus of Philology," in drawing attention to the similitude existing between Sanskrit, Persian, and Arabic, as well as Latin and Greek, sowed the seed which the writings of Sir W. Jones and Sir J. Colebrooke subsequently nursed to such goodly growth. The study of Sanskrit, stimulated and fostered by the writings of these latter, gave the first substantial impulse to the study of comparative philology. From their day to this a succession of eminent scholars, of whom Germany

may proudly claim by far the largest and most distinguished portion, have delved in the mine thus opened to them. The treasures already extracted have encouraged a host of earnest spirits to join in the search. The literature which records their labours has grown to such dimensions that the time-straitened student, who may desire to master the results, already quails at the task. What it has accomplished would be long to tell in detail. In enterprise and zeal it has been served as loyally by its votaries as any department of human activity or research. It has deciphered priestly tables buried for ages in the dust, monumental stones, sculptured columns and figured obelisks. Coins, epitaphs, and mummy cloths, Chinese ideography, Egyptian hieroglyphs, the arrow-heads of Nineveh and the stamped bricks of Babylon—all have been passed through its crucible for the purpose of scientific analysis. Much light it has thrown on ethnology and the migration of races. Something it has added to our theories of religious and moral development. From the writings of Ulephilas it has deduced the identity of the German and Gothic races. It has established a common origin for most of the Polynesian languages. It has discovered a remarkable congruity of structure between the languages of the American continent. It has classified the languages of Europe; many of those of Asia and Africa. The grandest of its discoveries, however, I shall reserve mention of to a further stage of my address. I have mentioned the word race; I do so under correction: for I am bound to state that, as implying purity of blood-tie, it receives no sanction from comparative philology. In the endless intermingling absorption, and migration of races, reported by its tests, it finds no room—so far, at least, as the nations of Europe are concerned—for any such significance. Even the more sober term "nationality" loses much of its incendiary force in the light of historical and philological research. It will be a happy thing for Europe and the world when higher and purer bonds have supplanted these irritating prepossessions; and when the maddening impulses of national assumption, and fancied blood-relation, have given place to a more generous rivalry in intellectual gains and in religious, moral, and social development, philology will claim no small share in the result.

But my purpose is rather to draw attention to future promise

than to past performance, and to bespeak your interest as possible co-operators in a work that I trust you may be led to see is of no mean importance to ourselves as a community, and to the general welfare of mankind. I shall confine myself accordingly to a view of the subject suggested by the doubts and questions referred to; and I shall be satisfied if those who at present see but darkly are helped to a clearer view of the meaning and object of these pursuits.

It will be consistent, I think, with my main purpose, if I ask you first to consider the process by which a child learns its mother-tongue. That process is vaguely called association. As a mere objective designation, it is correct enough; but it explains nothing. The deep subtle process by which the conceptions embodied in words are appropriated by the budding intelligence is not characterised by any more descriptive term than the one we have used. And it will answer our purpose well enough. The child, then, learns its mother-tongue by this process. It stores up symbols, as we call them, which represent objects, ideas, states of feeling, and so on, and it employs these in turn for the same purposes and in the same forms. Some of these symbols have a great deal of meaning attached to them. It is impossible the child can hear in frequent repetition such words as "town," "country," "church," "home," without forming very complex thoughts in connection with them. These thoughts are in a great measure the counterpart of its own observations and experience. Silently and unconsciously it gathers up certain images in connection with uttered sounds, which enter into the texture of its mind. The conditions of home life, the features of the neighbourhood, the interests and character of all about it, make each its own impress, and help to quicken and inform the thinking faculty. The quality and bent of such activities as most concern it, contribute further to mould and direct the mental habit. Feeling, sentiment, aspiration, conception, and the measure of things known and familiar, have entered largely into the foundations of the mental structure before its free and independent life has commenced. As experience and age increase, layer after layer of thought-matter is deposited within the brain. Can it be doubted that all this thought-material has a close correspondence with its environment—in other

words, with the soil in which it has grown? How much of the entire build, moral, spiritual, and intellectual, of the future man is due to the same process, it would be beside my purpose to enquire; though the question lies close to the present borderland, and may yet be included in the rightful territory of philological research. The process is so subtle that it eludes recognition; and it is not in conformity with human habit to take strict note of the steps whereby the normal processes of mental and physical growth have been carried out. Nevertheless association, in whatever aspect it be regarded, is a powerful energy, all the more powerful from its penetrating, insidious, and semi-unconscious operation. I am inclined to think its value as an available factor in social organisation is not duly estimated. That it is the great formative agency in the development of national character, national institutions, and national speech, is a position that cannot well be disputed. It derives special confirmation from the comparative study of human languages.

Here I must pause a moment to explain for the benefit of those to whom the subject is more or less strange, that the study of language of which I am treating, is not that which forms so large an element of school teaching. The use and appreciation of language as the instrument of thought, as the embodied form of what has been said, written, and done by other men, is the special department of the school-master. Though essential to his purposes, and contributing important help to the soundness of his work, philology deals rather with the constituent elements of language, with the genesis of words, with the natural growth of dialects literary and vernacular, and with the relations by which families of speech are bound together.

(*To be continued.*)

PRO
ECCLESIA-
DRUKKERIJ,
OEKBINDERS,
ELLENBOSCH